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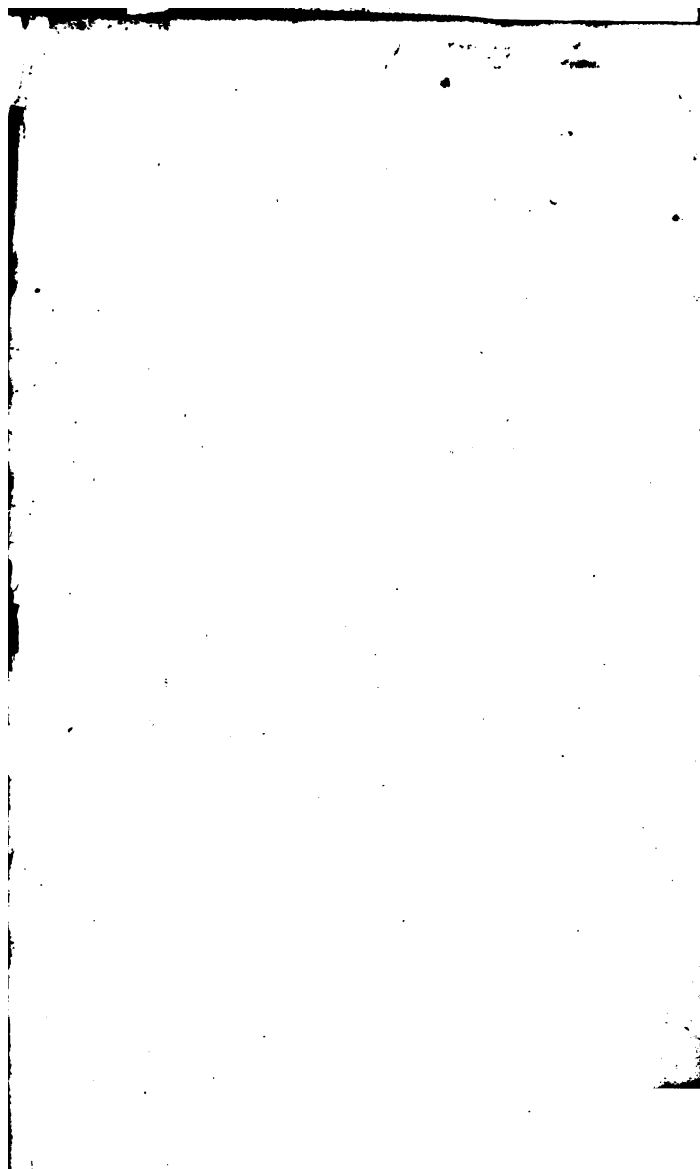
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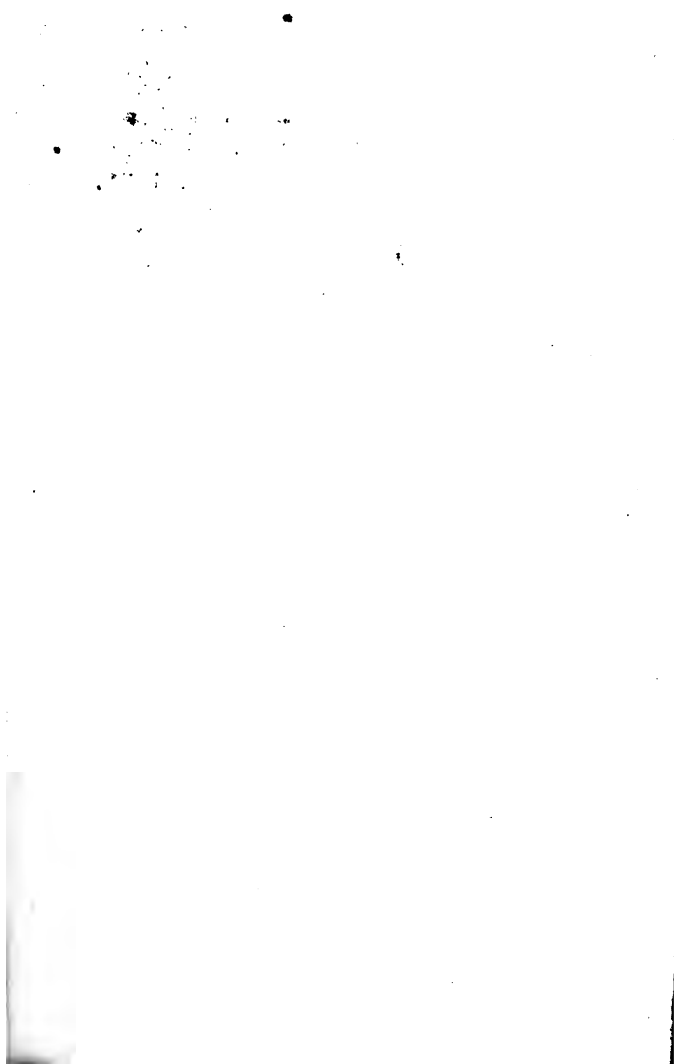
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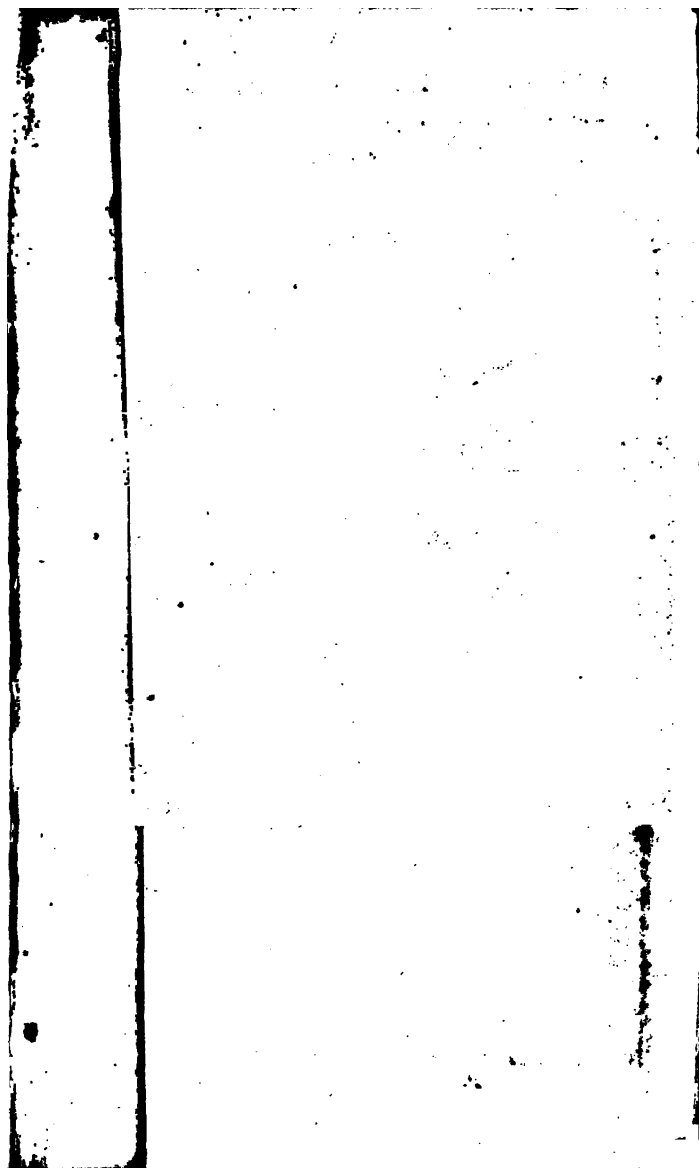
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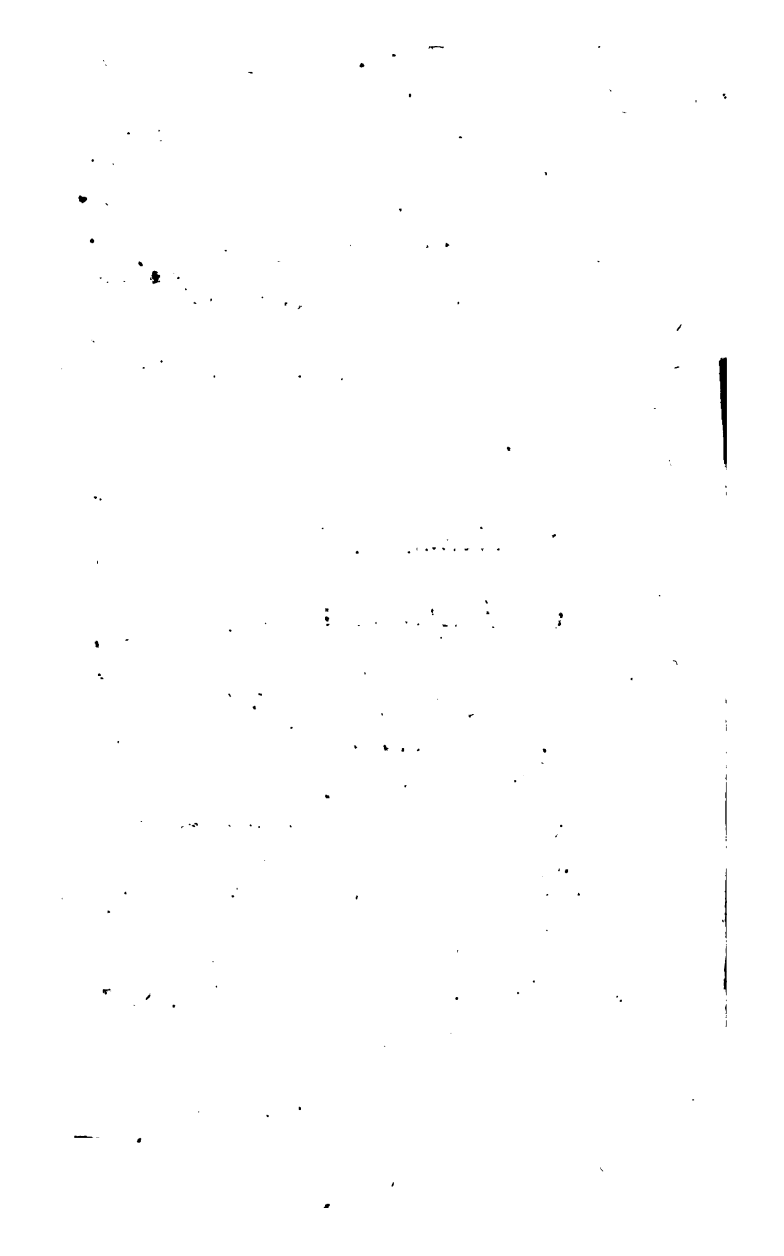
BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LL. D. &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACK-
FRIARS; AND SOLD BY EVERY BOOKSELLER IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM.

1809.

[*Price One Pound Sixteen Shillings, in Boards.*]



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TRAVELS
THROUGH
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND
TO THE
HEBRIDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

B. FAUJAS SAINT FOND,

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY AT PARIS, &c.

PERFORMED IN THE YEAR 1784.

THE observations of foreigners ought always to be peculiarly interesting to the natives of the country through which they travel; as from them errors may be reformed, and prejudices removed. We are all naturally partial to our own established habits and customs, whether right or wrong; but a stranger who possesses at once discernment and candour, is eminently qualified to place things in a proper point of view,—and in this light we regard M. Faujas St. Fond, whose travels in this country are already become scarce, and whose narrative and remarks, in a compressed form, will therefore enhance the value of our collection.*

* St. Fond paid the greatest attention to mineralogy; but the nature of our plan does not allow us to follow him in tedious details and discussions on this subject.

I do not intend to descant on the extent, the beauty, or the immense population of London; natural history, the sciences, the arts, and commercial economy more particularly engaged my attention, and will form the prominent features of my journal.

The house of Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of London, is the rendezvous of those who cultivate the sciences; and foreigners are always received there with politeness and affability. They assemble every morning in one of the apartments of an extensive library particularly rich in books on natural history; and here over a breakfast of tea and coffee, they communicate to each other such new discoveries as they may have made themselves, or received information of from their correspondents. The various services of Sir J. Banks to the cause of literature and his country are sufficiently known and appreciated.

This distinguished character made me a present of several curiosities, among the rest some seed of a species of hemp, superior to that cultivated in Europe. It was obtained from China, and the president had the goodness to divide two ounces between Broussonet, who was then in London, and myself, in order to make trial of it in France, particularly in the southern departments, where both of us had estates.*

Benjamin Franklin had given me a letter of introduction to his friend John Whitehurst, who

* On my return to Paris I distributed some of the seeds of the Chinese hemp among various friends, and had the satisfaction to find that it succeeded every where, and produced perfect seeds, which I understand was not the case in England. I wait for peace to repay my obligation to the English; for it is no more than just, to return that which they have so generously lent us.

had published "An Inquiry into the Original State and Formation of the Earth." He was a native of Derbyshire, and his views and meditations were thus directed to the face of a country truly extraordinary and interesting to naturalists. Whitehurst, however, formed his opinions at an epoch when mineralogy was little understood, and therefore has committed numerous errors. He had fixed his residence in London many years ago, where he had an opportunity of pursuing his studies with more effect, and of enjoying the society of learned men. This venerable philosopher was very tenacious of a discovery which he fancied he had made in Derbyshire, of a number of currents of basaltic lava, crossing in various directions banks of calcareous stone, which they seemed, in many cases, to have moved from their original position; and he expressed great anxiety to have his observations confirmed or rejected by my own. "I feel," said he, "a great privation in not being able to accompany you; but I will request you to be the bearer of a letter to a very intelligent physician at Buxton, who will supply my place."

The good nature, frankness, simplicity of manners, and mild philanthropy of Whitehurst engaged my attachment, and I visited him frequently. He introduced me to several men of science, and artists of his acquaintance, and had the liberality to divide with me a part of the minerals and fossils which he had collected, and on which he supported his system. I saw, however, at once, that he had mistaken trapstone for pieces of lava; but I wished to examine their native beds before I expressed my opinion on the subject.

In London I likewise became acquainted with Tiberius Cavallo, a native of Naples, but who had long resided in the British metropolis, pursuing

natural philosophy, in which he is deeply skilled, with extraordinary assiduity and success. He has carried electrometers and thermometers to a high degree of perfection; and at one time was much occupied with aerostatic globes. He shewed me the manner of dissolving elastic gum in ether.

Dr. Lettsom, a celebrated physician, has a collection of birds, insects, and minerals, some of which are very curious; but of all the objects which are to be seen and admired at his house, the most interesting is, without contradiction, himself. This friend of humanity, this virtuous quaker, was the first to set the example of emancipating the negroes from slavery, by giving their liberty to those who were employed on his American estates. All the family of Dr. Lettsom participate in his amiable disposition; every person with whom he associates seems of the same description. I supped one evening with him, when some of the most lovely women in London were of the party. It is true, they were neither powdered, nor perfumed, wore neither feathers nor artificial flowers; but their simple but elegant dress set off their persons to uncommon advantage. A young widow of attractive person and highly cultivated mind was one of the company. Her agreeable vivacity formed a pleasing contrast with the mild and tranquil sensibility of the other ladies, all of whom, however, possessed information and talents. After retiring from this amiable party, I meditated the remainder of the night, how I should become a quaker; for if happiness can be found any where on earth, it is among these worthy men.

There are good physicians in Paris, but there are more in London, who excel in the practice of medicine. The English are more wealthy than the French, and perhaps this is the reason they are

oftener sick. Here physicians find abundance of employment, and their profession is not only highly respected but also very lucrative.

There are also some justly celebrated surgeons in London, and in other parts of the kingdom. I was particularly desirous of seeing those who had made comparative anatomy their study, a subject so intimately connected with natural history.

I had to regret, however, the absence from town of Dr. Hunter, but I often visited John Sheldon, who has one of the finest anatomical cabinets in being. One must be acquainted with this gentleman to be able to appreciate his extraordinary passion for study, or the activity of his mind, unceasingly animated by the vivacity or the fervour of his character. There was none of the English gravity about him. The discovery of air balloons excited his enthusiasm; and he had made some interesting and practical experiments in the science of aerostation.

I dedicated several mornings to visit his cabinet; but nothing in this collection interested me so much as a kind of mummy, which occupied a distinguished place in the chamber where the anatomist usually slept. The top of a table opened by a groove, and under a glass frame I saw the body of a young woman, of nineteen or twenty, entirely naked. She had fine brown hair, and lay extended as on a bed. Her arms were still flexible, there was a kind of elasticity in the bosom, and in the cheeks; even the skin retained its colour.

Mr. Sheldon explained to me the manner in which this preparation had been made, adding, "it was a mistress whom I tenderly loved. I paid every attention to her during her sickness; and a short time before her death, she requested that I

would make a mummy of her body, and keep her beside me. I have performed the promise I made her."

It must have required great strength of mind in Sheldon to perform this office, from which affection would seem to shrink; and indeed it appears that his sensibility was severely tried. But let me quit this gloomy subject, and proceed to describe a dinner of the Royal Society.

About forty members of this distinguished society have for many years been in the habit of dining annually together, in one of the taverns in London. Each member is allowed to introduce two strangers, natives or foreigners; and the president has an unlimited permission in this respect.

We sat down to table about 5 o'clock. Sir Joseph Banks presided. No napkins were laid before us, nor were any used. The dinner was substantial, and quite in the English style. The beef-steaks and the roast beef were washed down by large quantities of porter, drank out of pewter pots. On the cloth being removed, a handsome and well polished table was covered, as if it were by magic, with a number of fine crystal decanters, filled with the best port, madeira, and claret; and the libations commenced on a grand scale, with appropriate toasts, among the rest the Prince of Wales, whose birth-day it was, and the Elector Palatine who was about to be admitted a member of the Royal Society.

A few bottles of champagne soon put all the company in a good humour. Tea and its usual accompaniments followed; and then coffee of the most detestable kind.

Some strong liquors finished this philosophical repast, which closed about half past seven, as there was to be a meeting of the Royal Society, at eight.

Thither I repaired with the president and other members, all pretty much enlivened, but our gaiety was decorous.

The apartment where the Royal Society meets, in Somerset House, appeared to me much too small, and resembled a concert room rather than a lyceum. The seats are all plain benches with backs, ranged in parallel lines. The president and secretaries alone have distinguished places. The chair of the former is of a colossal form and elevated, but in a very bad taste. The strangers were placed near the members who introduced them, and were treated with great politeness. The Elector Palatine was proposed as a member, after some preliminary forms, and admitted with applause.

Some members with whom I was acquainted engaged me to go next day to Greenwich to see the observatory, where a committee of the society was to meet, in order to examine the instruments. This useful institution, which is consecrated to astronomical observations, is situated on a hill, about seven miles from London, commanding some of the finest and most animated views imaginable, including a river crowded with ships, and the towers and spires of the metropolis.

The observatory itself is built of brick, in a style of great simplicity; but the perfection of the instruments cannot be exceeded. I found the committee assembled, and Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, had the goodness to shew me the most remarkable objects under his care. He likewise introduced me to Mr. Herschel, who kindly invited me to visit him at Slough near Windsor, and I gladly fixed a day for this purpose.

The committee having dispatched their business, we all dined at a tavern in the neighbourhood. The repast was excellent, and the company gay and

extremely agreeable. About seven o'clock we left the table, and passed into another room, where tea and coffee awaited us. The tea is always excellent in England; but no where do people drink worse coffee. It would appear that the English are little sensible of the delicious flavour of this agreeable liquor, which nature seems to have produced as a solace both for the body and the mind. Voltaire, who was extremely fond of coffee, called it the quintessence of the mind. The laws, however, of this country discourage the use of coffee, though the production of their own colonies; and encourage the consumption of tea, which is brought from China at an immense expence. Coffee cannot be drank in perfection unless it is fresh roasted; here it is penal to perform that process. Yet in an atmosphere so gloomy, and where melancholy humours are so frequent, coffee might be introduced with advantage to the health and happiness of the nation.

On the 15th of August I made an excursion to the country house of Sir Joseph Banks, on my way to wait on Mr. Herschel. I examined his gardens, and observed in several instances a cultivation and management that much interested me. I was likewise shewn that beautiful bird, the green pigeon of Nicobar, the first that had ever been brought alive to England.

After an elegant dinner and desert at which there was abundance of pine apples, I proceeded to Slough, in company with Count Andreani an ingenious Italian, and William Thornton, an American, who was enthusiastic in the pursuit of natural history.

The house in which Mr. Herschel makes his observations, stands about 20 miles from London in sight of Windsor. I arrived there about 10 o'clock on a delightful evening; and entering a room decorated with maps, instruments of astronomy, &c.

at the farther end saw a young lady surrounded with several lights, having a pen in her hand, and so intent on the business in which she was engaged, that it was some time before she perceived me.

This was the sister of the astronomer, who on looking up, apologized for her inattention; and informed me that she was recording the observations of her brother, which by means of strings and other signs she was enabled to do, though he was then at some distance in his observatory, which is of the most simple but ingenious construction. The perfection of his instruments and their amazing powers are well known, and he politely shewed me the whole economy of his contrivances. The discoveries of Herschel have immortalized his name; but it would be uninteresting to general readers to record them. Suffice it to say, that the modesty of Herschel is only exceeded by his genius and perseverance.

I remained till day light in his astonishing observatory, constantly occupied in travelling in the heavens, with a guide whose boundless complaisance was never wearied by my ignorance, and the importunity of my questions. That delightful night appeared to me like a pleasing dream of a few minutes. but the remembrance of it is indelible.

I left Slough about 8 in the morning, in order to meet Sir Joseph Banks at Kew, and to see the superb gardens of that place. I shall not enter into a description of the house, the pleasure gardens, the temples, the bridges, or the towers, but confine myself to a brief account of what relates to the botanical collections. George III. has been careful to assemble there the rarest vegetable productions of all parts of the globe, and has thus performed an essential service to botany.

Kew gardens are laid out with exquisite taste, and kept in the most perfect order. The mixing

of the trees and shrubs of both hemispheres is so well conducted and so perfectly harmonized, that the mind seems to rest every where with the same satisfaction, its sensations are soothing but varied; every thing charms, and nothing fatigues it.

The green houses are disposed with much judgment. Some of them have only a moderate heat, adapted for the plants which thrive in a mild temperature; some receive a strong and parching heat, suited to those of the climate of Africa; and others, designed for American plants, where the atmosphere is loaded with vapours, receive a humid heat. With such precautions, aided by incessant care, the most precious plants, and the most difficult to rear, grow here almost as well as in their native soil.

In one of the green houses I had the pleasure of seeing that curious plant the *hedysarum gyrans*, which though placed under a glass frame, inaccessible to the air, when the sun is powerful about mid-day exhibits a spontaneous movement of ascent and descent with its lateral leaves, as if it were the effect of art. The bat-winged *hedysarum*, a native of Cochin China, was likewise in blossom at this time, and is certainly a great natural curiosity.

I shall only particularize one or two more plants out of numbers that are rare and singular, and that is the *dionea muscipula*, which is found in the marshes of South Carolina, and though very difficult to rear, appeared in the best state of vegetation. This extraordinary plant has succulent leaves, disposed in the form of hinges, covered with prickles, and furnished by nature with a honied substance. Attracted by the sweetness of this juice the flies come to feast on it, when the leaves close on the intruders and kill them. Nature thus appears inexhaustible in her means of destruction, as well as in her means of creation.

The magnolia grandiflora, planted on a rising ground, and forming trees of great height, were at this time covered over with their beautiful flowers, which perfumed the air. Their foliage is of a bright green above, and of a pale yellow and variegated colour below, producing a striking effect, when contrasted with trees of different tints.

Evergreens, and resinous trees of all kinds were seen in conjunction with those of a soft green. Indeed, from the intermixture being combined with art and arranged with taste, there resulted a variety of forms, attitudes, and colours, producing the most pleasing effects.

The polypodes, ferns and other plants requiring coolness and shade were placed in appropriate situations. The heaths of great variety and beauty, honeysuckles, brooms, ivies, and myrtles rank in their vicinity.

But nothing astonished me more than the admirable art by which mosses, the most delicate capillary herbs, and even some lichens have been reared. To accomplish this, real or artificial lavas have been introduced, the cavities, wrinkles and fissures of which afford a nidus to these delicate plants.

Mr. William Ayton, the intelligent manager of this magnificent garden, as well as Sir Joseph Banks exerted themselves to point out and explain every thing that was worthy of my notice.

On my return to London, I visited that immense collection of scientific and curious objects, deposited in the house called the British Museum. It is composed of manuscripts and printed books; of Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities; Indian, Chinese, and Japanese idols; of the vestments, weapons, and utensils of the islanders of the South Seas, and other savage nations; of

quadrupedes, amphibious animals, birds, insects, fishes, shells, and other marine productions; of minerals, petrifications, and fossils of every kind.

This vast assemblage of objects was partly formed by Sir Hans Sloane; and it probably would have been better, had it retained his name. To an individual collector, it would have done immortal honour, but as a national museum it is neither well arranged, nor of sufficient importance to a country so justly celebrated in arts and arms.

The English have been reproached with not giving sufficient encouragement to the sciences. I cannot, I must confess, decide upon this charge. But I must observe, that Britain derives more honour from Newton, Napier, Halley, and Bradley, than from all her colonies and her conquests. These names will be held in veneration by all nations among whom war and the homicidal fury of conquest shall not have extinguished the torch of intellect and knowledge, which enlightens the path of truth, the sole object of man in the rapid career of life.

The British Museum contains many valuable collections in natural history; but with the exception of some fishes in a small apartment, which are begun to be classed, nothing is in order; and this assemblage appears rather an immense magazine, in which things have been thrown at random, than a scientific collection, destined to instruct and honour a great nation. But that methodical arrangement which has no existence at present, may perhaps one day be accomplished, when the British Museum will rival that of Natural History at Paris.

In England, mathematical instrument makers enjoy merited consideration. They are generally men of great information; and spare neither time nor expence to carry their workmanship to the highest degree of perfection. I gladly embraced

the opportunity of visiting several of them, under the auspices of Messrs. Whitehurst and Cavallo.

The skilful and modest Ramsden I found occupied in making an instrument, simple in appearance, but which demanded much care and many combinations to render it perfect. It was required to measure on the ground a base of 4286 toises, so as to avoid the defects of the ordinary instruments of measuring, which whether of wood or of metal are liable to be expanded by heat, and contracted by cold. To remedy this, it was proposed to use rods made entirely of glass, and it was in preparing these that Ramsden was then employed.

There are also in London other able artists, employed in making the larger instruments of astronomy, mathematics, and experimental philosophy;—such as Nairne, Bud, Dolland, Adams, &c.

The manufactures in general do credit to the ingenuity and perseverance of the nation. The black pottery, known under the name of basaltes, which has the colour, the hardness, and the opacity of the volcanic production so-called, and its application by Wedgewood to busts, basso relievos, and vases of the finest antique form, do honour to the taste and ability of that celebrated manufacturer, who with other materials has successfully imitated the Etruscan vases, of which England possesses a very rich collection.

Wedgewood having daily occasion to study the action and different modifications of fire, has acquired the power, in a manner, of taking that element captive, and directing it at pleasure, by the invention of a pyrometer, which has a distinguished place in all the laboratories of chemistry and experimental philosophy.

But that which has increased the fortune of Wedgewood, and procured an immense branch of commerce to England, is his common pottery,

known in France by the name of English ware, and in this country by that of queen's ware. This article is almost universally in use; and in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the remotest part of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the south of France, one is served at every inn on English ware. Spain, Portugal and Italy are supplied with it; and it is exported to the Indies and to America.

Parker's manufactory of fine glass likewise deserves high commendation. There one may see to what varied extent that substance, pure as the clearest spring water, and more delightful to the eye than crystal, may be fashioned into cups, vases, basons, and bottles of every form, and polished and engraven with a dexterity and quickness that almost exceeds belief.

But perhaps nothing is better worth the attention of a stranger than one of the London breweries. I visited one on the south side of Westminster-bridge, which excited alike my astonishment and admiration.

The buildings and yards, which are of vast extent, are all constructed on a principle of utility; every thing is solid, every thing is adapted to its purpose, but without any attempt at ostentation.

Seventy large horses are employed in the service of this brewery, and upwards of one hundred workmen in its various operations. The beer is fermented in vast square vessels, raised to the height of the first floor; and pumps, disposed with much art, facilitate the supply of water.

When the beer is in a proper state, it descends through pipes, and is distributed by means of funnels, into a number of casks, placed in an immense cellar. It is afterwards conveyed from these into vast vats by means of pumps. Some of these vats contain nine hundred hogsheads, of fifty-four gal-

ions each, even the smallest held three hundred hogsheads. The whole number was capable of containing 31,600 hogsheads. Of this liquor about 140,000 hogsheads are sold annually.

It is perhaps superfluous to observe, that almost all the beer brewed in this extensive work is of that kind called porter, which is of a strong body,* capable of sustaining long sea voyages, and of being kept in bottles for many years.

At a small distance from this brewery, there is an extensive vinegar manufactory from malt. The vats stand in the open air, and occupy an immense yard. Their height and capacity are such, that on entering the vast enclosure filled with these gigantic vessels, one is apt to imagine, for want of exact comparison, that he sees a succession of large ships lying by the side of each other in a harbour. The vinegar made from malt is of a better quality than might be expected. Vinegar from wine is prohibited.

Pleased with manufactures of every kind, which provide for our wants, and supply materials for our luxuries, I visited one for making Turkey leather, parchment, and shamois leather. It was directed by persons of the name of Lorraine. There is an immense press weighing 23,000lbs. which squeezes out a considerable quantity of oily matter from the skins that would otherwise be left in them. In this kind of manufactory, the English certainly excel the French.

Among other curiosities, the column called the Monument attracted my notice. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren, after the great fire in London in 1666, and has an ascent of 380 steps to the

* Had St. Fond written within the last ten years, it is to be feared he would not have recommended London porter for its body.

upper balcony, which I found decayed and unserviceable. That iron is corroded in time by acid vapours is a fact well known; but it seemed surprising that such strong bars should so speedily have given way to its influence, at such a distance from the sea. It must therefore have arisen from the corrosive emanations from this vast city, and particularly from the general use of pit-coal.

I am far, however, from thinking London more unhealthy than other places, on account of the general use of this firing. On the contrary, it seems to have contributed to its salubrity. While coal is burning, there are two kind of exhalations from it, one bituminous and somewhat balsamic, therefore friendly to the lungs; the other acid, and consequently antiseptic. But the good construction of the chimnies, and the impulsive action of the fire, elevates the column of vapours above the houses, and therefore they act only on such objects as are most exposed.

In fact, the advantages attending pit-coal are so great, that the existence of England may be said, in some measure, to depend on its use. Its transportation along the coast forms an excellent nursery for seamen, it facilitates manufactures to an amazing degree, and I could wish, for the general prosperity of my country, that France were as far advanced in its use as England. But on this subject I shall say more when I shall have visited the coal mines of Newcastle.

In London, I saw several cabinets of natural history, which had been formed at a great expense. Mr. Drury's in particular contains a vast collection of insects brought from the East Indies, from China, Japan, the South Seas, &c. Every thing in this collection is arranged with much care and neatness.

Smeathman, who had travelled in Africa, and

brought with him several curious insects, procured me admission to this cabinet, which was shewn me in the minutest detail and with much affability.

I passed likewise some hours very agreeably in the cabinet of Mr. Thomas Sheldon, brother to the anatomist. It is replete with South Sea shells, and other interesting marine productions.

I was prevented, however, by the absence of their owners, from seeing the rich collections of the Honourable Mr. Greville, of Lord Bute, and of Dr. Pearson.

Sir Henry Englefield compensated these privations by the civilities and kindnesses which he heaped on me, during my stay in London. He has successfully applied himself to the study of astronomy and natural philosophy; and is besides an agreeable companion. If all Englishmen were endowed with such urbanity, it would be unjust to reproach them with that neglect and coldness which they are accused of shewing to those who have entertained them in France.

As I intended to take advantage of the remainder of the fine season, to visit Scotland and the Hebrides, I devoted some days to the necessary preparations for my journey, and procured letters of introduction to several persons in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and to the Duke of Argyle, who was then in the north.

At length all things having been got in readiness, Count Paul Andreani of Milan, William Thornton, an American student in medicine, M. de Mecier who had been lately introduced to us as a naturalist, and much attached to the study of mineralogy, and myself set out in two post chaises, followed by a third containing our servants.

In company with persons who possessed the same taste, and were animated with the same resolution, it was delightful to proceed; and we set

off one fine Sunday evening, taking the road to Barnet, where we met numbers of people both on horseback, on foot, and in carriages, returning from their rural excursions.

The air was so serene, and the night so delightful, that we resolved to profit by it in continuing our progress through Hatfield to Stevenage, where we arrived at four in the morning, and rested till nine.

Resuming our journey, passed through Bugden and Stilton. Nothing could surpass the beauty and convenience of the road during these 63 miles. It resembled the avenue of a magnificent garden.

At Stilton, we observed by the sides of the road calcareous stones of a greyish colour, containing a number of petrified marine shells, among which were some of a curious kind. On leaving the village of Stilton, noticed at the door of the last house on the right in the way to Stamford, a seat of unhewn stone, consisting of a block of real volcanic basalt, mixed with some small crystals of black schorl, and specks of volcanic chrysolite; but could obtain no information from whence this singular stone was taken.

At Stamford are two old churches worthy of notice. They are built in the Gothic style, and have a bold and elegant appearance.

Through Grantham and Newark reach Tuxford, the road gradually becoming less agreeable. Doncaster is a handsome town. Between Barnby Moor and Ferrybridge, the commons were covered with numerous flocks of sheep and black cattle. Near Ferrybridge, the country becomes mountainous, and considerable banks of grey calcareous stone are seen.

Several succeeding stages presented the same features. At North Allerton, the face of the country is intersected with hills, consisting for the

greatest part of large round flat stones, or at least covered with them. At intervals, however, there were strata of calcareous stone, which is converted into lime.

On leaving the little town of Darlington, observed considerable heaps of black trapps, which had been brought from some place in the neighbourhood to repair the roads. These materials, so useful in other respects, often present to the naturalist what he might otherwise miss in passing through a country.

Durham, an episcopal see, is delightfully situated: it has a superb Gothic cathedral.

From Ferrybridge to Newcastle is reckoned ninety-six miles, which distance we performed in one day.

Newcastle stands on the banks of the beautiful river Tyne, which is covered with vessels, and bordered on the right and left with manufactures of every description. Here I remained long enough to enable me to pay due attention to its numerous coal mines, and the multiplied produce of its active industry, under the direction of Mr. David Crawford, a lover of natural history, himself, and who was the proprietor of a manufactory; in which gold and silver are extracted from the cinders used in the furnaces of the works in these metals, and also from the old crucibles. He purchases these rude materials in Holland, France, and England; and by a particular process, aided by the abundance and cheapness of coals, carries on this business and some other branches of manufacture, to advantage.

We saw several glass houses, where window-glass, bottles, decanters, drinking glasses, &c. were made. All these manufactures, though established in buildings of mean appearance, are managed with a simplicity and economy that cannot be too much praised. It is a taste for pomp

and grandeur which almost always ruins the manufactures in France, and prevents those new ones which we want from being established. In this respect, the Dutch and English are much more prudent, and furnish examples of utility combined with œconomy deserving of imitation.

The Tyne is rendered highly interesting by the number and variety of the manufactures carried on upon its banks. On one hand are seen brick-fields, potteries, glass-houses, and chymical works, for making ceruse, minium, vitriol, &c. On the other, manufactories in iron, tin and every kind of metal: machines for fabricating brass-wire, plate metal, &c. This assemblage of manufactories, rising opposite one another, every where infuses life and activity; and humanity rejoices to see so many useful men finding comfort and happiness in a labour which at the same time contributes to the enjoyment of others, and the good of their country.

The numerous coal mines in the vicinity of Newcastle, form not only immense magazines of fuel for the rest of England, but are also the source of an extensive and profitable foreign commerce. Vessels loaded with this article for London and different parts of Europe, sail daily from this port. Besides this commerce, the working of these mines gives an incalculable advantage to the British navy. It was in this school that the immortal Capt. Cook was trained. This astonishing navigator sailed thrice round the world, and enriched geography, natural history, and navigation, with great and valuable discoveries. The modest habitation where he was born, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, is preserved with pious veneration.

The coal mines here are covered with a soil which yields fine pasturage, and the finest products of agriculture. Under this fertile stratum is found a freestone of an excellent quality, and manufactured into grind-stones.

The first mine I visited belonged to a private individual, and required an hundred men to work it. Thirty of these were employed above ground, and twenty in the pit. Twenty horses were kept in this profound abyss for drawing the coal through the subterranean passages to the bottom of the mouth of the pit: four more worked the machine which raised the coal, and some others were employed in auxiliary labours.

The following is the order of the mineral substances, as they appear in descending to the coal :

	feet.
Vegetable earth of good quality.....	2
Beds of rounded calcareous stone, inter- mixed with rounded pieces of free-stone ..	15
Grey clay more or less pure.....	16
Hard quartzose free-stone, with lamellæ of mica.....	25
Very hard black clay, somewhat bitumin- ous, intermixed with some specks of mica ..	26
Black clay more bituminous, and partly inflammable; when the foliations of this clay which separates with facility are examined with attention, some prints of fern appear, but they are scarcely discernible.....	18

Total 102

At this depth the coal is found. The bed is five feet thick in some places: in general it is easily wrought, and large pieces are brought up.

When the bed of black and bituminous clay is penetrated, the coal is found adhering to it; but this is not always the case, for there are other mines in the neighbourhood where free-stone is the covering, and mixes two or three inches in depth with the coal. Some of the mines are up-

wards of 180 fathoms in depth, and contained different strata of coal.

This mine had a large steam engine for carrying off the water, and working a ventilator. The machine which raises the coal from the pit is very convenient, and is worked with stout horses. To convey the article to the vessels on the river, roads with an almost insensible inclination are made with much art, and the waggons moving by the laws of gravity, proceed as if it were by magic, in the rear of each other till they reach the river. The waggon being emptied, returns by a second road parallel to the first. This contrivance, which is as ingenious as it is economical, soon indemnifies the proprietors for the money they expend in the construction of rail and tram ways.

These extraordinary roads are varied in several ways; but I cannot enter into details. Suffice it to say, that they are all excellently adapted to the purposes of facilitating labour, and of diminishing expences.

The industry of the inhabitants of Newcastle is so active, that they are accustomed to apply it to every object which presents itself. They have turned to profit the pyrites which injures the quality of the coal, but which is abundantly produced in some of the mines. From these they extract vitriol in very large quantities by a process at once simple and economical, which does honour to the intelligence of those who first put it in practice.

The great quantity of coal dust collected at the numerous pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, would soon become an incumbrance, were it not for an admirable method adopted of preventing this inconvenience by making it into coke, which is used in a great number of manufactories, as a substitute for charcoal, to which it is in most cases superior,

producing a stronger, more equal, and long continued heat.

Coal thus prepared is called in France purified coal, or dephlogisticated coal. The city of Paris uses great quantities of it, and in Lyons it is likewise employed in the copper works. Since the revolution, however, this kind of coal is neglected; and the trees of our finest forests are reduced to ashes.

I should have wished to have remained at least a fortnight in Newcastle, that I might have minutely examined its various manufactures; but I could not devote more than four or five days to that purpose: for my principal object being a journey to Staffa, it was necessary to proceed northward, lest the favourable season should pass away.

Accordingly we made preparations for our departure, and having taken leave of Mr. David Crawford, who had shewn us much civility, we set out in the afternoon, with an intention of sleeping at Wooler.

From London to Newcastle I had observed that limestone, either in rocks, banks, or beds, prevailed the greatest part of the way, intermixed with various other mineral substances; but towards Wooler, the stones by the road side were composed of black basaltic lava; yet nothing of a volcanic nature presented itself in sight.

On approaching Wooler, we enter among porphyries intermixed with feld-spar, which latter is considerably corroded by the action of the air, which some have attributed improperly to fire.

Proceeding through Cornhill, crossed the Tweed, and entering Scotland, passed through Coldstream, Greenlaw, and Thirlstone. The country near Cornhill is every where covered with trapps,* very

* Trappa in the Swedish language, signifies *stairs*; and these stones are generally arranged in that form when in their native beds.

much resembling basaltes. And at a short distance from Thirlstone, near Doddmill, and by the side of a bridge, is a deposit of trapps so considerable that it would be difficult to name a spot where so many vast masses and so many varieties of this kind of stone are laid open.

Throughout a considerable extent we distinguished parallel beds of black trapp, several of which were two feet thick, others one foot, and some four or five inches, and even less. The hardest strata repose on a finer, a less compact, and a less adhesive kind of trapp, and the action of the current has occasioned such breaches and hollows in this mass, that the feet may be easily placed in ascending it.

The hill of Doddmill is contiguous to a ridge of other hills nearly similar, which skirt the highway, and stretch beyond Channel-kirk inn. It exhibits several veins of trapp, which cross sometimes an entire rock of porphyry, sometimes a substance of an argillaceous appearance of various colours which seems to be of the same texture with the bases of porphyry.

In fact, this vast deposit, this immense accumulation of materials proper for the composition of porphyry, and which forms a ridge of hills, from Doddmill to Channel-kirk inn, seems to exhibit the effect of a sudden operation of nature, of a confused and tumultuous precipitation, which has prevented the homogeneous substances from mutually attracting each other, and obeying those laws of affinity by which regular compositions are formed.

We protracted our stay at the bottom of these hills so long, that we did not arrive in Edinburgh till late in the evening. Our postillions conducted us to Dunn's Hotel, a magnificent inn decorated with columns; but the inside, though neat, did not correspond with the grandeur of the exterior.

Next day I waited on Dr. Black and other

learned men to whom I had letters of recommendation. They all gave me a flattering reception, and invited me to partake of their hospitality ; but I excused myself from making any stay at Edinburgh, till after our return from the Hebrides, on account of the danger of delaying our progress thither, when the season was advanced.

In one of the streets of Edinburgh, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Swediaur, a learned physician, with whom I had been acquainted in Paris. He had long resided in London ; but wishing to enjoy some repose, and to amuse himself in the chemical arts, in which he was deeply skilled, he had retired from the bustle of the metropolis, and purchased an estate at Preston Pans, about five miles from Edinburgh, where he was about to establish a manufacture of sea-salt, principally with a view of separating the mineral alkali from the muriatic acid.

He invited me to visit his works, and next day I agreed to dine with him at Preston Pans, which is advantageously situated for manufactures, being near the sea, and possessing abundance of coals. The coal here burns with a vivid, bright, and long continued flame, and is preferable to that dug at Newcastle.

At Preston Pans I was shewn the exterior of the greatest manufactory of oil of vitriol in Great Britain. It is surrounded by a very high wall ; and no person is allowed to enter, who is not employed in the works. All is mystery and concealment ; though I do not imagine that the processes employed here can differ much from those that are generally known, and which consist in burning the sulphur in chambers lined with lead.

A great deal of sea salt is also made at Preston Pans for home consumption, and as an article of commerce. It is produced by means of fire and

evaporation. We found no difficulty of admission to these works, which are very numerous.

Dr. Swediaur shewed me his own works, which were considerably advanced. At the table of this learned physician I ate some of the finest oysters in the world, which are found on banks at a little distance from the shore. I passed a very instructive day at the house of this gentleman, who returned with me in the evening to Edinburgh, and had the goodness to accompany me next day to Carron, to visit the greatest iron foundery in Europe, which, however, I could not have seen without his recommendation.

From Edinburgh this place is 36 miles, by an excellent road. We set out early in the morning, and did not alight till we reached Linlithgow. From thence we proceeded to Falkirk, and at half past three in the afternoon, arrived at Carron. The soil all the way was strewed with large round black blocks of basaltes, which when broken forms excellent materials for the roads.

Having obtained leave to enter, a man at the gate who was ordered to conduct us, told us, that with the exception of the place where cannons were bored, he was ordered to shew us every thing.

At first we were introduced into an immense court, surrounded with high walls, and vast sheds. This place was covered with cannons, mortars, bombs, balls, and all the apparatus of death and destruction. Under the sheds, the finished articles were deposited. We saw several rows of rampart cannon, battering guns, and field pieces, destined for Russia and Germany. They were longer than ordinary, of perfect workmanship, and covered with a thin varnish of steel colour, to preserve them from rust. The substance of this varnish is kept a great secret; but I am inclined to think it is composed of a desicative oil, mixed with some varnish of amber and plumbago.

Passing the inclosure where the cannons are bored, we were conducted to the works for smelting the ore, where four furnaces of 45 feet in height devoured both night and day enormous masses of coals and metal. Each furnace is supplied with four air pumps of great width, and discharges every six hours whole floods of liquid iron. So rapid is the flame from the immense power of the air pumps, that it rises ten feet above the top of the furnace.

Such immense quantities of coke are made here to supply these works, that the air is heated to a considerable extent, and during the night, the sky is illumined with its flames. When one observes at a little distance, so many masses of burning coal on one side, and so many volumes of flame on the other, and at the same time hears the noise of weighty hammers striking upon resounding anvils, mingled with the loud roaring of bellows, it becomes a doubt whether he is at the foot of a volcano in actual eruption, or whether he is transported by some magical influence to the brink of the cavern, where the fabled Vulcan and his Cyclops are occupied in preparing thunder-bolts.

Every thing here is on a gigantic scale, and excellently adapted to lessen labour. A canal communicates with the sea, by which the necessary materials are conveyed, and the manufactures transported.

Three kinds of ore are used at Carron which are stored up in distinct and separate heaps. The first consists of a decomposed hæmatites, procured from the county of Cumberland: the second is a hard rocky substance of a yellowish brown colour: the third is of a deep iron grey colour, sometimes inclining a little to violet, and is remarkable for being formed into geodes, or septaria, of a round or oval form a little flattened. The largest of these geodes are about 18 inches in diameter, and

the least from four to five inches. This species of iron is obtained in great abundance from a hill near Dunbar, close by the sea, and consequently very easy of conveyance. It affords a great quantity of iron ; but it is necessary to calcine it, before it is put into the smelting furnace.

By a due intermixture of these three ores, a grey crude iron of an excellent quality is produced. It yields easily to the fire, is very pure, and may be moulded into the most delicate forms.

After visiting the place where the crude iron is refined in reverberating furnaces, before it is cast into cannons, &c. we were led into a vast fabric, which suggested the most pleasing ideas, for its contents were the various implements of husbandry, the arts, and domestic use ; in a word, every thing that adds to the comfort and convenience of man.

But it is time I should leave the foundry of Carron and proceed to other objects. It may be presumed however that I was not allowed to take notes on the spot, and therefore I was obliged to devote a part of the night in digesting my observations.

As we were now but a moderate distance from Stirling, formerly a royal residence, we went on next day to visit it. A wing of the ancient palace is still standing, now occupied by the governor of the castle ; we likewise saw the parliament-house, one hundred and twenty feet long, having its oaken doors covered with basso-relievos, and very ancient inscriptions. I observed other basso-relievos in stone fixed in old walls near the market-place, which appeared to me of Phenician origin or perhaps Egyptian ; but I speak with diffidence.

We went round the arm of the sea called the Frith of Forth, and proceeded through Alloa, Clackmannan, and Culross, where there are coal pits of very excellent quality. The ground is covered with compact lavas, and other lavas formed

by volcanic eruptions of mud. The beds of coal, which are upwards of an hundred feet beneath the surface, have remained untouched by the action of the lavas above them, and extend a great distance under the sea, which agitated by waves and storms disturbs not the peaceful security of those who labour below.

From Culross, we proceeded to Inverkeithing, where we crossed the Frith, to Queensferry, and regained the road to Edinburgh, concerning which city I shall postpone my observations for the present.

Resuming our journey, we proceeded to Livingston, over a road strewed with rocks and fragments of basaltes. Beyond Livingston, at a place called Muirhead Craigs, we observed by the road side a small peak of basaltes, with a tendency to divide into prisms. Farther on at Hearsthill, we found a grand natural ball of basaltes with an envelope more than an inch distant from the nucleus of the same mineral substance. The greatest diameter of this basaltic ball is about five feet.

This place presents another object deserving the attention of the mineralogist. The lands of Hearsthill consist of a flat track on an eminence; and this elevated plain is covered with blocks and fragments of compact lavas, which appear to have been carried thither by some convulsion of nature.

On our arrival at Glasgow we delivered our letters of introduction, and proceeded to visit the curiosities of the city. Natural history is less cultivated here than at Edinburgh, commerce appearing to absorb every other consideration. The university and printing-house, however, have enjoyed deserved reputation.

I was astonished, in a climate so cold and humid as that of Glasgow, to see the greater part of the lower class of females, walking about with their

head and feet bare, their bodies only covered with a jump, and a gown and petticoat of red stuff which descended to the mid-leg; and their fine long hair hanging down without any other ornament than a crooked comb to keep it back in front. This garb, however, simple as it is, appears not destitute of grace. In general the women display an elegance and agility in their gait, and many of them have charming persons.

The vicinity of the Highlands draws a great number of the natives to this city. Their antique vestments, very much resembling those of the Roman soldiers, form a remarkable contrast with that of the other inhabitants.

In the environs of Glasgow there are considerable coal mines of excellent quality. The coal is found under beds of quartzose free-stone, which in some mines are more than one hundred and forty feet thick. It adheres to the free-stone without any intermedium. I endeavoured to discover impressions of fern or other plants in these mines; but such appearances are rare. The free-stone which covers the coal mines of Glasgow, consist in general of large quartzose particles. The best coals, both in England and France, are such as are found under free-stone: and when veins of coal are once discovered in that substance, however slight, it ought to encourage the miner to go deeper, when he will probably come to a stratum worthy of his perseverance.

The vicinity of Glasgow presents a fertile field of observation, by assemblages of pit-coal, free-stone, calcareous stones, and volcanic productions, within a small space of each other. The lavas, however, occupy the higher parts of the soil, and present many interesting varieties. The volcanic zone, which comes from a distance, seems to be interrupted here. It was in our way out of the city,

by the side of the channel of the stream that turns the town mill, that we observed the first products of a hard subterraneous combustion. I examined the environs with much attention, during our stay; but my observations would only gratify one class of readers. In one spot I discovered the crater of an exhausted volcano, of which I had traced indications at some distance. But the most remarkable objects I saw in the volcanized circle of Glasgow, were very distinct prisms of granitic lava, of different sizes, with well shaped angles, leaning against each other, and generally of a quadrangular, pentagonal, or hexagonal form.

Our harvest in natural history being finished in this quarter, we began to prepare for entering on the Highlands, and having engaged a draughtsman and hired horses and drivers to accompany us the remainder of our journey, we left Glasgow on the 14th of September, and proceeded to Dumbarton. Arriving in the time of a fair, we found it difficult to procure beds. The town stands on an arm of the sea into which the Clyde falls. It is defended by a small fort, built on a steep volcanic and solitary precipice, with two summits, and about 250 feet high. At this place new manners and customs attracted our notice, and we found it necessary to learn to accommodate ourselves to various privations.

In our excursions round Dumbarton, we saw immense collections of basaltes reduced into fragments. These form little hills, and in one place a continued causeway of great length, which the natives ascribe to the Romans under Agricola,* but it appears more probably a work of nature, on which Lollius Urbicus, Adrian's lieutenant erected a chain of forti-

* The best maps delineate Agricola's circumvallation from Newcastle to Carlisle.

fications when he drove the Caledonians beyond the Clyde.

We left Dumbarton at five o'clock in the evening, intending to sleep at Luss, on the banks of Loch Lomond, being anxious to examine that beautiful and extensive lake with its islands next morning.

As we approached this fine sheet of fresh water, which is twenty-eight miles long, and justly regarded as one of the wonders of the country, we found the volcanic substances to disappear, and to be succeeded by calcareous stones, then by granitic schistus, and by micaceous kneiss. But we had scarcely proceeded a mile along the margin of the lake, when night overtook us, and it was ten o'clock when we arrived at Luss.

Here I expected to have found a village or a hamlet at least, but to our astonishment, there was only a miserable simple house, which being pre-occupied by one of the lords of justice, who was making the circuit, we not only were refused admission, but by signs we were forbid to speak, lest we should disturb his lordship. "But, mistress," said one of the drivers to the landlady, for we did not presume to break silence, "look at our poor horses, and consider this terrible rain." "How can I help it?" was her reply. On this she went off, shut the door, and double locked it, repeating her caution not to disturb his lordship, who it seems was asleep in this elegant hotel.

Though we could scarcely avoid laughing at this singular mode of shewing respect to a judge, we were obliged to proceed in a dark and stormy night along the banks of the lake, a stage of fifteen miles more, which appeared the longest and the most disagreeable I ever travelled in my life. The horses, though good, were scarcely able to drag us along; and the poor drivers, drenched in rain, were consoling themselves, by wishing all the judges at the

devil, and the landlady of Luss into the bargain. We endeavoured to encourage them by promising a recompense, which they richly deserved; and at half past three in the morning, we reached a place called Tarbet, which is likewise a single house.

Here the people of the house readily admitted us; but the beds being all engaged by some jurymen on their way to Inverary, we thought of sleeping in our carriage, after being refreshed. The easy manner, however, in which we accommodated ourselves to circumstances, interested the landlady in our behalf, and she furnished us with two mattresses from her own bed, observing that she had had sleep enough. Wrapped up in plaides, we reposed for three hours, and forgot our fatigues.

A delightful day succeeded this dismal night. The sun was warm and brilliant, the air pure; and we looked over the expanse of the lake with rapture, though only a part of it could be seen from this point of view. We had indeed to regret that we could not be accommodated at Luss; for in that case we might have sailed up Loch Lomond to Tarbet, and enjoyed all its beauties.

The banks of that part of the lake which fell under our immediate notice were composed of micaceous schistus, the lamellæ of which appeared in the shape of rods, undulating and shining as if silvered. Black cattle and sheep enlivened the scene, and here and there a shepherd seated under lowering firs gave an Arcadian resemblance to the scene.

After walking about one hour and a half, we returned to our inn, and found the tea equipage set out with a little hospitable vanity. It was a present from the Duchess of Argyll, who sometimes stopt here, and the gratitude of the landlady was equal to the generosity of her grace.

How easy is it for persons of rank to render themselves beloved! Why do they not more frequently acquire this enviable distinction! It is because they are generally more influenced by education than by nature, and are afraid of sinking their dignity by entering into the feelings and views of ordinary men. But their condescension is always repaid with interest, and they mistake the way to happiness who wrap themselves up in unmeaning forms.

The scenery of Loch Lomond can never be obliterated from my heart, and I shall cherish the desire of revisiting Tarbet before I die. Even among the oranges, the myrtles, the laurels, and the jasmines of Italy, I shall often meditate on the wild and romantic beauties of this spot.

But we soon found a striking contrast. On resuming our journey we entered on dismal heaths, and soon came to a defile so straight, and the mountains so high and perpendicular, that the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate it. For more than ten miles, which is the length of this pass,* neither house, nor any thing animated is to be seen; for the sheep and goats on the mountains are too far removed from the eye to be distinguished from stones.

We were nearly six hours in this defile. At last it suddenly opened on Loch-Tyne, in Argyleshire; and passing through Cairndow, we soon arrived at Inverary, which, though the chief town in the county, would only be stiled a village in France. It is charmingly situated, however, on the banks of Loch Tyne, which communicates with the sea, and is navigable by large vessels. It abounds in herrings.

* Glen Cove.

From the door of the only inn of Inverary we enjoyed a delightful prospect of Inverary Castle, the Duke of Argyle's; but our contemplations were soon disturbed, by being told that every room in the inn was engaged, or already occupied. The judge who had disappointed us at Luss was speedily expected: the jury men were in possession of the rest of the house. Dalmally, the next stage, was fifteen miles distant; and had we proceeded, we should not only have again been benighted, but have lost the opportunity of delivering our letters to the Duke of Argyle, and of receiving his instructions respecting our future route.

In this dilemma, we requested the landlord would allow us to step into a room, and write a note to the duke. The very name of his grace procured us immediate respect, as far as circumstances would allow—for the house was really full; and with a note stating our situation, we inclosed our letters of introduction, which we dispatched express to the castle.

A French painter, at that time employed in Inverary Castle, speedily brought an answer, requesting our company, and that dinner was waiting. We accepted the invitation, and on our way met the duke's eldest son, then about seventeen years of age, who welcomed us with every demonstration of politeness and generous affability. The whole family seemed eager to pay us the most marked attention; and I said to myself—"The good woman of Tarbet has not deceived me—this is indeed a charming family."

French was spoken at this table with as much purity as in the most polished circles of Paris. We explained the motives of our journey; and in order to shorten the passage by sea, his grace advised us to proceed from Oban up the Sound of Mull; to cross Mull to Torolisk, where Mr.

M'Lean would receive us; and from this spot to Staffa, we might go and return the same day, provided the weather was favourable, which we were assured, however, would be very uncertain, even if we had arrived much earlier in the season.

The duke kindly said he wished to detain us some weeks with him, that we might have an opportunity of viewing the country; but, pressed for time, we could only promise three days, during which we thought it possible to examine the neighbouring mountains and to make our observations. Accordingly the mornings were devoted to our respective pursuits, and the evenings to social intercourse, which gave me an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with this amiable family.

Inverary castle is built in the Gothic style, as assimilating best with the general features of the country, of a grey coloured lapis ollaris, soft to the touch, capable of receiving a fine polish, and yet resisting the weather as well as the hardest marble. The interior is elegant and commodious; but the luxury of simplicity, and the extreme of neatness have been more studied than the pomp of gilding or sumptuous furniture.

The park, in which native and foreign trees are intermixed, is very extensive, and is laid out with much taste and effect. The ground displays great variety of surface; and every advantage is taken of its inequalities to heighten the beauty of the scene.

The inhabitants of the castle at this time were the duke and duchess, one son and three daughters, the countess of Derby, the duchess's daughter by the duke of Hamilton her first husband, a physician, and a chaplain, besides several visitors, who increased the pleasure of the society.

I must not omit to mention that the judge on whose account we had been put to so much inconvenience, came to dine at Inverary the second day after our arrival. He was a good honest character, somewhat advanced in years, and deserved all the respect and attention that had been paid him, for his justice and humanity. With great good nature he declared, that had he known what was passing, he would gladly have shared his lodgings with us.

The manner in which we spent our time at Inverary was very agreeable. Each person rose whenever he pleased. I was up with the sun, and employed myself in examining the natural history in the environs. At 10 a bell called us to breakfast, which we found prepared in a large room, ornamented with several excellent pictures. On the tables were tea, coffee, cream, and every thing that the appetite could desire, surrounded by bouquets of flowers, newspapers, and books. In this apartment likewise, were a billiard table, a piano-forte, and other musical instruments.

After breakfast some walked, others rode, and amused themselves with reading. At half past four, the dinner bell rung, when we generally sat down to a table of twenty-five or thirty covers. The chaplain, according to custom, made a short prayer, before and after dinner. The dishes were chiefly in the French style, being prepared by an excellent cook of that nation.

I was particularly pleased to find napkins on the table, and forks of the same kind used in France. I am little disposed to risque pricking my mouth or my tongue with the sharp steel tridents generally used in the best houses in England. I am aware, however, that they are only intended for seizing and fixing the pieces of meat while they are cut; and that the English knives being rounded at the point supply in a great measure the use of our

is a painful effort. Alas! what is life but a series of such privations. We were obliged to bid adieu to the hospitable mansion of Inverary, and on the 17th of September, resumed our journey towards Dalmally, over a naked and sterile country, where for eight hours we saw neither living creature, habitation, tree, nor verdure.

At last, about four in the afternoon we came in sight of a small column of smoke; and by degrees the vale of Glenurchy, studded with cottages, opened to our view. A small river, the Urchy, winding along on the left, several houses in groups, and others scattered around, a church in the bottom, and the distant prospect of a lake, formed the embellishments of this landscape.

The inn of Dalmally is situated on a solitary eminence covered with verdure. On our arrival, we found about a score of Highlanders assembled near the door, who saluted us with kindness mixed with an air of stateliness. They had been attending divine worship, and were all neatly dressed in their native costume, which is too well known to require description. Whether it is borrowed, however, from the Romans, whose military habit it resembles, or from their Celtic ancestors, is a question of difficult solution. Certain it is, they are much attached to this form of vesture, which reminds them of their ancient heroism and independence, and therefore it has been proscribed, but in vain. Yet it is certainly little adapted to a people who inhabit such a cold and humid climate, and has only strong prejudice to support its use.

We found the inn here very neat and comfortable, and as we were within a day's journey of the place of embarkation, we applied to our host, a civil, obliging, and cheerful man, if he could recommend us a guide, who was well acquainted with the language of the country. "Gentlemen," said he, with

an air of eagerness, "I think I can accommodate you, if the engagements of the person I mean, will allow him to be absent. I will instantly inquire."

In a few minutes he came back with a man of about 28 years of age, of a mild and modest appearance, whom he introduced as Patrick Fraser, schoolmaster of Dalmally. This man, it seems, had prosecuted his studies with advantage at the university of Edinburgh, understood Greek, Latin, English, and Celtic; but nevertheless was glad to instruct the children of this poor place in the rudiments of their native tongue. He was passionately fond of the verses of Ossian, and had often made excursions among the inhabitants of these mountains, in quest of farther fragments of those ancient poems, and not wholly without success.

I felt for the condition of this estimable and modest man, and on expressing my surprise that he should be reduced to follow such a vocation for a subsistence, he mildly observed, "I console myself with my studies, and the desire of extending my information. It is true that I sometimes feel uneasy, when I reflect that here I am destitute of every source of instruction. I should doubtless prefer living, though only on a little bread and water, in a city where I could find the means of gratifying my taste; but I must learn to accommodate myself to circumstances."

A thousand times did I regret that it was not in my power to charge myself with the future fortunes of this singular and interesting man, who having obtained from the parents of his pupils leave of absence for ten days, at once became one of our party.

Our supper at Dalmally consisted of two dishes of fine game, cream, butter, Highland cheese, a pot of preserved bilberries, and port wine. They were

all served up together, and formed a truly luxurious repast for the country in which we were.

Our host, naturally polite, and who besides seeing three carriages and four servants took us for important personages, paid us the greatest respect, and could not be prevailed to sit down to supper with us. However, when supper was over, he brought in some excellent beer and rum, and then favoured us with his company for the remainder of the evening, which was spent in agreeable conversation, chiefly relative to the manners and customs of the country.

At sun rise next morning, I went to visit the church, which had attracted my notice the preceding evening, by the number of tomb stones in an adjoining field. The church itself was a very poor building; but from the heaps of ruins among the sepulchral memorials, it is probable some ancient religious house once stood here.

The surrounding tombs or rather grave stones were all constructed of lapis ollaris, or serpentine, which has resisted the weather in a wonderful manner. Several are cut into right angled parallelograms, some are five feet eight inches, others only five feet three inches long. All are without any inscription to designate the person whose dust reposes below, but they are loaded with sculpture in demi-relievo, representing warriors armed with lances, bucklers, poniards, and arrows, and having their heads covered with bonnets in the form of mitres. Others are charged with fantastic figures of animals, generally within a border of a peculiar arabesque character.

It would be difficult to assign the æra of the erection of those monuments. Tradition says they are the tombs of celebrated warriors who lived in the times of the ancient Scottish kings. I leave this

disquisition to the native antiquaries, convinced that the tombs of Dalmally are not unworthy of their attention.

While examining these curious monuments, Patrick Fraser interrupted my reveries, by announcing that a person of the name of Machal in the vicinity had in his possession a precious fragment of the poems of Ossian, and inviting me to accompany him to his house.

Accordingly we proceeded to Machal's, but had the mortification to find he was from home, and that the manuscript was carefully locked up and inaccessible to others. His brother, however, shewed us every civility in his power, and expressed his sense of the honour done to his family by our condescending to call on them. Machal is a locksmith, blacksmith, armourer, and ironmonger. In his workshop we were shewn an ancient target, and some other pieces of iron armour, which had been found in the ruins of a castle in the neighbourhood. On casting my eyes round, a poniard of an elegant form attracted my notice, which I would gladly have purchased; but I was told it belonged to one of their friends in the mountains, who would not part with it for any price, as it had been handed down to him from his ancestors; but was informed that Machal could make me a similar one, and indeed I saw some of his workmanship which attested his capacity in this way.

The brother of this ingenious man, who unfortunately was absent, now requested we would honour him with a visit at his own house, and we yielded with pleasure to his invitation. The cottage or hut he inhabited, was buried several feet below the surface of the earth, as a security against the intense cold; but being on an elevation, it was perfectly free from damp. It was divided into two apartments, besides a closet, all on the ground.

floor; for the inhabitants of these regions never think of building their houses with stories.

The apartment to the right contained some sacks of barley, and a quantity of oatmeal. We also saw some bottles of whiskey, and a large press, in which the holiday clothes of the family were kept. The domestic utensils were neat and clean, though few in number.

The second chamber seemed to be used as a parlour. Here his relations were assembled to receive us with due ceremony. A peat fire on a large round stone in the centre served to warm the room. The smoke passed vertically through an aperture in the top of the roof. Wooden benches were ranged round the fire, on which we were invited to sit down with the rest of the party. This being done, a young man closed the window, and lighted some pieces of a resinous wood, chiefly cut from the *pinus tæda*,* which yielded a bright flame, intermixed, however, with much smoke.

It was by this light, that the master of the family, taking by the hand an agreeable and modest girl, whom I presumed was his daughter, ushered her into our presence. She presented a bowl of milk, after having tasted it herself, to one of us, when it passed round the company. At this moment we were all standing. We were then offered butter, oat cakes, and a glass of whiskey. The entertainment was conducted with a native hospitality which was superior to all forms. We returned thanks to this good family, who insisted on attending us to the inn. It would have been an insult to offer any gratuity.

We had not proceeded far before another High-

* Scarcely a living tree of this kind of wood remains in the country; but large stumps of it are still found in the peat mosses.

lander approached us with courtesy, and begged the honour of a short visit, as his family were all prepared to receive us. It appeared that this man, who was richer and more ostentatious than Machal, had made his wife put on her best finery, while in the house of the latter. We excused ourselves as well as possible, from want of time, pointing to our carriages which were ready. But afterwards being informed by Patrick Fraser, that we had wounded the feelings of that family, by refusing their invitation, after we had accepted that of Machal, we retraced our steps; but as we came up to the house, the mistress shut the door with an appearance of resentment, and we were prevented from making our peace with her.

From Dalmally to Oban is twenty-four miles, over roads scarcely passable by carriages. We set out, however, by ten in the morning, and imagined that we should have sufficient time to reach Oban to sleep.

We traced the border of Loch Awe its whole length, which is upwards of ten miles. In some places we were in danger of being precipitated from a height of more than four hundred feet into the lake, while impending rocks menaced to fall on our heads. In this situation, we found it was most prudent to walk; and were well repaid for our trouble, by the number of delightful prospects which we contemplated at our leisure. Several little woody islands enliven this fine expanse of water. On one of them stands the vast Gothic ruins of the castle of Kilchurn.

In the space of twelve miles in a road often cut through rocks or constructed among rubbish, we passed without scarcely seeing a human abode. At the thirteenth mile, the mountains recede a little, but their elevation increases. They are composed of porphyry of a violet-red.

On a small arm of Loch Awe, by which it discharges its excess of water into Loch Etive, is a bridge at a place called Bun Awe. Loch Etive communicates with the sea, and is navigable for large vessels.

Beyond the bridge of Bun Awe, we saw two solitary huts, the abodes of shepherds; and about a mile farther on, a small inn, close by the road, surrounded with a few houses. Here we halted half an hour to refresh our horses, during which space I visited the small church, situated on a neighbouring eminence, in the cemetery of which I observed two sepulchral stones of the same kind as those noticed at Dalmally, and of sculpture equally ancient.

Poor as the accommodations were at this little inn, it would have been prudent to have stopt here for the night; but our guide assured us that we had time enough before us to reach Oban without difficulty.

We yielded to his suggestion; and proceeding a little farther, saw by the road side a cross formed of black stone of a slaty nature, upon which a figure of Christ was carved in demi-relievo, with some force of execution. The stone was about five feet high, and though there were no catholics in this neighbourhood, it had been preserved with a kind of religious veneration from the fanaticism which had levelled so many interesting monuments of the Romish faith.

At no great distance from this cross, a column of rough stone was indicated to us, on which we were gravely told "that the Romans had sacrificed upon it to their false gods." We examined it closely, and found it to be composed of granite of a yellowish grey colour, and of a triangular shape, without any traces of art about it. It stands ten feet above the ground, and four below, its mean

breadth is about two feet, and its thickness two and a quarter. In the vicinity, is a circular space about twenty-four feet in circumference, formed by large blocks of rude granite. The whole is evidently druidical; and has nothing to do with the Romans.

We spent some time in examining this ancient monument, heedless that the sun was getting low, and that clouds began to darken the horizon. On resuming our seats, however, we desired the post boys to hasten their pace; and for the next hour we made good progress, notwithstanding the badness of the roads. But night now came on; the clouds seemed to dash against each other; and a thunder storm, of which a sultry day had been the prelude, burst upon us. The darkness became so intense, that it was not possible to see the road; and Patrick Fraser, our guide, getting out of the chaise, groped with his hands before the horses, in order to discover the track. Terrified by the noise of torrents, of thunder, and by the lightning, the animals could scarcely be got on; and, notwithstanding the dreadful rain, our conductors advised us to get out of the carriages, as they found we had lost our way, and were afraid of being dashed down some precipice.

About ten o'clock our guide hearing the roaring of the sea, confessed he was ignorant of our exact position, but declared that we could not be far from Oban. At midnight our difficulties increased: the sea was heard dashing at the bottom of the mountain on which we were, steep and slippery declivities interrupted our progress, and the fury of the rain continued without abatement.

Poor Fraser, however, exerted himself to the utmost to reconnoitre; and running back advised us to turn to the left lest we should tumble into the ocean. The noise of a stream at no great distance

convinced him that if we could gain its bed, we might have some chance of finding an outlet from the rugged and dangerous track in which we were involved. In descending the steep bank towards this torrent, one of our carriages was overturned, but fortunately the horses were not hurt; and we were glad to walk up to the knees in water along the side of its channel.

After proceeding some way in this manner, we heard the sound of a cascade, and the moon darting through the clouds, shewed us a few tufted trees, a small meadow, and some cultivated fields. This sight encouraged us to advance, as we were sure that a house was near. Accordingly we holloaed with all our might, in hopes that some person might be within hearing, as we stood round our carriages under the shade of some fir.

I could scarcely refrain from laughter at this ridiculous scene, and as no accident had happened, we were all inclined, notwithstanding our uncomfortable situation, to turn our adventure into pleasantry. William Thornton, who was passionately fond of Ossian's poetry, observed that the place where we were, was calculated to inspire grand and romantic ideas, and if he had a glass of rum to drive away the cold, he should be able to write an ode immediately. "We are now," said he, "among those mountains which the exploits of Fingal have for ever signalized. The immortal Ossian has trod upon this ground. His name is dear to the muses. My imagination warms!"

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when an old man with his head uncovered, his hair white, and dressed in a floating drapery of the same colour, started up before us. "It is Ossian!" cried Thornton, "it is the divine poet himself. Let us prostrate ourselves before him." The figure, however, made not the least reply to this address; but grave-

ly stalking across the stream, suddenly vanished from our sight.

"Is it an illusion? Is it a dream?" we all exclaimed; for we had all seen the same object distinctly by the light of the moon. We were astonished, and for some time remained in a state of uneasy expectation. At last we heard the voices of men coming to our assistance; and from them we learned that the water-fall was only the sluice of two mills; that the white phantom was the old miller, who, awakened by our cries, ran in his shirt, bare headed, to relieve us; but who seeing carriages, and hearing a language which he did not understand, went off, without opening his lips, to call his neighbours.

These obliging Highlanders eagerly exerted themselves to extricate us out of our difficulties, and could not conceive how it was possible for carriages to descend the steep bank of the stream without being dashed to pieces. They formed a kind of road with pick axes, and carried the chaises as it were upon their shoulders.

They conducted us to Oban, which was scarcely three quarters of a mile distant, and roused the landlord of the only inn of the place, who seeing ten persons at his door at such a very early hour in the morning and in such a pitiable situation, was not a little surprised; but he did his utmost to entertain us and to comfort us. We drank plenty of tea and some rum, and being well dried by a good fire, retired to bed, in which we remained till ten o'clock next morning.

This adventure may appear romantic, but it is literally true in all its circumstances, and it may be of some use to those who have occasion to travel between Dalmailly and Oban to have it recorded. It evinces the kindness and hospitality of the Highlanders, and the impropriety of venturing in the

night or in bad weather over such a dangerous track. Had we stopt at the little inn of Bun Awe, we might have escaped so many disasters.

The port of Oban is large and safe; and were it not obstructed by sand rocks, which might easily be removed, it would be capable of receiving a large squadron. But all the shipping belonging to the place at the time of our arrival consisted of four small vessels, engaged in the herring fishery, and two wretched boats belonging to two brothers of the name of Stevenson.

The voyage from hence to the bay of Arras were at least thirty-three miles, in the rapid currents of the strait which separates Mull from the rugged coast of Morven. I did not think it prudent to attempt this navigation in a small boat with herring fishers, who understood not a word of English; and I confess that my resolution was weakened by the affecting episode* of the death of Donald Maclean of Col who perished in the short passage from Ulva to Inch Kenneth.

To confirm my reluctance to embarking in a small boat, I understood that a stout fishing smack was expected in two days at farthest, which would land me in Mull. I therefore allowed my companions to proceed by themselves in the Stevensons' two little boats, and promised to join them as speedily as possible, at Mr. Maclean's in the isle of Mull.

Meanwhile I determined to amuse myself in examining the mountains in the neighbourhood of Oban, which appeared to be very interesting to a mineralogist; and with only one servant, I remained in this desert place, at the extremity of Scotland, among men who understood no language with which I was acquainted. I could only make

* See Johnson's Journey.

myself understood by signs ; but not intending to remain much in the house, I did not regard partial inconveniences and privations.

Furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and my physical and mineralogical instruments, with a knapsack at my back, and attended by my faithful domestic, who carried some provisions for our use, I sallied out by day break, and after a busy day, returned in the evening laden with mineral stores, which I arranged before I went to bed.

The fatigues of the day gave me an appetite for supper, and inclined me to sleep. I wanted not a bed of down. But my repose was disturbed by a cause little expected. Scarcely had I time to lie down, before a bag-piper came and placed himself under my window, and began to play on his noisy instrument. At first he had attended me in the evening in the passage of the inn to regale me with an air ; but afterwards he took his station in front of the house, where he continued to play, till 11 o'clock, nor could I by any means prevail on him to desist. He thought his music must be agreeable to me, and he intended to do me honour, of which I was unable to convince him that I was unworthy.

On the day of our arrival we had seen this man walking backwards and forwards with a bold and martial air in front of the house, stunning us with his noisy instrument. At first we took him for a kind of madman, who earned his living by this strange exhibition ; but Patrick Fraser assured us that the man was perfectly in his senses, and reputed an excellent musician in his way ; and that his principal object was to testify his joy at our arrival in a country, so seldom visited by strangers. Affected by this hospitable motive, I was prodigal in my praises of his art, and begged him to accept a few shillings, which he evidently received, only that he might not disoblige me.

Observing that my companions were gone, he concluded that I must stand in need of amusement, and he redoubled his diligence to entertain me, as he thought. I rose one evening with great impatience, and as I could not make myself understood, I led him by the hand to a distance. He returned, however, eagerly to his former station under my window, as if determined to dispute a point of politeness with me; expressing by his gestures, that he was not at all fatigued, and that he would play all night to please me, and he did so.

Next day I forced him to accept a small present, and made signs that I did not wish for any more music: but he was not to be outdone in civility, and that very evening made his pipe resound till midnight, constantly playing the same air.

At Oban, there are several species and varieties of curious rock, which occupy a space of 800 toises along the shore, and 1000 and upwards inland. This vast collection of different stones appears to have been deposited here in consequence of some great revolution of nature. I found in the environs argillaceous schistus, lapis ollaris and steatites, trapps, porphyries, compact and porous lavas, sometimes all mixed together. The basis of the mountains, however, near Oban, is chiefly calcareous.

About a mile from this little town, on the road to Dunstaffage, and by the sea side, is a volcanic eminence, easily distinguishable by an old half ruinous castle which covers its summit. The whole south side of this eminence is formed of an assemblage of basaltic lumps of a small size, but generally round, and separable into foliated pieces, adapted to each other. On the same side towards the right, when viewed in front, are seen a multitude of small very regular five or six sided prisms, the lava of which is decayed. The mineralogist likewise sees

with wonder, vast walls of pudding stone,* some of which are two hundred feet high, and sixty feet thick. These walls extend uninterrupted along the coast, from the right side of the harbour of Oban, fronting the sea, to a distance of more than three miles. These pudding stones are all rounded or oval, of a greater or less size, in proportion to their different degrees of hardness, thrown together, and intermingled without order, and agglutinated with a cement so hard, that it is extremely difficult to separate them with a hammer, which rather breaks than disjoins them. These ramparts and pyramids of pudding stone, I am inclined to ascribe to a volcanic eruption.

Before taking leave of the mountains of Scotland, I must mention a plant which is in high repute among the natives, as well for its medical as its various culinary uses. I mean the *Ligusticum Scoticum*, a plant of the angelica kind, which I found growing by the sea side in great abundance, both in the environs of Oban and Inverary. It is said that the Highlanders eat some of it every morning, as an antidote against sickness during the day. The root is reckoned a good carminative; and an infusion of the leaves in whey is given to calves as a purge. In short, it is esteemed a panacea for man and beast.

Just as I had finished my solitary excursions in the vicinity of Oban, and had nearly done arranging my materials, a stranger arrived at the inn, who learning that a Frenchman was alone in that desert place, begged to be introduced to me. I found he was a young British officer of the name of

* These stones are composed of quartz, trapp, argillaceous schistus, black calcareous and somewhat argillaceous stones, porphyries, basaltic lava, porphyric lava, and porous lava of different kinds.

Macdonald, who had been educated in the Scots college at Paris, and was waiting for a passage to the isle of Skye, his native place. On learning the object of my journey, he expressed a wish to accompany me and my friends, who, I informed him, were gone to Mull, to visit the cave of Fingal; and, as he was well acquainted with Erse, and could speak the French language, I was glad to join him to our party.

The vessel which was to carry us arrived on the night of the 23d of September; and, by bribes and fair words, we prevailed on the two fishermen who were to navigate her, to proceed the next day to our destination. We left Oban at seven in the morning; the sea was not tempestuous though somewhat agitated, and the currents at the entrance of Mull running in opposition to the tide, our Hebridean mariners were obliged to make some laborious manœuvres in order to stem it.

On clearing the harbour of Oban, we came in sight of that succession of islands which skirt the Sound, and exhibit a diversified picture. Lismore, Kerrera, the paps of Jura, Mull, and Skye, successively opened. In passing near the extremity of the isle of Lismore, I observed with the aid of a glass on a small island, one of those monuments of rude stone, known by the appellation of cairns. This naturally excited my curiosity to visit it; and I requested Mr. Macdonald to induce our boatmen to land. Accordingly the skiff was let down, and one of the men, myself and my new companion entered it, while the larger vessel was left in the charge of the other mariner.

In this adventure our curiosity prevailed over our prudence; we were borne along by the current with the rapidity of an arrow, and it required all the address of our boatman to land us safely on the little isle of Niort, which is only about half a mile

in circumference, and almost entirely bare. On a crag stood the rustic pillar which had been the object of our visit: it was about nine feet high, three broad, and two in thickness, composed of grey granite, and possessing some regularity of form, though without the slightest trace of workmanship. The boatman told Mr. Macdonald that it was placed there by the hands of Ossian, and that in several other isles we should see much larger stones, which had been set up by the same person. In fact, in this part of the country, every thing wonderful is ascribed to Ossian.

Though we spent but a very short time in examining this stone, it was not without great difficulty we got back to the vessel, which had been driven to a considerable distance by the currents. We now continued our course through the Sound of Mull, with the granitic mountains of Morven still in our sight; and after a navigation of more than seven hours, disembarked in the bay of Aros, where we found a miserable groupe of houses, but inhabited by a kind and hospitable people.

The bay of Aros was anciently defended by a strong castle, the residence of Macdonald of the isles, the ruins of which are still extant, and it appears to have been partly constructed of basaltic prisms.

Mr. Campbell of Aros, an aged gentleman who lives in philosophic contentment in the modest mansion of his fore-fathers, gave us a hearty welcome; and entertained us with sea biscuit, port wine, and some preserves. His wife, who was not much younger than himself, joined in requesting we would remain a few days with them; but I was anxious to reach my companions, who were waiting at Mr. Maclean's of Torloisk, and Mr. Campbell having procured us some of the native horses, we set off at four in the afternoon, not doubting but

that we could easily ride the computed distance of eight miles before dark; but I now learned that the miles of Scotland were very different from English ones.

I should have mentioned as a trait of character, that Mr. Macdonald no sooner arrived at Aros, than he changed his English regimentals for the Highland dress, which made such a difference in his appearance that I scarcely knew him again. He observed that it was the garb of his fathers, and that the wearing it in these islands was a mark of attachment to his fellow countrymen, with which they were much pleased.

We set out on our two little horses, with ropes to guide them instead of bridles, and two persons to conduct us and to bring them back. Ravines, heaths, marshes, and mountains interrupted our progress, and our guides, young and active, often out-ran our steeds, though we pushed on as quick as circumstances would permit: the poniards or dirks in their girdles gave them a military air, and the poles which they carried in their hands helped them to spring over intervening impediments. They seemed proud to see a man of some distinction in the same dress with themselves, and told Mr. Macdonald, smiling, that they would follow him to the world's end.

Night, however, came on before we reached our destination. We lost our way; our horses repeatedly fell; and our guides became perplexed. At last we descried a light on an elevation: it proceeded from the castle of Torloisk, where we arrived at eleven, worn out with fatigue and anxiety; but congratulating ourselves that we had reached the object of our journey.

The family were not yet gone to bed: I presented my letter from the Duke of Argyle to Mr. Maclean, who received me with the most obliging

kindness, and presented me to his wife, daughter, and several other ladies and gentlemen, who were engaged in a little musical concert. Mr. Macdonald was instantly recommended by his name and his dress. We were overwhelmed with civilities; and from that moment were considered as members of the family.

Almost every person in this isle has the family name of Maclean, though amounting to about six thousand souls: they are chiefly shepherds or fishers.

I learned that my fellow travellers, who had been anxiously expecting me for some days, had sailed that very morning for Staffa, fearful that the season, which was already so far advanced, should prevent their visit if they waited any longer. They had embarked with a friend of Mr. Maclean and their own servants in two small boats. But they scarcely got four or five leagues before the wind changed, and the sea became so tempestuous, that it was conjectured they must have taken refuge in the isle of Jona, fifteen miles from Staffa.

Next day, as the sea was a little more moderate, we repaired at an early hour to the shore, which was but a furlong from the castle; but the waves were still terrible, and as the party, consisting of eight persons, had only taken provisions for a single day, we began to be very uneasy about their fate. On the third day from their departure, which was Sunday, I repaired to the water side at an early hour, and with the aid of a good glass, had the pleasure to descry the boats at a distance.

They arrived about one o'clock; but so emaciated with fatigue, vexation, and hunger, that they entreated us not to disturb them with any questions till they were a little refreshed, and relieved from a multitude of lice, which tormented them extremely. "Fly, fly from our approach," said they, "we

have brought some good specimens of mineralogy, but our collection of insects is numerous and horrible." We could scarcely refrain from laughter. They were conducted to their apartments, where their first care was to clean themselves; and after eating something, they retired to rest.

In the evening they rejoined us in the parlour, and recounted the circumstances of their unfortunate passage. They had scarcely proceeded six miles, when a violent gale arose, and they could neither with safety return to Torloisk, nor proceed on their voyage. After being tossed about, however, for some time in imminent danger of being swallowed up, they reached Staffa; and by the assistance of the people of the isle, were drawn up by ropes; but the boats were obliged to put off again, and take shelter in Jona.

Our friends, continuing their recital, said that the only two families who inhabited the island received them with the most affecting hospitality; and the one which was in the easiest circumstances, inviting them to enter their hut, they were ushered into the midst of six children, a woman, a cow, a hog, a dog, and some fowls. A remnant of oaten straw, which served to litter the cow, formed their bed. A fire of bad turf blinded them with smoke, while it dried their clothes; and some potatoes and milk were the only provisions which the place afforded. Their own stock was consumed at a single meal.

Next day it rained incessantly, and the billows rushing into the caves shook the very isle to its foundation. No boat could put off to their assistance. In the afternoon, however, it cleared up, when they surveyed the island and visited the cave of Fingal. In the evening they were accommodated as before, but had the mortification to be overrun with a swarm of lice, which poured in

detachments, to pay their respects to the strangers.*

On the third day their distress was extreme; but the sea becoming a little calmer, they had the joy to perceive the approach of their boats, which took them in, and landed them, as already related, at Torloisk.

The difficulties and dangers my friends had encountered almost staggered my resolution, particularly as I am always ill at sea, and Mr. Maclean, who had been several voyages to the East Indies, and six times had visited Staffa, spoke of this navigation as the most dangerous he had ever encountered. But notwithstanding my own fears, and the representations of others, curiosity prevailed, and I resolved to set out at sun-rise next morning, if the sea should be any way passable.

Mr. Macdonald declared he would accompany me, and William Thornton, notwithstanding all the dangers he had experienced, again volunteered the voyage. A boat was engaged; and, as the weather was tolerably favourable, we embarked with a good store of provisions, with four seamen; in a small boat without any sail, Mr. Macdonald managing the helm, and Thornton and myself seating ourselves on a bundle of sea-weed.

In little more than one hour and an half we doubled the point of the isle of Ulva, and entered on the open sea. Continuing our course, we had a view of the volcanic isle of Baccabeg, the Dutchman's Cap, Lunga, Skye, Gometra, Jona, &c. Considering the season, the passage could not have

* It appears that Sir Joseph Banks by lodging in one of these filthy but hospitable huts, suffered the same inconvenience. He mentioned the circumstance in terms of mild reproach to his host, who retorted that he had imported the lice into the island, and observed sneeringly, that he might have as well left them behind him in England.

been more agreeable. The seamen declared, that such a fine day seldom occurred twice in a season; and to testify their joy, they began to chaunt in chorus the songs of Ossian.

The monotony of their airs, and the motion of the oars, threw me into a profound sleep; from which I was awakened by the motion of the boat, and the noise of the seamen, who told me, we were close on the isle of Staffa. Amidst the reefs which surround the shore, the dexterity and intrepidity of our conductors were displayed to the greatest advantage. The inhabitants of the island made their appearance, and throwing some ropes from its craggy heights, we debarked amidst a cloud of foam.

The women and children came out to meet us, and requested we would enter their habitations, which were constructed of large blocks of lava, and mutilated prisms of basaltes, covered with green sods; but having been forewarned of the danger from their excessive slovenliness, we were inflexible to their entreaties, and preferred receiving their civilities and compliments in the open air. One of the women then brought out a large bowl of milk, and having drank a little herself, presented it to me, after which it went round the party.

Two guides immediately after were appointed to attend us; and I soon arrived at the entrance of that wonderful grotto, which an ancient but fabulous tradition regards as the palace of Ossian. I was obliged to pull off my shoes, in order to avoid slipping into the sea, which rushed with great impetuosity into the cave, to which the only approach is along a sort of cornice on the right side, about fifteen feet above the surface of the water, and formed by a number of erect basaltic columns, on whose broken tops a footing must be sought.

The utmost caution is necessary here, as the ledge

on which the adventurer treads is quite perpendicular, and in some places not above two feet wide, and consisting of unequal prisms often wet with the foam, is extremely slippery.

I ceased not to view, to review, and to meditate on this superb monument of nature, which far exceeds any thing of the kind I ever saw, and will ever leave an impression on my mind, which nothing can efface. With the assistance of Mr. Macdonald, I took the most exact dimensions of this magnificent cave,* while my indefatigable friend William Thornton, with great difficulty and not without much danger from the surf, made a drawing of it from the sea.

	feet.	in.
Breadth of the entrance, taken at the mouth		
and at the level of the sea.....	35	0
Height from the level of the sea to the		
pitch of the arch.....	56	0
Depth of the sea, opposite to the entrance,		
and twelve feet distant from it, at noon		
on the 27th of September.....	15	0
Thickness of the roof measured from the		
pitch of the arch without, to its highest		
part	20	0
Interior length of the cave from the entrance		
to the extremity.....	140	0
Height of the tallest columns on the right		
side of the entrance.....	45	0
Depth of the sea in the interior part of the		
cave	10	9
In places eight feet, and at the bottom somewhat		
less.		

* As there is a material difference between the measurements of St. Pond and Pennant, allowing that the former means French feet, we leave those who have visited the spot to decide between them. For another account of the Cave of Fingal, see Pennant's Tour in Scotland, vol. 1, of this work,

Our ardour and perseverance were unshaken, and nothing could distract our attention. All our care was, lest the weather should change. After gratifying my curiosity by proceeding to the very extremity of the cave, and observing every thing connected with it, I hastened to examine the other parts of this wonderful island, and made a collection of different lavas, zeolites, and other stones, tending to illustrate the natural history of the place.

Staffa, situated in the 57th degree of north latitude, is of an oblong and irregular form, and about two miles in circumference: its coasts are steep and craggy, surrounded with superb basaltic causeways, and hollowed into different caves, of which Fingal's* is the most interesting; though those of the Corvorant, and some others, are not unworthy of attention. It is accessible only at one point, where the precipice sinks into a slope; and where only a small boat, even in the calmest weather, can approach.

The sides of this vast rock are entirely bare. On the most elevated part, however, is a flat piece of ground covered with a thin dry turf, where a little oats and some potatoes are raised; it has also some pasturage, and a scanty spring, which would soon be dried up, was not the climate so rainy. Neither tree nor bush are to be seen; and a bad sod supplies the place of fuel. The whole property belongs to Campbell of Campbelltown, in Cantyre, and is let at twelve pounds sterling a year, probably on account of its fishery.

* The Hebrideian name of this celebrated cave is An-u-vine, or the *melodious cave*, supposed to be so named from an agreeable sound issuing from the bottom of the cave when the water rushes in. By a corruption, however, favouring the prejudices of the natives, *wine*, *melodious* has been turned to *fine*, which is the genitive of *Fian* or *Fingal*, and hence Fingal's Cave.

The total population when I visited the island, consisted of two families, amounting to sixteen persons in all. These had among them, eight cows, one bull, twelve sheep, two horses, one hog, two dogs, eight hens, and a cock.

More than one half the circumference of the isle is occupied by very handsome colonnades, which are completely bare on the side next the sea. They generally rest on a current of gravelly lava, and are covered with a vast stream of lava, tending more or less to a prismatic form.

One of the causeways to the northward of the grand cave, especially merits the attention of the naturalist, by the disposition, the number, the purity, and the elevation of the prisms, which are more than forty-eight feet high, and placed perpendicularly, like the pipes of an organ. A current of compact lava, upwards of fifty feet thick, covers this.

Boo-sha-la, a rock or small island of the same nature with Staffa, is separated from it only by a channel of a few fathoms in width; in fact, it properly belongs to Staffa.

Before I could gratify my curiosity to the full, I saw with uneasiness, that the sun was about to leave us, and that it became necessary to prepare for our departure, lest we should lose the advantages which had hitherto attended our expedition. Accordingly we embarked at half past four in the afternoon, taking our refreshments as we proceeded.

Our boatmen, who felt neither curiosity nor taste, except as far as regarded the Cave of Fingal, for which they entertain a religious veneration, had taken care to refresh themselves, while we were engaged; and being happy and vigorous, they rowed us with spirit and perseverance, to the music of their own songs, and landed us safely at nine o'clock, opposite to the castle of Torloisk,

where we were impatiently expected. I gave up several succeeding mornings to the digesting of my observations on the isle of Staffa.

Mr. Maclean of Torloisk, has erected a commodious habitation in the modern style, but without any parade, on a flat eminence without trees or verdure, but commanding extensive sea-scapes, and views of Ulva, Gometra, Staffa, Jona, and other places. In order to form a kitchen garden, he has been obliged to dig away the volcanic rock, and fill up the area with transported soil. On my inquiring why he suffered a kind of large cottage built of dug stone, and covered with straw or heath to remain, he answered with emotion, "It was there I was born; that is the ancient habitation of my fathers, and I feel an inexpressible regard for this modest mansion, which reminds me of their virtues and frugal life." This reply marks the character of that estimable man more strongly than the most eloquent description. Though a man of birth and fortune, and well acquainted with the world from having served in the British army in distant regions, he preferred returning at last to his native soil, which he is studious to improve. His only daughter was a young lady of pleasing countenance, elegant figure, and interesting accomplishments. She played extremely well on the harpsichord; and had accurately studied the language, poetry, and music of the Hebrideans, of which she was an enthusiastic admirer. Of the reality of the poems of Ossian, she wondered how there ever could have been a doubt. That they were incomplete, and even interpolated, she admitted; for it could not be supposed that they could descend perfect from one bard and from one generation to another. "But," added she, "it is nevertheless true, that several pieces of them have been transmitted entire to us, accompanied

with some remains of the music to which they were sung."

Several ladies from Edinburgh, a young officer nephew to Mr. Maclean, and two other friends enlivened the society at Torloisk, while we were there. The stile of living was hospitable, and abundance constantly covered the tables. Three kinds of bread were in use here,—sea biscuit, oatmeal cakes, and very thin and fine barley cakes.

At ten in the morning, the bell announced breakfast, on which the family and their friends repaired to the parlour, where they found a fire of peat mixed with pit-coal, and a table elegantly covered with the following articles:—Plates of smoked beef, cheese of the country and English cheese, fresh eggs, salted herrings, butter, milk and cream, a sort of *bouillie* of oatmeal and water, in eating which, each spoonful is plunged into a bason of cream, milk worked up with yolks of eggs, sugar and rum, currant jelly, conserve of myrtle, a wild fruit that grows among the heath, tea, coffee, the three kinds of bread already mentioned, and Jamaica rum.

Such is the style in which Mr. Maclean breakfasted, with little variation.

Dinner was served up at four o'clock, and commonly consisted of the subsequent particulars: 1. A large dish of Scotch soup, composed of broth of beef, mutton, and sometimes fowl, mixed with a little oatmeal, onions, parsley, and a considerable quantity of pease. Instead of slices of bread, as in France, small slices of mutton and giblets of fowls are thrown into this soup. 2. Pudding of bullock's blood and barley meal, seasoned with plenty of pepper and ginger. 3. Excellent beef steaks broiled. 4. Roasted mutton. 5. Potatoes done in the juice of the mutton. 6. Sometimes heath-cocks, wood-cocks, or water-fowl. 7. Ca-

cumbers and ginger pickled with vinegar. 8. Milk prepared in a variety of ways. 9. Cream and Madeira wine. 10. Pudding made of barley meal, cream, currants, done up with suet.

All these dishes appeared at once; and the mistress of the house served all round. In a very short time the toasts commenced; and the mistress began the ceremony, drinking to the healths of all the company.

For want of fruit, the dessert consisted generally of two kinds of cheese only. After the cloth was removed, the table was covered with decanters of port, sherry, Madeira, bowls of punch, and drinking glasses. The ladies here remained some time after the toasts began, and partook of the festivity of the scene, in which formality being laid aside, Scottish frankness and kindness had ample scope for display.

The ladies having left us to prepare tea, in about half an hour returned, and the servants followed with coffee, small tarts, butter, milk, and tea. Music, conversation, and reading, filled up the interval till supper time. The supper was served at ten o'clock, and was nearly as abundant as the dinner, which to me was somewhat unpleasant, and certainly appeared superfluous.

Such is the style of living among the higher class, in a country where there is not even a road; where not a tree is to be seen; where it rains for eight months in the year; and where the sea is in a state of perpetual convulsion. The winter, however, lasts only about two months in the Hebrides, and the snow continues but a short time on the ground. Neither wheat nor rye can be brought to perfection; but barley and oats thrive pretty well, and are reaped in the month of October.

There is nothing like a regular village in the whole island, the houses being scattered about,

along the coast and in the interior, and are generally low and inconvenient. The fire-place is always in the middle of the hut, and the smoke escapes by a hole in the roof, which is placed a little obliquely that the rain may not extinguish the fire.

The greatest part of the inhabitants go bare-footed and bare-headed, without any regard to the weather. Almost all of them are shepherds or fishers; and each family has a small spot on which they raise barley, oats, and potatoes, which latter, with milk, forms their principal aliment. Fish, however, is caught in abundance on the coasts.

The women in general are small, ordinary, and ill made, the natural consequence of toil, bad food, the want of suitable clothing, and an ungenial climate. I saw a few belonging to families of some consequence, who had a more attractive appearance.

On inquiring the age of the oldest man, I was informed that one had lately died at the very advanced period of one hundred and sixteen, and that there were several then living above eighty; but it should be observed, that these were in comfortable circumstances.

The horses of the island are of a very diminutive race: the black cattle are likewise small, but very delicate food when fattened. There are two kinds of sheep, one the original breed of the country, the other introduced from England: the former are worth only six or seven shillings a piece; the latter, when in good condition, will sell for twelve shillings, and from that to a guinea.

There are no hogs, and only a few poultry. On the higher mountains are some deer. Heath-cocks, both of the greater and lesser species, are very plentiful. There are also some wood-cocks, but no hares. The only small bird I saw was the ortolan.

The island though now denuded of trees, must once have been covered with them, as may be seen in the turberies, where on digging to a certain depth, roots and stumps are to be met with. I am convinced, however, that firs and birches would thrive here.

The tides rise to a great height, and the shores abound in sea-wrack, which is burnt for its alkali, and exported to Glasgow. This wrack, when fresh, is used with success as a manure.

At Torloisk I experienced such engaging marks of politeness and affection, that it was impossible for us to leave the place without sentiments of gratitude and regret. Mr. Maclean accompanied us for some miles on our return. We set off mounted on little half-wild horses, and on the same day reached Aros. Here we remained the whole of the following day, very ill accommodated in every respect; but our landlord was not deficient in zeal, and we had only to lament, that his powers of providing for us were so limited. Next morning with the first dawn I set out, accompanied by William Thornton, to visit the high mountain of Benmore.

Between Aros and Knock the road is tolerably good. In a meadow at the bottom of a narrow valley, washed by the sea, we observed a column, about fourteen or fifteen feet high, apparently composed of grit stone, but as the tide was out I was unable to approach it. Such ancient monuments are very frequent in the Hebrides, and on the main-land of Scotland. Popular tradition traces them all to the times of Ossian, which is merely to say that their origin has been lost in the lapse of ages.

The house of Mr. Campbell of Knock is very agreeably situated at the foot of a high mountain. I found the master from home; but the mistress

received us in the most affable manner, and her son, a youth about seventeen or eighteen, offered to be our guide to the top of Benmore. This young man, who had a very agreeable figure, and was dressed in the Hebridean style, immediately presented us with fowling pieces, saying that he had excellent dogs, and that we should be sure to find some black-cocks ; for he had no idea that any one could wish to climb up so rugged a mountain, except for the pleasures of the chase. He was therefore much surprised when he saw me take out my hammers, and was told that I intended to examine the stones of the place. On receiving this information, he shewed us immense heaps of them, which had been taken off some land that was cleared in the midst of some lavas. A larger collection of lavas I seldom ever saw.

Intending to return to Aros in the evening, we lost no time in beginning the ascent ; and in my travels among the high Alps, I never experienced so much difficulty. An almost impenetrable heath growing upon a marshy soil covers the basis, the middle, and the summit of the mountain, which rises in a conical form. We were therefore obliged to follow the small gullies worn by the water, walking in the very midst of the slender streams which devolve from Benmore. The black and bushy heath spreads its gloomy veil over those stones, which might interest and repay the fatigues of the naturalist. Not a single plant, not so much as a tuft of moss is to be seen : every thing is here smothered by the overwhelming influence of the heath.

The stones, however, which were uncovered by the water appear to be all volcanic ; but they presented no variety : all of them were whitish grey lavas, slightly maculated with zeolites.

When we had reached a considerable height, wearied with seeing only the same lavas, while

young Campbell was occasionally bringing some black-cocks to the ground, which seemed to amuse him, I determined to return. Thornton, however, braving every difficulty, gained the highest summit, but he found nothing to reward his exertions. On the whole, Benmore, notwithstanding its height, and its resemblance at a distance to Mount Vesuvius, does not repay the trouble of ascending it.

After resting ourselves at Knock, we took leave of the family, notwithstanding their pressing invitations to stop, and proceeded to Aros, where we were expected.

Next morning it was determined that we should set off for Achnacregs, eighteen or twenty miles distant; but we preferred going by land, not only to avoid the dangerous navigation of the sound of Mull, but that we might see more of the mineralogy of the island.

The morning of our departure we breakfasted with the Messrs. Stuarts of Aros, who occupy a commodious habitation, round which they have introduced cultivation, and rendered the soil productive of barley, oats, potatoes, and pasturage. Two intelligent and industrious sisters participate in the management of their household affairs. Here they enjoy all the gentle delights of rural life, and pass their days in a state of happiness which ambition never knew. Near this place are the ruins of the ancient castle of Aros, once the residence of Macdonald, lord of the isles.

A few miles from Aros, near the sea side, we observed the ruins of a catholic chapel, where are still visible a Gothic basso relievo of free stone, representing the Virgin Mary between two cherubims and a large grave stone, charged with the effigy of a man in complete armour. We saw likewise another sepulchral relic representing in relievo, a

tall woman, in the Gothic style of the ancient ladies of France.

Thence we continued our course to Leingorn, Ardmtrail, and Corinakinish, which names, however, do not indicate villages or even hamlets, but only some huts, scattered at intervals amidst these dismal deserts.

Every thing along this road is volcanic. In the vicinity of Ledkirk we found some compact lava, dispersed in slabs, which interested me much. It was of a white colour, and still preserved its magnetic property.

From Ledkirk we passed on to Garmony, and thence to Scalladel, leaving the little fort of Duard on our left. On a green rising ground we saw a druidical circle, formed of very large pieces of rough granite.

In the evening we arrived at Achnacregs, the name of a small creek, where there is only one house, wretched and smoky, but two stories high, and furnished with chimnies. It is used both as an inn and a farm house. The channel between this place and Oban, on the continent, being narrow, the passage is much used for the transportation of cattle; and this house affords shelter to those who are driven in by bad weather, or who resort to the island on commercial pursuits. Our entertainment here was in a very frugal style. The landlord, a good sort of a man, was very inquisitive after news, and entertained the highest veneration for Ossian and Fingal.

A heavy rain confined us to the house all next day. On the succeeding we were able to make some excursions in the vicinity, and among other objects that attracted our notice was a large rough column of free stone, lying flat on the ground, and broken in the middle. I found it to be twenty-one feet long. Our host who attended us observed,

“there never was a person but Ossian who could move this enormous stone ; that it had been thrown down by an earthquake, and that now there was no one who could set it up again.”

The next day was ushered in with rain, but as it cleared a little towards evening, Count Andreani, weary of this dismal solitude, determined to cross over to Oban, and wait our arrival. He embarked with his servants in a small skiff, rowed by two boys, and in spite of our remonstrances pushed off, though the wind was variable, and the sea far from being calm. At half past four he left us, jocularly observing that he should sleep on a good bed, and eat a better supper than we should. Thornton remained with me ; and after wishing our friend a good passage, we returned to our dreary inn, and at ten I retired to rest. The wind by this time had increased to a violent gale, accompanied with much rain ; but I flattered myself that my friend had long been safe at Oban.

Scarcely, however, had I shut my eyes, before a loud noise at the door awakened me ; and on getting up, I saw our poor friend Andreani enter with his attendants, as completely drenched as if they had been repeatedly plunged under water. When about half way over, they had been overtaken with a storm, and though several times driven near to Oban, they were unable to make the harbour. The night was so dark, that it was impossible to know where they were, but amidst the most imminent danger, they were providentially driven into the little harbour of Achnacregg.

Having exerted ourselves to recover them from their cold and fatigue, Andreani was the first to laugh at his adventure ; but his two servants, who had never travelled before beyond the fertile and smiling fields of Italy, were so deeply im-

pressed with the dangers and frightful appearance of a stormy sea, amidst the darkness of night, that after returning a thousand thanks to the blessed Virgin, who had heard their invocations, and brought them safe to land, they swore that they would never again leave the island, barren as it was. "We should prefer," said they, "cropping the herbs in this place, to exposing ourselves a second time to the fury of that abominable sea." Their pantomimic gestures, the expression of their countenances, and the serious tone of their lamentations, furnished me with a scene truly comic.

A night's repose, and the appearance of a fine morning, in some measure effaced the impression of the preceding evening. The sea, however, was not yet navigable; and in order to dissipate ennui, I betook myself to active employment.

A black perpendicular rock, and almost insulated, had forced itself on my attention. ever since my arrival at Achnacregs. I conjectured that it might be a basaltic colonnade, and I wished to ascertain the truth of my supposition; and after walking about a mile and a half, I arrived at one of the most astonishing productions of volcanic combustion, that had ever fallen under my notice. It presented the form of an ancient circus, formed of natural walls of basaltes, rising perpendicularly with so regular a construction, that at first view, it looked like the effect of human industry and art. But the utmost extent of human skill and power, could never have been able to elevate such enormous masses.

This grand natural monument excited a just admiration, and even enthusiasm in my mind. I spent two hours in viewing, studying, and observing it over and over again in every aspect, and was still untired of looking upon it. My companions were invited to participate in the trans-

ports I myself experienced, and they felt their force, at the contemplation of these vast basaltic walls, standing alone, and rising in a bold perpendicular fabric round a circular space, which presented an arena, well adapted for the celebration of ancient games.

It is no less remarkable, that the accessory parts of this singular production of subterraneous fire should have been placed in the vicinity, as if with the design of furnishing a key to the problem of its formation.

I measured with the most scrupulous exactitude the height and thickness of the walls, and the diameter of the circular enclosure. The height of the great wall is twenty-five feet ten inches; its thickness seven feet ten inches, and the prisms of which it is composed are consequently of the same thickness. The prisms are pentagonal, hexagonal, and seven-sided, with a very few quadrangular. The greatest diameter of the circus, which is somewhat oval, is sixty-six feet eight inches; and to bring all the measurements into one view, the wall is an hundred feet distant from the sea, standing on a ground entirely covered with lava, and raised forty feet above the level of the sea in ordinary tides.

On the sixth day, I again visited this superb monument of nature. In the afternoon of that day, seeing the weather had assumed a more settled aspect, Count Andreani resolved to try his fortune a second time; and as the skiff would not carry us all, we promised speedily to follow him. During the night we had the satisfaction to find the boat returned with a supply of eatables, which were very acceptable, as we had exhausted almost the whole stock of provisions at Achnacregs.

Next morning the sea ran so high, that it was unsafe to trust ourselves in such a frail vehicle;

but at length, on the evening of the 6th of October, which was the eighth of our confinement, a bark came into Achnacregs with a cargo of beeves, which was to return next morning, and we embraced the opportunity of a passage in her, not direct for Oban, but for the isle of Kerrera, where we landed in two hours after.

Kerrera is separated only by a channel from the isle of Mull. It is in a great measure volcanic; but in some parts produces fine slates, which might easily be rendered an object of commerce, and a good deal of pasturage, with patches of cultivation. We crossed the whole length of the island in four hours, and finding a boat at its extremity, rowed by a single fisherman, we committed ourselves to his care, and after a short passage reached Oban, where we were impatiently expected. Count Andreani had ordered our carriages to be got in readiness; and we employed the evening in making preparations for our departure early next morning.

It was on the 7th of October that we left Oban in our way to Dalmally, where we arrived about seven in the evening. Bun Awe, of which I have already spoken, lies about midway; and in this vicinity we visited an iron foundery, standing in a charming situation, in view of the lake, which at that time was covered with vessels; we were agreeably surprised to find an establishment of this kind in so distant a part of Scotland, where cultivation and the arts have made but little progress. It belonged, however, to an English company, who were induced to erect works at this place, in consequence of the abundance of wood and water, and its proximity to the sea. The manager received us with much politeness, and shewed us iron of a very fine quality, manufactured under his direction. On expressing my surprise that iron should be made in a place where there was no indication of ore,

he informed me that they were supplied from Cumberland, and then showed me some collections of red hematites of an excellent quality and rich in iron.

This establishment appeared to be conducted with equal skill and economy; but the wood was beginning to become scarce, and with a deficiency of this kind, the foundry will probably soon cease to be carried on.

On arriving at Dalmally, we saw our good friend Patrick Fraser, who spent the evening with us. He had lately recovered some more fragments of the poetry of Ossian; and had enriched his collection with other poems, by modern bards of the country. This worthy man, of a mild, modest character, and passionately fond of literature, was placed like an exile, amidst these sterile and desolate mountains. He would be an acquisition to the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, as he possesses activity, united to science, and a perfect knowledge of the original language of his country.

He requested I would send him some French books, adding that "I can only in return give you my address, and offer you my poor services in this part of the country." I did not forget to comply with his wishes on my return to Paris; but from the distance and difficulty of the communication, I am doubtful whether this mark of my remembrance and esteem for an amiable man ever reached him.

Next morning we proceeded to Tindrum, a stage of twelve miles. The valley of Glenlochry, through which we passed, is in some places very agreeable. It is at first skirted with hills, which are covered with sheep; but as we advanced, the mountains seemed to close upon us, and the face of the country became naked and melancholy.

The hamlet of Tindrum consists of only a few

houses, and stands on a low marshy piece of ground. In the vicinity is a lead mine, which we visited. The galleries are formed in a very high mountain of difficult access: they are cut through a grey micaeous schistus rock, intermixed with a considerable quantity of white quartz, and the vein of lead ore is found in a matrix of the latter substance. This ore is usually accompanied by pyrites or hornstone, and is sufficiently abundant. It is sometimes covered with fine crystals of calcareous spar.

When the pieces of ore are extracted, they are broken with hammers, and then washed, to separate the extraneous substances. The ore is then transported to a foundry, and is smelted with charcoal and turf, though I could not receive information in what proportions they are used. The English as well as the Dutch are very reserved in explaining their processes, even in the most simple arts, which they always exercise with a kind of mystery. It is not so in France: there the managers of the most interesting establishments generally communicate to a stranger all the information he can desire.*

Leaving this place, proceeded to Killin by a dismal and detestable road, which passes a considerable way between two close mountains, without one interesting or cheerful feature. On a sudden, however, the scene changes, the horizon expands, and the fine valley of Glen Dochart, succeeded by that of Strathilan, open to the view, watered by crystal streams, and enlivened by habitations, flocks, and herds.

Killin, though denominated a town, is only an assemblage of a few houses, scattered round the ex-

* St. Fond is no doubt partial to the liberality of his countrymen; but we suspect that the English have in many cases been more communicative than was consistent with interest or policy, particularly to Frenchmen.

tremity of Loch Tay. The accommodations at the inn, however, are very tolerable, and the landlord is a civil man. While here, I was accosted by a stranger, whom I recollected somewhere to have seen, but acknowledged that I could not recal his name. "I am Bombelles," said he; "I travel, like yourself, for pleasure and information. I am now on my way to Port Patrick, where I design to embark for Ireland."

One of our servants had informed him who I was. He had been on a visit at Lord Breadalbane's, and was just arrived in one of that nobleman's carriages: I had never been intimate with M. de Bombelles; but two Frenchmen, who meet each other in the wilds of Scotland, are not long in forming an acquaintance; and besides we had several common friends. From the course, however, which this gentleman pursued, as well as from a number of military and other charts, which he had long with him, I judged that diplomacy and politics were more suitable to his taste, than the natural sciences or the arts, and that he was probably charged with some particular mission, very foreign to the object of my studies. But I must do M. de Bombelles the justice to say, that he neglected nothing that was in any degree interesting to his country,* as appeared from a well written journal, from which I copied a curious physical fact, relative to an extraordinary flux and reflux of Loch Tay, of which I had heard at the Duke of Argyle's, and which I was proceeding to examine on the spot.

M. de Bombelles took the road to Inverary,

* We may safely take the word of a Frenchman, that it is unusual for gentlemen of that nation to travel, except as spies, or to benefit their country in some way or other. An Englishman generally travels to spend his money, and thus to serve his enemies, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

while I prolonged my stay at Killin, in order to procure as much information as possible, relative to the pearl fishery of the river Tay, which falls into the lake of that name.

The master of the inn obligingly exerted himself to gratify my curiosity, and brought me two persons, whose particular employment was fishing for pearls. These men conducted us to the river, which runs in a very pure stream, on a bottom of sand or pebbles, and soon brought up several dozen of shells, from three and a half to four inches long, and about two broad. The exterior colour is a deep brown, with a greenish tinge: the internal colour, a fine mother of pearl, slightly tinged with a rose hue.

In consequence of a handsome reward, these fishers agreed to open the shells in our presence; but stipulated for the reservation of the pearls, or at least to obtain a separate price for them. Imagining from this, that we affixed a high value on pearls, they had provided themselves with some, which they artfully slipped into the shells of several as they were opening them.

Wishing to detect the trick, I desired my fellow travellers to watch, while I amused myself at some distance; desiring, however, to be called when a pearl was found. It was not long before I was summoned, and shewn a very fine one; but on examining the shell and the pearl, I was convinced that they had never been united. The fishers strenuously maintained the contrary, and appealed to the testimony of my friends, who assented to their assertion. I assured the latter, however, that they were deceived, and requested they would watch more narrowly the next time. I again retired; but in a minute, I was apprised that another pearl was found. On examining the shell, I pronounced that the pearl had for that time also been slipped into the muscle.

Astonished at my penetration, which in their estimation was supernatural, the fishers confessed the deception; and begged to know my secret, which they said would save them the pains of frequently opening a number of shells to no purpose, as they seldom found above one or two pearls in a week. I explained to them, as well as I could, the whole secret; but, as they spoke Erse only, I am not certain that they comprehended my meaning.

My secret consisted merely in examining attentively the outside of the muscles; and when neither of the parts had any cavity or perforation, but presented a surface free from callosities, I could readily pronounce that there was no pearl in such a shell. If, on the contrary, the shell was pierced with auger-worms, and indented by other worms of the same kind, there were always to be found pearls of more or less value, or at least the embryos of pearls.

This observation, which I have hitherto found invariably true, was the result of some inquiries, in which I had been engaged, a long time before, respecting the formation of that beautiful animal product, which appears to be a disease or defect in the muscle that produces it.*

Taking our leave of the pearl fishers, we proceeded on our way to Kenmore, along the left bank of the Tay, which is skirted on both sides with granitic mountains, approaching very near to the banks. Their bases are pretty well cultivated, and produce oats.

Loch Tay is about fourteen miles long, and a mile in mean breadth. It abounds in fish, and its

* The editor of this work has found pearls in common oysters; but always of little value, and connected with a diseased appearance of the animal, or an imperfection of its shell.

waters are soft and clear. The mountains that environ it are composed of micaceous schistus, intermixed with felt spar, and quartze matter. I found here some garnets of a bad configuration and coarse texture.

On reaching the southern extremity of the lake, we found a commodious inn, a new built church, and several private habitations, agreeably situated amidst trees and cultivation. The name of this place is Kenmore; and the traveller here begins to perceive that he is about to leave the barren mountains, and enter on a more inviting track. This impression fills his soul with a sentiment of mild delight, which I cannot better express, than by comparing it to what a person feels on the approach of spring, though at that time it was the middle of autumn.

My first care on arriving at Kenmore, was to procure the most exact accounts respecting the phenomenon of the lake, which had taken place on the 12th of the preceding September. The master of the inn, who understood English, kindly seconded my inquiries, and called two of his own servants, who had witnessed the event. One of them named M'Kenzie, who seemed best informed, told me that on the morning of the 12th of September, the sky being serene and the air calm, a peasant who had gone to wash his hands in the part of the lake, whence the river issues, observed the water leaving the bank in a very perceptible manner, which obliged him to advance, while it continued retiring. Astonished at this appearance, he hastened to inform his neighbours; one of whom then mentioned, that at sun rise having heard a noise similar to that of a sudden blast of wind, he went to the window, when he was surprised to see the water receding from the bank, as if impelled by a violent hurricane, notwithstanding the air was perfectly calm. I imme-

diately expressed a wish to see this peasant ; but had the mortification to learn, that he had previously set out for a village six miles off.

M^cKenzie continuing his relation, said that he was not informed of this extraordinary motion of the lake, till ten o'clock in the morning on which it first appeared. He instantly repaired to the brink ; and in the space of an hour and a half, he plainly saw the water ebb and flow ten times successively ; and the same alternate motion continued for the whole of that day. He pointed out a large stone, pretty far in the water, as the limit of its retreat ; and on measuring from the brink, I found it to be a hundred and fifty French feet. But it appeared that the water was not so high on the bank by eight feet at that time, consequently the real space of its retiring is to be diminished so much.*

The lake exhibited the same phenomenon on the following day, and likewise on the third, but not in so frequent and regular a manner. No person, however, observed it in the night. Its motions were slow and regular, and unagitated by wind.

The inhabitants of Kenmore, whom I had an opportunity of consulting, all agreed with M^cKenzie in the following facts :

1. The motions of the lake, during the fourth day, happened only at very distant intervals. 2. On the fifth, sixth, and seventh days, there was no ebb of the waters. 3. On the eighth the motion appeared for a few hours only ; and this was the case during two whole weeks, with intervals of two or three days ; entirely motionless. 4. The motion

* According to the accounts which M. de Bombelles had received, the space left dry during the ebb, was three hundred feet ; but St. Fond appears to have been convinced, that this was an exaggeration.

abated gradually, and the lake resumed its former stillness. 5. During the whole of this time there was no violent wind, nor the slightest shock of earthquake.

These are the facts which appear to be most deserving credit. With extraordinary occurrences it is usual to blend much of the marvellous, as was seen on this occasion. The foregoing accounts, however, may be safely confided in; though we have not proper data for ascertaining the cause of this wonderful flux and reflux.

Scarcely had we left Kenmore on our road to Dunkeld, when we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves on a road bordered with Scottish and American pines, and other beautiful evergreens tastefully disposed, and announcing the vicinity of some great habitation. A mile farther, we came to the verge of a vast park, decorated with plantations, and divided by the river Tay, over which are thrown several bridges of different constructions. Deer, sheep, and black cattle enlivened the spot. A large pile of building partly in the Gothic, and partly in the modern style, closed this magnificent prospect. It is the residence of the Earl of Breadalbane; and I regretted that I had not obtained an introduction to a nobleman so patriotic, and in every respect so well informed and amiable.

We dined at a good and commodious inn about a mile from Dunkeld, whose ruinous Gothic church has a very picturesque appearance. Late in the evening we reached Perth, by a road extremely rugged and fatiguing.

Perth is pleasantly situated on the river Tay, which is navigable for small vessels. The town is pretty large and flourishing. Here William Thornton had an acquaintance of the name of M^r Comie, who was professor of mathematics in the academy. He kindly received us, and was our attendant du-

ring our stay. From him and Mr. M'Gregor who taught the French language, we received the most useful services.

Before the reformation, the catholic religion reigned in all its splendour at Perth; and it contained several religious houses, besides a number of churches. Of these the greater part have been laid in ruins; but in several of the streets are to be seen fine Gothic facades, intermixed with humble modern erections. These remains of monuments consecrated to the former religion of the country announce that every thing is liable to change, and that in morals as well as in physics nothing is durable in this world.

Machines for carding and spinning cotton have lately been introduced at Perth. They were constructed at Manchester, and it required some address to procure them, so jealous are manufacturers of the same country of each other's success.

The most considerable manufactures here are linen, thread, and flax. Here I saw a loom for weaving large bed sheets in one piece, by means of a shuttle fixed on small rollers. I purchased some table articles of a superior quality, and was happy to carry them to France by way of models.

At a manufactory here I was shown with an air of mystery an instrument as ingenious as useful for ascertaining the fineness of the texture of linen and cotton cloth, and the evenness of the threads. It is a small microscope placed on the cloth, whose threads it magnifies to such a degree, that it is easy to count how many are contained within the space it covers, and likewise whether they are flat or round, even or unequal. I brought one of these instruments to France, where they soon multiplied.

The desire of examining the hill of Kinnoul, which lies within little more than two miles of Perth, was my principal inducement to take this route. The lavas and agates which I collected there, during se-

veral excursions, were very numerous ; and some of the finest specimens I doubled and even tripled for the purpose of distributing among my friends. The whole filled a large chest.*

On crossing the noble bridge over the Tay at Perth, I immediately observed some lavas in strata, unformed masses, and ill shaped prisms. These different currents proceeded from several eminences forming part of the mountain of Kinnoul, the basis of which occupied a very considerable extent. Pursuing the road along the Tay with the mountain on my left, I came to a very steep and almost perpendicular rock nearly 600 feet high, on the very edge of the road. To this spot the mineralogist ought directly to proceed, as it is the richest in agates and other productions worth collecting.

Though the mountain appears very steep in that quarter, one may notwithstanding clamber up to its summit with a little precaution. But for this purpose it is necessary to be provided with a stout stick, armed with an iron spike, nor must the adventurer be of a nervous constitution. I found here various kinds of basaltes, and lavas, agates of different colours, calcareous spar, and steatites. Perhaps had I enjoyed more leisure, I might have discovered other productions, but I had neither direction nor guide to regulate my researches. Even at Perth, this mountain was not so much as conjectured to be volcanic. All that was known there respecting it, was that some lapidaries from Edin,

* This chest together with my whole collection of the mineralogical products of Scotland and the Hebrides was lost on a sand bank near Dunkirk. The vessel which carried them from Leith sunk, and only the crew was saved. By this unfortunate accident I lost all the fruits of a toilsome journey, except a small box of the most remarkable articles which I brought along with me in my carriage.

burgh visited it from time to time in quest of agates, which they polished and converted to some profit.

Bidding adieu to Perth we travelled through Cupar in Fife to St. Andrews, which journey we accomplished in seven hours. All the hills on the road are formed of blackish gravelly lava and basaltes.

We had letters of recommendation to Mr. Professor Hill, and to Professor Wilson, who obligingly exerted themselves to gratify our curiosity during our stay. The university of St. Andrews is recommended to the traveller of taste by the name of the celebrated Buchanan, who taught philosophy here. There were formerly three colleges; but two of them are consolidated into one. The revenues of the professors, who are thirteen in number, amount collectively to no more than 1500*l.* sterling.

The college library is open for seven months in the year. This establishment is maintained by a small revenue arising from appropriated tithes, and the casual emoluments derived from the admission of graduates. The number of books is about eleven or twelve thousand. They are almost all modern, with the exception of some bibles and devotional books. A manuscript of St. Augustin on vellum, of the thirteenth century, was interesting, on account of its excellent preservation.

During the predominancy of the catholic religion, this city was the see of the primate of Scotland; and the famous Cardinal Beaton, who met with assassination, was one of its archbishops. Vast and superb churches, attest the opulence or the generosity of their founders; and their ruins, of which there are still some fine remains, give this city an air of antiquit. which forms a singular contrast with the simplicity of the modern habitations.

The church of the second college, as it is called,

appears to be very ancient, and is still a stately fabric. In a tomb here belonging to bishop Kennedy were found six maces of copper gilt, three of which were distributed among the other Scotch universities, and three are retained at St. Andrews. I was admitted to examine one of these ensigns of dignity, which is charged with Gothic ornaments finely executed, but in a bad taste.

We visited another church, which from an inscription on one of the doors, appears to have been built in 1112. Here we saw a grand mausoleum in white marble, representing an archbishop as large as life, kneeling, and an angel placing a martyr's crown on his head. A large basso relievo, below, represents the same personage as attacked by some men who assassinate him. A young girl in tears, who seems to be his daughter, is forcibly held from assisting her father. Despair is strongly marked in her gestures and in her figure. This is the monument of archbishop Sharp, who was murdered by nine presbyterian enthusiasts on Marston Moor near St. Andrews, on the third of May 1669.

The facade of the church of St. Leonard though Gothic possesses an impressive grandeur and elegance. This belonged to the college which has been dissolved; and which Dr. Johnson complains he was always civilly hindered from entering. I was not more fortunate than Johnson. The area in front and on one side of this sacred pile was converted into a kitchen garden; and the building itself is probably the house and the store room of the gardener.

The ruins of the cathedral and of the adjoining palace appear majestic and highly impressive. Both these stood on an elevation, commanding a full prospect of the sea. The palace indeed was so

close to it, that the waves have undermined a part of its foundation.

The cathedral, as far as can be estimated from its magnificent remains, without including some subsidiary buildings, was 315 feet long and 60 broad. Not only does it bear the stamp of time and neglect; but it also discovers the strongest marks of fanatical zeal and violence. Towers of the most solid construction overthrown; columns broken in pieces; the remains of noble Gothic windows suspended as it were in the air; pyramidal steeples more than 100 feet high pierced through and through and indented in every direction; winding stair cases which seem to stand without any foundation; altars heaped upon altars under the remaining vaults; fragments of friezes, capitals, entablatures, scattered among sepulchral tablets and mutilated tombs; the wreck of cloisters, chapels, porticoes; and some columns still remaining erect amidst such widespread havoc: such is a rapid sketch of these extensive ruins, which strike with dread and astonishment.

A quadrangular tower in the midst of these extensive ruins, remains entire, though it has existed for upwards of eleven hundred years. It was probably used as a light house in former times; and at present serves as a memorial of the feudal rights which the king possesses over the city.

It was the homicidal harangues of that furious reformer, Knox, which spread desolation over this unfortunate city. The blow which it received from the hand of barbarians suddenly changed its appearance. It requires ages to build, but an instant only to destroy. Notwithstanding the period that has elapsed since the era of its misfortunes, it still appears as if ravaged by the pestilence. The streets are large and commodious, but every where covered with grass: all is sadness and silence. A place still

capable of lodging 14 or 15,000 inhabitants does not contain above three thousand.

The rock on which the castle of St. Andrews stood is in many places at least 100 feet above the level of the sea. This precipice consists of beds of quartzite free-stone, crossed with horizontal layers of black argillaceous schistus; and under the deepest beds of free-stone in the part where the sea has uncovered them, are strata of coal almost pure and fit for burning. The sea here beating with incessant violence on the shore has considerably gained upon it; and at low water, nothing is to be seen but rubbish and ruins.

Scarcely had we left St. Andrews on the road to Largo before we found the fields strewed with very large blocks of basalt of a fine black colour, very hard, and of a fine and homogeneous substance. After a ride of three miles we reached a pretty high flat, entirely covered with blocks of basalt, amidst which oats and rye are produced. The number of pits along the road announce that the collieries are worked with great activity.

Largo is only a small village, round which are banks of free-stone overtopped with enormous pieces of basalt: Leven and Dysart are pretty populous places, lying by the sea side, and in their vicinity are several collieries, which employ a great number of persons.

Kirkcaldy is a considerable borough. The whole of its environs is strewed with blocks of basalt, and this scattered train of lavas extends more than twenty-four miles in length and eight in breadth. What terrible convulsion transported these basalts, and thus rolled and dispersed them over so vast a surface?

In the vicinity of Kinghorn, a town situated on the water side, the blocks of basalt seemed to multiply. Between Kirkcaldy and this place, we noticed

near the road three upright rude stones, erected as the memorial of some event, which it is now impossible to trace. The highest is about fifteen feet above ground. They are composed of a rough grained yellowish free-stone, and appear to be of very high antiquity. Were they erected by the Caledonians, the Druids, or the Romans? The natives entertain various and doubtful opinions on the subject of such monuments, which are numerous in Scotland and the Hebrides; and are likewise found in lower Brittany, among a people of the same Celtic origin.

At Kinghorn we embarked for Leith. The passage over the Forth is seven miles, and we performed it in two hours. In the middle of the Frith is a very rapid current.

The harbour of Leith, which forms the port of Edinburgh, was filled with vessels from different parts of the globe. I noticed here several vessels done over with bitumen or tar extracted from pit-coal, by a process invented by the Earl of Dundonald. It appears that this covering of mineral tar is effectual in resisting the attacks of worms.

William Thornton, who had proceeded direct from Perth to Edinburgh and had engaged private lodgings for us, was ready to receive us on our reaching that city, where we intended to remain a fortnight.

The sciences, literature, natural history, and the arts, being the principal objects of my journey, what I have to say respecting Edinburgh shall chiefly relate to them.

The fame of the University is great and extensively known. The king is the protector; and the professors, who are numerous, are men of great talents, and active attention to their duty.

At the head of the Royal Society is the Duke of Buccleugh. The Antiquarian Society is a late establishment, the object of which is to collect and

preserve every thing relative to Scottish antiquities. The College of Physicians ranks among its members some names of the highest medical eminence. The College of Surgeons and the Medical Society are likewise respectably supported.

The High School is intended for the classical institution of youth, and is divided into several classes. Hence it is evident that the arts, the sciences, and the belles lettres are cultivated and esteemed in this city, which is honoured by the distinguished characters it has produced in every branch of learning, and attracts by its celebrity students from every part of the civilized world.

Edinburgh indeed from its situation and tranquillity is well adapted for the study of the sciences: it is neither disturbed by the tumult of parliamentary discussions, the bustle of an overgrown metropolis, nor the destructive amusements of London; and from time immemorial, the muses have chosen to reside on the top of a hill near a solitary fountain.

The cabinet of natural history in the university pleased and interested me more than the British Museum, though it is far less considerable. The objects that compose it, particularly the stones and minerals, are more methodically arranged, and the productions of Scotland have been collected with great care and assiduity, an important consideration to foreigners as well as natives.

Some reforms, however, are wanting to the museum of the University. The place allotted for it is too small, and the classification should be completed in all the parts.

Lithology and the study of minerals have as yet made little progress in Scotland; *there are therefore

* Since our author's visit, Scotland has produced some excellent mineralogists.

few collections of such productions. Dr. James Hutton is perhaps the only individual in Edinburgh, who has placed in his cabinet some minerals and a number of agates found in Scotland; but I observed that he had not been sufficiently careful in collecting the matrices that contained them. At this time the doctor was busily employed in writing a work on the theory of the earth.*

I visited that celebrated chymist Dr. Black as often as possible. In the year 1761 he gave the first analysis of calcareous earths, in which he demonstrated the existence of the aërial acid, commonly called fixed air. This illustrious philosopher shewed me the most kind and polite attention. One day he favoured me with a sight and specimens of petrified or quartzified wood, which had been sent him from Ireland. He also explained the mechanism of a portable furnace of his own invention, which will prove of great utility in the arts and in chymistry. It is so contrived, that the heat may not only be gradually increased at pleasure, but carried to such a high degree as to reduce iron nails to a state of fusion. This plan may be extended and perhaps even applied to high furnaces, in which iron ore is smelted. It is chiefly, however, the manner in which the interior is covered, and the substances used for fuel that do honour to the knowledge and ingenuity of Dr. Black.

I was several times in company with Dr. John Aiken, a private professor of anatomy at Edinburgh. He shewed me a number of ingenious machines of his own invention; and among others an artificial hand for facilitating difficult births. The knowledge

* This work has since appeared, and has excited much interest.

of whatever may contribute to relieve suffering humanity ought to be diffused as widely as possible; and I was permitted to take a model of this instrument to France. Dr. Aiken also shewed me a lock which he had contrived for great guns, by which they might easily be made to perform a double discharge: but I was much less pleased with this than the former; as I loved his invention for bringing men into the world far better than that of sending them out of it.

Some days after I had the pleasure of dining with Dr. Cullen, to whom the science of medicine owes so many obligations, and the city of Edinburgh much of its celebrity. He lived in the midst of his family as amidst a circle of friends. Good nature and amenity reigned in his house. His own manners and disposition are of the most agreeable kind; and in various respects he seemed to me to resemble Buffon. His table was plentifully served, but without any luxury. I was surprised, however, to find a profusion of punch brought in between the desert and the tea, which the doctor observing said with a smile, "that this beverage was not only suited to his age, but that long experience had convinced him its moderate use was salutary for the inhabitants of Scotland in cold and moist seasons." Punch, he remarked, is a warm stimulant, which operates wonderfully in maintaining the necessary secretions, or in restoring them to an equilibrium.

The humid and penetrating atmosphere of Scotland had for some time affected me in a very disagreeable manner, notwithstanding the active life I led; and I am persuaded it is one of the causes of that sombre melancholy to which the British nation are so subject. It was in vain that I took exercise, and amused myself in a manner perfectly suitable to my taste: I found that the mists, the frequent

raias, the change of winds, the sharpness of the air, and the absence of the sun plunged me into an involuntary melancholy, which I should not long have been able to support. In order to raise my spirits, my friends informed me that the sun was about to appear; but in my bad humour I was more than once tempted to reply to them as Caraccioli the viceroy of Sicily did to an English nobleman who desired him to look at that luminary in London,—“ your English sun, my lord, very much resembles our Sicilian moon.”

This disagreeable feeling was not to be endured, and I resolved to adopt the regimen of Dr. Cullen. Accordingly every day after dinner, I took a glass of punch, composed of rum, sugar, lemon juice, a little nutmeg, and boiling water, which soon restored me to my wonted spirits.

I saw several other men distinguished in various branches of literature, among whom were Dr. Anderson, Sir John Dalrymple, and the celebrated historian, Dr. William Robertson, with whom I enjoyed many agreeable conversations.

That venerable philosopher Dr. Adam Smith was one whom I visited most frequently. He had travelled in France, and resided some time in Paris. Though advanced in years, he still possessed a fine figure. When he spoke of Voltaire, whom he had known, and whose memory he revered, his animation was most striking. “ Reason,” said he, “ owes him incalculable obligations : the ridicule and the sarcasms which he has so plentifully bestowed on fanatics and hypocrites of all sects have enabled the understandings of men to bear the light of truth, and prepared them for those inquiries to which every intelligent mind ought to aspire. He has done much more for the benefit of mankind than those grave philosophers whose books are read by few

only: the writings of Voltaire are made for all and read by all.”*

One evening while I was at tea with him, he spoke of Rousseau with a kind of religious respect, “Voltaire sought to correct the vices and the follies of mankind by laughing at them, and sometimes by treating them with severity: Rousseau conducts the reader to reason and truth by the attraction of sentiment and the force of conviction. His *Social Compact* will one day avenge all the persecutions he experienced.”

Dr. Smith finding that I was attached to music, told me he would introduce me to a kind of concert of which I could have no previous idea. Accordingly one morning he conducted me into a spacious room in which I found a numerous audience; but saw neither orchestra, musicians, nor instruments. A large space, however, was left void in the middle of the room, surrounded by benches on which sat gentlemen only; while ladies and gentlemen were dispersed over other parts of the house. I was informed that these gentlemen were to be the umpires in a musical competition of Highland and Hebridian bagpipers which was about to take place; and that they were to decree a prize to him who could best execute a favourite piece of music.

In a short time a folding door opened, and to my surprise I saw a Highlander advance in the costume of his country, and walk up and down the empty space with rapid steps and an agitated air, blowing his noisy instrument, the discordant sounds of which were sufficient to rend the ear. The tune

* Had Dr. Smith lived to the present time, he probably would have found cause to retract his eulogy on Voltaire. By throwing a ridicule on every thing once held sacred, he weakened those prejudices, and loosened those ties, by which men were governed and kept in the path of duty and of happiness.

was a kind of sonata, divided into three parts; but I confess I could neither distinguish air nor design in the music. I was only struck with the attitudes, the exertions and the warlike countenance of the piper. His performance, however, excited great applause. A second musician succeeded, and he appeared to excel the first competitor: clapping of hands and bravo resounded on every side. During the third part of the air, I observed tears flowing from the eyes of numbers of the audience.

Having listened with much attention to eight pipes in succession, I at last began to discover, that the first part of the air was a warlike march; the second seemed to describe a sanguinary action, the musician endeavouring by a rapid succession of loud and discordant sounds to represent the clashing of arms and the shrieks of the wounded, and all the horrors of a field of battle. In this part, the performer appeared convulsed, and in his gestures he represented a man in actual combat, while he made his instrument in some measure correspond with his motions.

With a rapid transition, the piper now passed to the third part, a kind of andante, when his violent gestures ceased; his countenance assumed an air of deep sorrow; and the sound of his instrument was plaintive, languid, and melancholy. He now represented the wailings and lamentations of friends for the loss of the slain; and it was this part that drew tears from the eyes of the beautiful Scotch ladies.

The whole of this entertainment was so extraordinary, and the impression which it made on the greater part of the audience was so different from what I felt, that I could not avoid ascribing it to an association of ideas, which connected the discordant sounds of the bagpipe with some historical facts thus forcibly brought to recollection.

The same air was played by each competitor;

and there appeared to be no preference given but to talents. I confess I did not admire any of the performers: the music and the instrument constantly reminded me of a bear's dance.

This trial of skill was followed by a lively and animated dance, formed by a part of the pipers, while the rest played suitable airs, which possessed expression and character; but the union of so many bagpipes produced a most hideous noise.

The competitors afterwards marched in order to the castle of Edinburgh, built on a volcanic rock, where they performed a piece of music in honour of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary queen of Scots, for whom the Highlanders still preserve a warm attachment, and a religious respect.

During my stay in Mull I was informed that there had been time immemorial a college of bagpipers in that island; but that in consequence of the death of the famous Rankin, who had the superintendence of it for about 30 years, it was transferred to Skye under the direction of Mr. Rimmon. Each of the principal families in the Hebrides keeps a piper, whose office is hereditary.

While I remained at Edinburgh I made several excursions for the purpose of examining the natural history of the environs. The castle, which commands the town, is built upon a hill formed of compact lava in the form of basalt. The black colour of the lava and the Gothic aspect of the castle form a striking and pleasing contrast with the elegant white houses, which constitute the New Town.

Not far from this is Calton hill, formed of greyish lava. Near the top of this stands a monument erected to the memory of David Hume, whose ashes it contains.

Behind the town is an elevated chain, in a part of which the hills seem piled up against each other.

and are composed of basaltic lava. There appears nothing, however, of that astonishing regularity displayed in the prismatic columns of the cave of Fingal, or the Giant's Causeway of Antrim. One of the hills of this ridge has a hollow in its summit, somewhat resembling a chair or gigantic seat, and is known by the name of Arthur's Seat. I examined the large blocks of basaltes which are scattered round the base of this mountain, and observed spots of zeolite even in the centre of the lava of the most beautiful kind. Indeed the operation of subterraneous fire is manifest in every direction round Edinburgh; though the fact was not admitted by the most learned men of that city.

After taking leave of my kind friends at Edinburgh, where I left my interesting and agreeable fellow traveller William Thornton, Count Andreani and I, having some time since parted with M. de Mecies, who was called by business to London, took the Carlisle road, in order to have an opportunity of visiting Manchester, Derby, and other places.

About a mile and a half from Edinburgh, the lavas and other volcanic substances disappear; and are succeeded by quartzose free-stone, which in several places cover rich mines of coal. This zone, which is pretty extensive, disappears in its turn, and the face of the country again exhibits volcanic substances from Lasswade to Selkirk. The aspect of this part of the country is wild and sterile. Volcanic appearances prevail between Anns Kirk and Langholm. The lavas at Hawick form steep hills, and are disposed in horizontal beds, or rather lamellæ resembling slate.

Near Carlisle the cultivation is in a very fine state; and lime is not only used as a manure on the meadows, but also on the arable land. About a mile from Penrith on the declivity of a mountain,

I observed large rounded blocks of basaltic lava, intermixed with masses of granite, and the same volcanic appearances were noticed in other places. Towards Lancaster the country is generally rich in pasture, and the meadows are well manured with a compost made of lime, dung, and common earth.

On our arrival at Manchester, we were disappointed in finding that doctors Percival and White, to whom we carried letters of introduction, were obliged to be absent from home; but they recommended us to Dr. Henry, who paid us the most polite attention during our stay.

Manchester is a great town: the cathedral is large and well built; but the cotton mills which have enriched this place, and are the principal objects worthy of attention, were not to be seen. The vigilance of the manufacturers was redoubled, in consequence of their being persuaded that a French colonel who was there some time before us, wanted to procure plans of these machines, in order to carry them to France; and since that period neither strangers nor even the most respectable inhabitants were permitted to enter the works. The fact, however, was, that the machine for carding cotton had already been carried to France, and was used there; and not long after the mills were introduced by an intelligent Englishman, who disputed the merit of the invention with Arkwright.

The largest of the cotton mills are moved by water; and they spin with so much perfection and economy that those who first erected them have made large fortunes. Arkwright, who was originally a barber, and therefore has the more merit in surmounting the difficulties of his situation, by his good sense converted his discovery to profit; and joining in partnership with established manufacturers, enriched himself and them.

Though I had no opportunity of seeing the mills,

I was complaisantly shewn large warehouses full of manufactured goods. The finest pieces were unfolded, in order that I might see the patterns and the colours: and with some of the manufacturers we enjoyed a free conversation on the chymical processes used in dyeing.

It was doubtless to Dr. Henry that we were indebted for all the attentions we met with at Manchester, and I wish I may have an opportunity of returning his kindness in France. At his house I saw some stone and minerals; but what pleased me most was a fine os femoris of the unknown animal, whose bones are found on the banks of the Ohio, which is perhaps only a lost species of the elephant. This gentleman is more distinguished as a chymist than as a naturalist.

At the Bull's Head Inn in Manchester we were charged extravagantly high; but except here and at Dun's Hotel-Edinburgh, we had no reason to complain of exaction. On such occasions the best thing that poor strangers can do, is to pay the money. Travellers are equally liable to this sort of imposition in Italy, Germany, and France as in England; but in neither is it general, or derived from national character. It must be imputed to a few individuals only, who have lost all feelings of delicacy and justice; but who make a very wrong calculation with respect to their real interests, as they soon destroy both their own reputation and that of the houses they keep. It is a very difficult matter to devise good regulations of police upon this subject; but it is a truth well known to travellers, that where the charges are the highest, the attention and the entertainment are the worst.

From Manchester to Buxton is 24 miles, over a road neither agreeable nor commodious. Buxton is remarkable for its mineral waters; which in the fine season, bring a considerable influx of company.

It is situated, however, in the midst of the most dismal and cheerless country I have ever seen. Its waters may be excellent, but its atmosphere is impregnated with sadness and melancholy. The houses are generally built in an uniform stile, and resemble hospitals, or rather monastic establishments. A superb structure appropriated to the baths might be taken for the palace of the abbot.

We had letters of recommendation to Dr. Pearson, a London physician, who spends his summer here, and fortunately had not left the place at the time of our arrival. He was well acquainted with the country and its products; and kindly offered to conduct us to the most remarkable and most interesting spots. He had adopted the opinion of Whitehurst respecting the beds of toad-stone, which he regarded as volcanic; and we fixed a day for examining the supposed remains of volcanos in a country, where, on the contrary, every thing seems to demonstrate the agency of water. Meanwhile he accompanied us to the shops of several artists in stone, who cut, turn, and polish the fine Derbyshire fluor or phosphoric spars of different colours, gypseous alabasters, and some marbles.

Several artists in this line are settled at Buxton, where the opulent visitors purchase their beautiful manufactures. The fluor spar which is fashioned here, is obtained from the lead mines of Castleton, about ten miles distant. The only stones of value, found in the environs of Buxton are a very fine gypseous, white, semitransparent alabaster, which is made into vases and pedestals; a black marble, emitting a bituminous smell on being rubbed; and a yellowish calcareous spar, both applied to the same purposes.

I remarked that in order to give a finer lustre to their productions, the petrification-workers had always some water at hand to plunge them into, on pretence

of washing off the dust. But it was evident that the water enlivened the colour, the polish, and the transparency of the stone.

The bath-house has more the appearance of a palace than a place of this description. It is a vast rotunda, ornamented with large pilasters, supporting a rich cornice crowned with a ballustrade. Besides the space occupied by the baths, it is capable of lodging 200 persons, and contains coffee-rooms, gaming-rooms, and ball-rooms. The whole of this superb pile was erected at the expence of the Duke of Devonshire, under the superintendence of Carr, a distinguished architect. The baths are disposed with much judgment, and are both common and private for men and women, in separate quarters.

The waters for drinking run into a large cistern of white marble, over which a neat little temple in the antique stile is erected. The waters of Buxton are moderately hot, raising the mercury no higher than 82. Dr. Pearson, who has analyzed them, says, "that the air which is extricated from them in great abundance, does not contain any fixed air, but the azotic gas of the new nomenclature."

The greatest part of the houses here belong to the Duke of Devonshire, and are generally rented by tavern-keepers, who pay him high rents. Round this town, near which the river Wye takes its arise, are a number of small hills composed of free-stone, limestone, and other mineral substances. The calcareous beds are remarkable for being interrupted with alternate beds of toadstone.

There are also found in that part of Derbyshire called the Peak, black argillaceous schistus, here called shale or shiver, black and grey martial argil, red and grey marl, and a brownish kind of marle of a very fine grain and loaded with calcareous particles, called rotten stone, and used for the same purposes as tripoli. Here are likewise found pyrites,

different kinds of marble, gypsum, fluor spar, and a ponderous fine grained white earth, called caulk or keble. This is one of the most common matrices of the mines of Derbyshire. Double pointed rock crystals, ponderous spar, lead, copper, calumine, and blende are likewise among the productions of this interesting tract. In fact, the astonishing variety of substances within so small compass, is sufficient to astonish the most experienced geologist.

We set out to visit Pool's Hole, about a mile from Buxton, under the guidance of Dr. Pearson. Its entrance is at the foot of a large bare limestone hill, on which are entrochi and other marine bodies, converted for the most part into calcareous spar.

On our arrival, we were joined by several women, who had either stalactite and calcareous spar to sell, or were furnished with lights, and offered their services as guides. Under their auspices, we entered the cave, which has galleries, sometimes narrow, at other times broad, now winding, and then straight, occasionally expanding into lofty and vaulted chambers.

When we came opposite to what is called Pool's Chair, though it has no more resemblance to a chair than a horse, we were desired to stop, in order to observe it. This is only a very large stalagmite, occasioned by the continual droppings. On penetrating farther, we were shewn Pool's Chamber, and Pool's Table; but on the whole, this cave contains nothing particularly interesting. Its whole length is about 2450 English feet in length. A stream of water traverses it from beginning to end.

We next visited the numerous quarries of limestone dug in all parts of the hill, which contains this natural cavern. More than 100 families have been engaged in this business, from father to son; and they all live in a singular kind of dwelling, amidst

heaps of cinders and refuse of lime, which form so many little mounts, out of which they excavate their habitations.

Such is the effect of the whole, that when the workmen enter their abodes, and the stranger sees the smoke of their fires issuing, as it were, out of the earth, he imagines himself in the midst of a Lapland scene. I felt much pleasure in visiting the residence of these troglodytes, who appear satisfied with the humblest accommodations.

Being now in the midst of the toad-stones, so much talked of by English naturalists, and which furnished the basis of Mr. Whitehurst's theory of the earth, I was determined to examine them with the most scrupulous attention. I was furnished with the book of that ingenious philosopher, and I had the advantage of being attended by a mineralogist of his school, who like him was convinced that the different varieties of toad-stone were real lavas. It was then only necessary to instruct myself in the vocabulary of the mines, which, though unscientific, enabled me to give and receive information.

The term toad-stone is very common at Buxton, Matlock, and Winster. At Tideswell, the same stone, but with few or no globules of calcareous spar, and disposed in thick banks, alternating with beds of limestone, receives the appellation of channe. At Ashover, being of a blacker colour and less hard, it is called black clay; while at Castleton, where they have a greenish variety that falls into earth on exposure to the air, the miners give it the singular name of Cat-dirt.

All these as well as the whin-stone of the Scotch, are no other than varieties of trapp, which has not the smallest connection with stones of a volcanic origin; though mineralogists in France as well as in England have fallen into this mistake, deceived by

the external characters*. In fact, the substance of toad-stone is a composition of siliceous and argillaceous earths, with a small quantity of calcareous earth and iron. From 100 grains of it, the following results were produced :

	gr.
Siliceous earth.....	54
Argillaceous earth.....	19
Aerated calcareous earth.....	8
Aerated magnesia.....	4
Iron.....	13
Lost during the process.....	2

Total 100

In making other experiments on stones of the same kind, taken from different beds, I always found the same constituent principles, with, however, some trivial variations.

We rode from Buxton to Castleton, a distance of twelve miles, on one of the finest days of autumn, but along a road as disagreeable and fatiguing, as if it had been the middle of winter.

During our stay at this little place, which is agreeably situated in the midst of some mountains, we visited the different artificers in fluor spar, and particularly that magnificent cavern called the Devil's Arse.

* "Trapp," says Bergmann, "is sometimes found in the form of triangular prisms, though this is a rare case. It sometimes has the appearance of immense columns, as in the mountains of Westrogothia, that have a stratified form, and whose upper bed consists of trapp. It is important to observe that this bed always reposes on a black aluminous slate. Is it possible then, that this matter should have been in a state of fusion, without the slightest diminution, even in the point of contract, of the blackness of the slate below it, though it is alterable by the heat of our common fires? We have a still finer trapp, which generally runs in veins, and is frequently found in very ancient mountains, in which not the faintest marks of subterraneous fire can be seen."

This cave,* regarded at all times as the chief of the seven wonders of Derbyshire, has been highly celebrated. It is situated at the foot of a vast range of rocks, thrown up by nature, on the side of a steep mountain, crowned with an old castle.

The principal entrance is 120 feet wide and forty high. It forms a circular arch, which opens in a rock of grey and somewhat sparry limestone, sufficiently hard to admit a fine polish, and containing a number of marine productions.

An inhabitant of the place who gains a subsistence by shewing the cave to strangers waited upon us; and presented each of us with a printed paper, containing the most ridiculous and exaggerated details of the extraordinary things to be seen, concluding with a scale of the prices of exhibition.

A party of Englishmen joined us, and we entered the outer porch. It is lighted from without, is forty-two feet high, 120 feet wide, and 246 feet long. The effect of this scene is heightened by two manufactories, the one a rope yard, the other an inkle manufactory, carried on within the cave, where all appears life and motion, in a situation where solitude might be expected to reign.

Several of the young girls employed in this subterraneous abode, flocked round us, and by calling our attention to objects within the sphere of their jurisdiction, endeavoured to tax our bounty, in which they were not unsuccessful.

We then proceeded under the auspices of the general guide, who furnishing each of us with a lighted flambeau, opened the door of a subterraneous gallery, at the bottom of the grand vestibule, and desired us to follow his steps.

* Though this cave has been described more than once in the course of this work, the editor was unwilling to suppress the interesting account of St. Fond,

The way at first appeared neither agreeable nor easy. In some places we could walk erect, while in others we were obliged to stoop, in order to avoid striking against the protuberances of the rock. This first gallery is 140 feet long. Here we observed a quantity of sand accumulated into a small oblong eminence, which was produced by a small stream, which we were soon about to reach, and which, when swelled with rains, carries along with it considerable quantities of sand, and often renders the cave inaccessible.

Our guide still advancing, and entertaining us with an account of the rapidity of the current, conducted us to a small lake with a skiff floating upon it. This lake, which is about three feet deep, is wholly enclosed in the solid rock, and stretches under a low vault, through which we were obliged to pass, singly, stretched at our full length in the boat.

Count Andreani ventured first in this singular navigation; and we all landed safely on the farther shore; though we could not help comparing this voyage to the fabled representation of the passage of the dead in the fatal bark of Charon.

Our guide having collected all his passengers round him, took a bumper of rum to warm himself, in which he drank our healths, and then called our attention to the spacious extent of the place, which we had now entered, which was no less than 120 feet high, 220 feet long, and 210 broad. It excites real astonishment to discover such immense natural excavations in the centre of the hardest rock, and one is lost in conjecturing what has become of the materials which have formerly occupied these vast cavities.

At the farther end of this vast cavern we again found water, which we passed over on a platform, running along the side of a pond about thirty feet long. On issuing from this passage, we found our-

selves in another spacious cavern, at the entrance of which a pile of rocks, from whence the water trickles slowly, and deposits a calcareous sediment, by the force of imagination has been transformed into a house, which is given to a fanciful tenant Roger Rain.

Not far beyond this, we came to the grand cavern, called the Chancel, the vaults of which are lofty, with cavities in the sides, resembling Gothic portals and windows. Large pieces of stalactite descend from the roof on the prominent parts of the rock, in the manner of drapery, and produce a striking effect. The pavement also is very smooth, and covered over from time to time with stalagmite.

Here our conductor waved his hand, and collecting us round him, desired us, in a very low voice, not to look behind, till he should give us notice so to do. His whole manner was calculated to inspire a reverential awe. Having reached almost the inner extremity of the cave, he desired us to halt, when sweet and harmonious sounds burst on our ears, at which we involuntarily turned round, and saw in a natural niche at the other end, about forty-eight feet from the bottom, five figures dressed in white, immoveable as statues, holding a book in each hand, and singing in parts a sublime and melodious air, to some verses of Shakespeare.

Our guide, who had been playing off his grand machinery for our entertainment, was delighted to find the surprise it produced, which indeed we could not conceal. Every circumstance conspired to give an impression to the scene. The grand mysteries of the ancients were always celebrated in subterraneous caverns, and it is evident they understood their business.

The singers having disappeared, we proceeded in our course through a lengthened gallery, and were introduced to what is called the *Devil's Cellar*.

Here we saw a great number of names inscribed on the walls, but found no wine, though the guide, determined not to leave a cellar without drinking, took another glass of rum, and offered each of us one after him, which we declined.

On leaving this gloomy cavern, we suddenly came to a heap of quartzose sand. Here it was necessary to proceed along a rapid descent for about 150 feet, on one side of which is a deep channel, hollowed by nature in the solid rock, through which a pretty large stream gently murmurs along, till it loses itself with a loud noise amidst some caverns.

Here our guide played off one of the tricks of his vocation. He told us in a very emphatic manner that in this subterraneous brook, notwithstanding the total privation of light, there was a species of black fish. In order to prove his assertion, he descended to the water through a narrow passage, and after plunging his hand repeatedly into the stream, held up to view one of his black fishes. He was just going to throw it back into the water to prevent, as he said, the destruction of the species, which was already become scarce, when approaching pretty close, I found it to be a tadpole which he had carried with him on purpose to practise this deception. When the cheat was discovered he was the first to laugh at it himself, though he evidently felt chagrined.

We next passed under the *arcades*, a place so denominated from the rock here forming three distinct circular arches. A little beyond this, we heard the noise of a distant cascade, and saw a pyramidal mass of stalagmite, named the tower of Lincoln. Here the cavern was formerly thought to terminate; but a few years ago another gallery was discovered, extending 492 feet further. This we traced to its extremity, when the little river again appeared to view, issuing from a natural but regular tunnel, and

so strait that there was no possibility of penetrating into it. At the entrance of this aqueduct, we saw the names of Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and Omai, engraven in the rock.

The whole length of the cavern to the spot where we now stood is not less than 2,742 feet. We returned without any accident, after devoting several hours to the examination of this wonderful place.

Fluor spar is an important article of production from the lead mines of Castleton, where it is found in abundance, and of great variety of colours. The largest pieces, however, do not exceed a foot in thickness. Much of it is manufactured in Derbyshire, and considerable quantities sent to Birmingham to be mounted with gilded copper or some other metal.

Not more than 60 persons are employed in the lead mines of Castleton. In the Odin mine, glittering galena, called here *slikons-sides* is found, usually in large pieces, forming a double vein. The intermediate space is filled up with a very white and ponderous gypseous earth, called here *keble* or *caulk*. In order to obtain pieces of this curious galena, the workmen drive iron wedges into the thin bed of keble that separates the two veins, and then retire in haste, shortly after which the veins break asunder with a terrible noise and general concussion. This phenomenon, which takes place in other mines in this county, probably arises from an effort of the air to disengage itself.

At Castleton I met with a person from whom I purchased a collection of the most interesting minerals of Derbyshire. This man informed me that, contrary to the prevailing opinion, he had found lead ore in toad-stone or trapp, a circumstance which excited my curiosity, and I attended him to the spot, where I found an absolute confirmation of my theory, that the stone in question could not

be of a volcanic origin, as lead is never found with such substances.

Satisfied with what we had seen at Castleton, we returned to Buxton, and having put my collections into order, next morning proceeded to Derby, a journey which occupied 8 hours.

Derby is a commercial town. Here we saw a number of manufactories of different kinds, several porcelain works, and common potteries. We had been informed that a person of the name of Brown resided here, and that he kept a shop of mineral curiosities. We waited on him, and found he had an ample stock of works in fluor spar and other materials; I purchased of him a complete collection of his spars, cut into small square tablets, proper to be placed in a cabinet, for which he charged very reasonably, considering their beauty. When he saw I was fond of lithology and that I named some stones of which he had an imperfect knowledge, he testified much happiness at seeing us, and begged we would stop and drink with him to the friends of the science of nature; but having taken our wine already, we declined his pressing invitation.

While disputing this point of politeness, a sheep dog of an excellent and useful breed, which I had purchased in the Highlands, suddenly disappeared, and I was unable to recover him.

Next day we visited another vendor of articles of natural history, who shewed us some vases of the most perfect forms and exquisite lightness. He was a very ingenious young man; and I purchased a vase, which charmed me by the beauty of the colours of the spar, its elegant form and finish.

We left Derby at noon, but on account of the badness of the roads, had some difficulty in reaching Birmingham the same evening. For some way before we arrived there, we passed over black arid heaths of a dreary appearance.

We brought letters of recommendation to Dr. Withering, a lover of botanical and chemical studies. We waited on him next day and at tea met some amiable and beautiful ladies; and to complete our good fortune, were introduced to Mr. Watt, one of the most skilful mechanists in England, and who possesses great knowledge in chymistry and natural history.

Birmingham, on account of its commerce and manufactures, is one of the most interesting towns in England. Here the traveller may have a comprehensive view of a most active and varied industry, exercised in the different arts of utility, of pleasure, and of luxury.

The ingenious contrivances to simplify labour, and in particular the application of steam engines to so many important purposes, are well deserving of attention. In fact, the varied and extensive hard-ware manufacture, which employs here upwards of 30,000 hands, compels, all Europe and partially the whole world, to supply themselves from this great store-house, where every thing is made in greater perfection, with more economy, and in greater abundance, than in any other country.

I must observe again, that it is the abundance of coal which gives this advantage, and produces in the midst of a barren desert an immense population, and all the comforts of civilized life. The various manufactures in which this useful mineral is employed, and which is found in great abundance in the vicinity, have converted the savage heath into fertile and delicious gardens. The works established by Messrs. Bolton and Watt, in which more than 1,000 hands are employed have contributed greatly to promote this change.

I experienced much pleasure in visiting Mr. Watt, whose intellectual and moral qualities are highly estimable. He has likewise a number of fine chil-

dren, who are all distinguished by their information and their talents. I dined one day with this agreeable family, when Dr. Priestley, who is a relation of Mr. Watt, was present ; and I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with this celebrated man, to whom experimental philosophy owes so many obligations. I afterwards visited him at his agreeable residence near Birmingham, in company with Dr. Withering. There was an air of perfect neatness in every thing connected with his house, both within and without. It put me in mind of those snug habitations so often to be met with in Holland.

The doctor received me with great kindness, and presented me to his wife and daughter, who were distinguished by vivacity, intelligence, and gentleness of manners. The building in which this philosopher makes his experiments, is detached from the house, in order to avoid the danger of fire. It consists of several apartments, on the ground floor, in which is an excellent apparatus. He explained to me some of his discoveries, concerning which he spoke with great modesty and diffidence. His library and philosophical cabinet are among the ornaments of his retreat.*

Next day I met Dr. Priestley at Mr. Watt's, together with several other amiable and intelligent men. Our host shewed us a corn-mill which he had constructed, and which was set in motion by a steam engine. This is a happy idea : and will no doubt lead to others of no less importance. In fact, Mr. Watt is so familiar with great inventions, possesses so much knowledge in the higher branches of mechanics, and has brought the means of execution

* I shall not here detail the persecutions which Dr. Priestley experienced since the period of my visit : they are too well known.

to so much perfection, that he may justly be ranked among the men who have chiefly contributed to the present high prosperity of the useful arts and commerce in England. He is a native of Scotland : a country which has long been accustomed to supply England with men who honour it the most, in every science and profession.

After passing several days very pleasantly in Birmingham, informing and delighting our minds, filling our heads with facts, and our hearts with gratitude for the attentions we experienced, we prepared for our departure; when Mr. Watt requested to know if we could take one of his sons who was going to Geneva, under our protection to Paris? to this proposal we assented with much pleasure, as it gave us an opportunity of testifying our respect and esteem for Mr. Watt, and of justifying the confidence he reposed in us.

On leaving Birmingham, the country was on every side studded with seats, possessing a simple but elegant character; but we soon lost sight of them, and entered on an extensive track of wild and barren heaths.

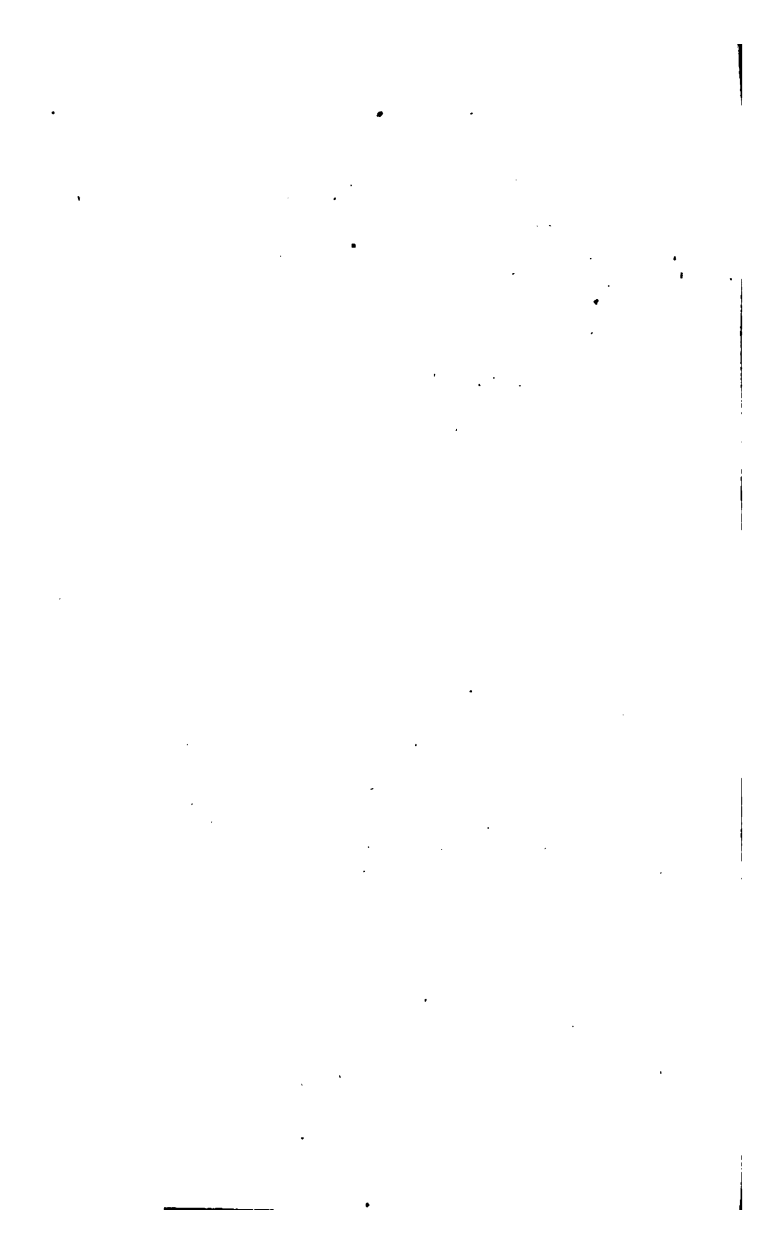
Between Birmingham and Coventry, we caught a view of an ancient mansion belonging to Lord Aylesford, which was embellished with some taste and art, though the situation was by no means advantageous.

Coventry is a pretty old town. The spire of the church is seen at a great distance. The soil in the environs consists of broken flints intermixed with reddish earth; and this continued as far as Warwick. Here we visited the fine Gothic church and other curiosities of the place, which have been repeatedly described.

Passing through Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of the immortal Shakespeare, we arrived at Oxford, where we reviewed the most remarkable

monuments of science and art ; but being disappointed in meeting with a friend belonging to this celebrated university, we shortened our stay, and proceeded to London through St. Albans and Barnet.

In a short time we bade adieu to our kind and learned friends in the British metropolis, and set out for Paris, which we reached in five days. Here I remained, while Count Andreani prepared for his return to Milan, and young Watt took the road to Geneva.



A
TOUR TO THE LAKES
OF
CUMBERLAND & WESTMORLAND

IN AUGUST 1798.

BY HENRY KETT, B.D. &c. &c. &c.

Care silve beate
E voi solinghi taciturni orrori !
Ah quanto volontiere.
A revidervi lo torno. GUARINI.

THE learned and amiable author of the following Tour to the Lakes, has generously communicated it for the use of our volumes, without the most distant idea, when it was composed, of ever laying it before the public. Nothing, however from the pen of Mr. Kett can be unworthy of being preserved, or will be read without advantage or without interest ; and though we feel it our duty to declare, that the present performance was written merely in the intervals of rest, during the progress of the tour, in order to recal to the memory, scenes and circumstances which made a vivid impression on the mind, and therefore is unstudied and unlaboured, we are sure no apology will be necessary for laying it before our readers, in that form which of all others, to every person of taste and feeling, carries its own recommendation along with it. For fidelity and spirit, one page written on the spot is worth a thousand of distant recollections. But we will not trespass farther, by any observations of our own.

A TOUR TO THE LAKES, &c.

HAVING for several years had a great desire to visit the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, I was glad to take the opportunity of making that tour with a friend, on whose taste and local knowledge I had great reliance; as he had seen them before, and made many of the finest stations the subjects of his elegant pencil. We determined therefore to devote the month of August to this purpose; and had no reason to be sorry for it, as it is the month which in our uncertain climate can be best depended upon for settled weather. For this excursion, indeed, it is particularly eligible, as it gives the richest hues of summer to the prospects.

Many parties who went before us this year complained that they had enjoyed scarcely a single fine day. Gray made this tour in October, which is too late for the landscapes of mountains; and Pennant made it too early in the year, when they were covered with snow, and the vallies were darkened with mists and vapours.

Aug. 1. Went from Oxford to Birmingham sixty miles. The country as far as the borders of the county of Oxford is very dreary, consisting chiefly of common fields. The heavy buildings of Heythrop, placed in the midst of formal woods, give little relief to the prospect. They hang upon the eye for a great distance. Mr. Sheldon's house at Weston is a fine object, and the woods are disposed in pleasing irregularity upon fine sloping ground. On entering Warwickshire, the country is very much improved. Small fields well cultivated, and pastures of various

sizes, inclosed by neat hedge-rows, are its principal features. The stage from Shipston to Stratford is particularly pleasing. There is a very pretty view from Stratford bridge of the "soft flowing" Avon, and the spire of the church, rising from a tuft of trees on the opposite side of the water. A visit to the house where Shakespeare was born, and to the town hall where the jubilee was celebrated, recalled the image of the greatest ornament of the British drama; and of Garrick, who did so much honour and justice to the representation of his characters, and to his memory. The staring red brick houses on the approach to Birmingham, throw a glare over the country, extremely unpleasant to the eye. One handsome street, and two churches which for elegance and space may vie with most parish churches in the kingdom, adorn Birmingham. We saw the pulpit from which Dr. Parr preached a sermon of an hour and a half to a numerous audience, till it was dark. In the streets all was bustle and activity, and every foot was swift in the pursuit of business.

On the road to Walsall, as we travelled in the night, the coal and iron works at different distances, sometimes flaming and sometimes pouring forth vast clouds of illuminated smoke, resembled the Pandemonium of Milton. Mr. J. a good-natured and communicative banker's clerk, exposed himself to violent rain, first to accommodate an old man, and afterwards a Lancaster *witch*, with his seat in the coach. The park of the Marquis of Stafford at Trentham is extensive, the woods thick, and form a grand sweep around a very spacious lawn. It is compared to Blenheim. From *Talk on the Hill*, across the narrow part of Cheshire to Manchester, the distance is 40 miles. The country begins to sink into vallies, rise into eminences, and is watered by more rapid streams than we had before observed. The road is composed of large pebbles, much more

rough than the French roads, and affording exercise equally violent as that of jolting through the principal street of Brentford. Many handsome brick houses scattered about in the vicinity of Manchester announce the approach to a large and opulent town. The entrance to Manchester is through broad and fine streets. Piccadilly, the High-street, and Marsden-square, are well built. The water, or rather the pond, in the front of the infirmary, gives a gloomy appearance to a fine edifice. The streets of most concourse and resort are narrow and dirty. All the buildings connected with the dwellings are shops, warehouses, work rooms, and, counting-houses. Over every door there is a board to indicate that the inhabitants are tradesmen, or merchants. Sometimes one door is surmounted by two or three. The streets present a scene of bustle, diligence, and toil. Every face is full of care and impatience: vain is it to look for the sauntering pace and vacant stare of the Bond street or Oxford loungers. Thirty years ago, there were only six churches, now there are thirteen. They are now building, not houses only, but streets and squares. Norwich formerly was what Manchester is now. Grass grows in those streets that were once thronged with manufacturers; and where the grass has grown for ages in Manchester, new streets are now erecting. Its flourishing trade depends upon the superior quality and cheapness of the articles. Should the French establish a cheap government, there is a danger of their being able to undersell the Manchester manufacturers, and then Manchester may be like Norwich. The population of this town is computed to be from 70 to 100,000. The marriages in the College church in the year 1792, amounted to 1,657, as I saw in the register book. The number of recruits in the first year of the present war was 22,000. Deprived of their usual employ, they were

compelled to enlist, and to go forth to fight their customers. Such are some of the first evils of war to a commercial nation. When the trade of the town became rather more brisk, many Scotchmen, lured by the superior wages of 18s. per week above 9s. flocked here, and now fill whole streets. The wooden screen in the College church displays some fine and ancient carving, but it is black more with dirt than age. The church is built in a tolerably good stile of architecture. In the College library are many useful and valuable books, but the room is dark, dismal, and dirty.

Lancaster is remarkable for bad weather : they had rain in greater or less quantities for 70 days in continuance. This is the effect of being in the neighbourhood of such high mountains. Walked to the wharf of the Bridgewater canal. The business that was going forward is perhaps only to be equalled in Liverpool or London. Over many doors in the streets, we took notice of large oaken boughs, which, as we were told, were placed there to commemorate the restoration.

From Manchester to Preston, through Bolton and Chorley 28 miles. The view of Manchester about half a mile on this road is very pleasant. The ground rises finely from the river, and consists of verdant pastures, intermixed with woods, and adorned with elegant houses. The Ribble, a broad and grand river, winds along the vale. Such a prospect was a great relief to the eye and to the mind, and formed a happy contrast to the "*fumum, & opes, strepitumque Romæ.*" Between Bolton and Chorley our chaise broke down, and no wonder, considering the roughness of the roads in some places irregularly pitched, and in others full of holes, or cut into trenches as if they had once been ploughed. In this county, the trade of a blacksmith and coachmaker must be very profitable, from the frequency

of such accidents. To such an opulent and trading county, the roads are a peculiar disgrace. On a hill about four miles from Preston we saw a delightful sunset. The water nearest to the eye glowed with gold. The woods and vallies that formed the first distance were indistinctly seen. The distant hills were not sharply defined, but still were distinct from the clouds. A silvery light brightened the Ribble, a grand and far distant river, that was seen extending for many miles to the Irish sea, which whitened the horizon. The whole was such as Gilpin attempts to exhibit in his shadowy prospects; but who can paint like nature, or describe the various and changing hues which the sun diffused over the clouds, the earth, and the water?

Preston is a handsome town, with many good houses in the principal street. The most genteel inhabitants have the character of being very proud, and keep themselves at a distance from the inferior classes. Land in this neighbourhood lets from £ to 3l. the common acre. A good cow is worth 14l. a farm of 200 acres is reckoned a large one.

Aug. 4. —The morning as cold and gloomy as if it had been October. The day afterwards improved, and was enlivened by the sun. This circumstance is the more worth notice, as the weather had been cloudy for a very long time. Observed for several miles on both sides of Garstang, the singular appearance of the trees, all bending in various and fantastic shapes from the sea. This effect is probably caused by the s. w. winds, that blow for so long a time upon this coast. To the first view of Lancaster, from a hill about a mile distant, no pencil or pen can do justice. The first objects that catch the eye, are the castle and the church, standing boldly forward upon the point of an eminence.—The houses finely and irregularly scattered around them. The Lune, a magnificent river, flows through a rich valley, and is crossed by an elegant bridge, and at

a more remote distance, by an unfinished aqueduct. The distance was skirted by double or treble chains of lofty mountains of various shapes and shades. The clouds rolled slowly over them in vast masses, of which no idea can be formed by the inhabitants of a level country, except at the approach of a thunder storm. The sun shone only at intervals, and the prospect was in every respect solemn and grand. The town of Lancaster is very handsome, and chiefly composed of houses of most beautiful white stone. Some of it is veined like marble. The sea-green slate, with which the houses are covered, has a very neat appearance. On a steep, which seems to be an artificial hill, stands the castle. John of Gaunt's tower in the front, for strength, stateliness, and ornament, may vie with any buildings of the kind in England. Its massy walls, and the elevation and magnificence of the front, give a perfect specimen of a baronial castle, superior to that of Warwick, and as I am told of Alnwick, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. Battlements and triple ranges of corbel's surmount a lofty arch; and above this arch is a vacant niche, where perhaps formerly stood a figure of the founder. On each side of it are shields, on which are quartered the arms of England and France. The back part of the castle is now repairing, under the direction of Mr. Harrison, and the manner in which he is building a chapel, and the courts of justice, does equal credit to his taste, and to the liberality of the county. Wyat, who has misapplied his talents by directing his attention to *gothic* buildings, might here take a lesson; and my friend Wilkins, whose candour is equal to his ingenuity and taste, would see nothing to censure.—From the church-yard is a prospect of great extent and grandeur. The river Lune, broad and bold, winds along the meadows, and widens into an arm of the

sea, in the Bay of Cartmeal. The misty distance is bounded by the mountains of Furness; and Peel Castle seems to rise out of the remote waves.— In the afternoon we ascended the castle, to take the view from John of Gaunt's Chair. The city lies under your feet. The ships are at anchor along the quay. Next are seen the river, the bridge, and the aqueduct, the wide extent of the Cartmeal sands: to the left, the Cumberland and Westmorland mountains, thrown around in the boldest manner conceivable: to the right, the Yorkshire mountains, particularly Pennigant and Ingleborough, with vast clouds resting upon, or intermixed with their summits.

Visited the interior parts of the castle. There are ninety-two persons imprisoned for debt, of whom half are confined for sums that do not exceed 30l.—In this country, where peculiar enlargement of mind arises from the grand prospects of nature, confinement is a double cruelty. The punishment is vastly disproportioned to the offence against justice, where debtors, not marked by fraud or dishonesty, are kept so long from the enjoyment of the "*mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.*" Walked in the evening to see the aqueduct, and surveyed its wide and elegant arches. The view of the rich valleys and woods formed a beautiful picture set in a semicircular frame, as seen through the arches. This stupendous building will cost 30,000l. Mr. *Harrison* assured me, he would have executed it for half the money. The bridge built by him, which appears to be of the same dimensions, seems to justify his assertions. Here art adorns nature, and these grand structures even do justice to the noble Lune. I asked a beautiful little girl for the *Wery-wall*, this was the name of the rampart that inclosed the Roman station. She said "she never heard tell of it." One of the church-wardens, an

affable man; with whom I conversed in the church-yard, said that it was demolished some years ago, when the wall of the church-yard was repaired. Bright halberds of brass are placed at the door of the mayor, as the insignia of his office.—Perhaps these military symbols of a civil office have been continued, since the wars of York and Lancaster.

Around Preston and Lancaster, the soil is light, composed of gravel and sand, very favourable to the growth of potatoes, which I observed were planted under the hedge rows, within the corn fields. Rain appears to a stranger to be the plague of the country. But the farmers are impatient for it, if a shower does not fall once in five or six hours. Butcher's meat is 6½d to 6¼d. per pound, salmon 10d. fowls 20d. a couple. Firing cheap.

Next morning we set off at 9 o'clock to cross the sand of Cartmeal, from the Hest Bank to Ulverston, distant 21 miles. When we had advanced about four miles upon the sands, the prospect was sublime beyond description. The spectator is placed in the midst of a vast circle, and the circumference is formed by bold mountains. The shore runs into numerous bays and inlets of the sea: upon it are seen at a great distance vallies spotted with white houses, villages, and churches, and various promontories, capes, and mountains. Warton Cragg and Ingleborough first appear, and then as you advance, the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland displaying themselves to the west in vast profusion. The road of the coach was over the sands, where a few hours before the sea was 20 or 30 fathoms deep. What gives a full idea of its depth is, that large vessels are seen laying there quite dry, waiting for the flowing of the tide. The guides, called carters, led the way through the beds of three rivers, the Eau, the Leven, and the Kent. On coach as it passed through the water, appeared an

felt, as if it was carried away by the tide. By the direction of a fisherman, our driver pursued the track of his cart through a gulley where the current was strong. Our driver commended himself for his dexterity in passing his place so well. It saved him going a circuit of two miles. He gave us an intimation that the place was dangerous, by remarking that in that current "many a bra' horse had been lost."

When advanced to the middle of these sands, the dead level deceives the eye. I guessed the distance to a particular point of land to be about 3 miles, but was assured it was seven. The track of the fish carts which we followed, in some places was scarcely visible, and what chance of escape can there be in a fog? Mr. and Miss Jackson, a brother and sister, set out on a white horse to cross these sands. A mist came on, and no track could be found to guide them. The tide began to flow, and they wandered about, uncertain which way to direct their course. The water rose higher and higher. Twice was the sister washed off the horse, and twice did she recover her seat. The third time she fell to rise no more. Her brother, exhausted with the efforts he had made to save her, and to support himself, reached at length the shore, and told the mournful tale. The horse was carefully kept in the family to extreme old age, and what recollections of gratitude and of regret, of safety and loss, must he excite in the minds of the sorrowing family!

This story was related by Mr. Jackson himself, on our way to Manchester.

Arrived at Ulverston, a small town, with shops upon a very small scale, and some tolerably well built houses. The torrents of rain prevented our going to see the ruins of Furness, and the iron works in this neighbourhood. In the afternoon, walked to see Coniesthead Priory, the seat of Mr.

Bradyll. This house is a disgrace to the noble scenery around it. It is of white rough cast in front, with gothic battlements, and an arcade bordered with yellow stucco. The plantations around look too artificial, and are too minute, when compared with the picturesque grandeur around it. At the end of the gravel walk, and the plantations, the view extends over a wide bay terminated by craggy rocks, or fringed with wood, with pastures and corn fields, and a back ground of vast and bold mountains: from another point of view, not far distant, opens an extensive sea-view, seen between the lofty sycamores, and bounded by a dim prospect of land. Nature has done much for this charming place, but the builder of Mr. Bradyll's house caught no enthusiasm from the scene; for never was there an edifice reared in a more contemptible style.

Went from Ulverston to Hawkshead, 18 miles. The weather, which had before been cold and rainy, now began to amend, and the vapours to disperse. The azure of the sky of a peculiarly vivid hue appeared—the clouds separated, and were driven by a fresh breeze over the mountains. Thus the bold character of the country was disclosed, and the tops of the mountains were distinctly seen. The road to Penny bridge runs among small fields of oats, barley and grass, separated by stone walls. The tide was rushing up the conflux of the rivers Leven and Crake: as we passed, a grand bay gradually opened, skirted with projecting woods and mountains. By the side of the water were piled up large quantities of Westmoreland slate, intended for exportation. Near Penny-bridge stands the house of Mr. ———, plain, commodious, and elegant, built of white stone, and roofed with sea-green slate. This agrees with the character of the scenery, and is exactly what Mr. Bradyll's ought to have

been. The grand screen of rock thickly covered with trees to the lofty summit, and down to the margin of a rapid river, reminded me of Matlock Torr. But the mountains and rocks of Derbyshire sink in comparison with the gigantic proportions of more northern objects. Deep shadows enveloped parts of the mountains, as the clouds passed over, and sometimes patches of light were seen, produced by no apparent cause.

Coniston water, in length 6 miles, in breadth nearly a mile, and at its greatest depth 40 fathoms, gradually rose to the view, which was interrupted by projecting woods and mountains. As we approached, the dark rocks and woods frowned over the surface of the blue lake; and one bay opened after another in amusing succession. We remarked most of the stations described in *West's Tour to the Lakes*—a book we had constantly in our hands. It would be better, if the descriptions were not so highly wrought, and painted in too rich colours. We made choice of a spot near his third station to take a cold repast. It was in a place where the road comes down close to the water. Here was a most enchanting scene. At our feet very widely and boldly spread, was the lake gently agitated. The colour of it was deep blue, reflecting the sky, but of a deeper colour. The water was so clear, that every pebble could be seen at the bottom. The wide sheet of water was terminated by rising grounds, many of which were well wooded. Up the green slopes, the smoke in curling white blue wreaths ascended from the spots where charcoal was made. At the head of the lake were steep and brown rocks, among which it was lost. On the western margin, just opposite to us, and close to the water, stands Coniston-hall—an antient mansion overgrown with ivy, and rearing on high its tall dark chimneys. The village, consisting of small white cottages, partly

concealed by trees, spread over the verdant slopes, and appearing like white spots, lay scattered around. The little church partly concealed by trees, stands peeping over a projecting part of the shore. In the back ground of the whole, were vast mountains and scarred rocks. In consequence of the rain that had lately fallen, we were fortunate enough to see three cascades in full play down these distant mountains. The black Beck of Torvor, and Coniston Beck, poured a white foam in irregular lines.

Amid this sweet scenery we took our repast, to which the beauties around us gave a peculiar relish.

After ascending a very steep hill, we took a retrospect of the lake. The water was bold and broad, overhanging woods, mountains, and rocks that seemed piled upon each other, surrounded it on all sides. This prospect gave to the lake a peculiar air of grandeur and sublimity.

In the evening arrived at Hawkshead, a small village. We were annoyed at first by the harsh clatter made by the clogs of the boys playing in the street. They reminded us of the sabots worn by the peasantry in France. We were soon, however, convinced that these wooden shoes, capped with plates of iron, were well adapted to the use of the peasants who inhabit a rough and marshy country. We walked in the evening to Esthwaite water. A peninsula runs far into it, and rises very finely crowned with trees. It is about 2 miles in length and $\frac{1}{4}$ in breadth. The village and the church of Hawkshead, are pleasing objects, when seen on the opposite side of it. The prospect was delightful, but soon eclipsed when we arrived at Windermere. After passing the head of Esthwaite water, we descended a rocky mountain, till we came to a bold broken scarred and lofty rock, that in some places hung over the road. Yews and hollies sprung from the loose fragments of the rock, of a rich verdure,

and finely scattered so as to contrast well with its grey and brown hues. One of these fragments was ten yards in length. The rock is probably 150 yards high, and rises with a bold perpendicular sweep from the lake. The extent of water within view was not less than twelve miles.* It was gently curling near the eye, at a distance it was marked with bright long lines of silvery light. The ten islands, of various forms and size, presented themselves in beautiful irregularity, and *The Holmes*, or largest island, with Mr. Christian Curwen's house, brown and circular, seems to project forward to the eye. A few boats were rowing or sailing among the islands and gave life to the prospect. At our feet was the Ferry House. On the opposite shore, distinct but minute, were the houses and church of Bowness, and the mansion of Calgarth. To their left rose the rugged crags of Biscot How, the pointed top of Hill Bell, Fairfield, and Rydal. To the east, small hanging groves, inclosures, and scattered houses, were terminated by blue hills and indented mountains. To the west, was spread a bold continuation of the rock and mountain, under which we stood, bending in various lines and rows, and bounding the prospect of the water. Large masses of golden clouds were passing over this point, as the sun was sinking beneath the summits of the mountains. Such was the most glorious view of this enchanting lake, and perhaps the effect was in no small degree heightened by the novelty of lake combining with mountain scenery, and the animating effulgence of sun-set.

Sunday, Aug. 7. Went to church with the exciseman of the parish, and heard a very sensible sermon, and

* Mr. Gilpin computes that this lake is two miles broad, and fourteen miles in length.

excellent singers of both sexes, who chanted the *jubilate* in good time, and with fine effect. Mr. Brathwaite, the clergyman, politely invited me to dine with him. We sauntered to Ambleside, a walk of five very interesting miles. Passed Mr. B.'s house, a sweet and elegant residence, which commands a prospect of Esthwaite water, the snug little white village of Hawkshead, its church, and the verdant sloping mountains behind it. In summer and autumn, I should like to reside on such a spot, and have such a neighbour. The road serpentine among wild mountains and rocks, the summits of which were all distinct. The cloudiness of the day threw a solemn gloom over all objects. The rounded mass of Fairfield appeared like a vast crater, and blue mist hung over it, like the smoke of a volcano. The Langdale Pikes, and various other mountains that cross each other in all directions, were from the bottom to the summit perfectly distinct, and without clouds resting upon them. Gathered the wild strawberries and raspberries that grew from the fissures and fragments of the rocks. A species of geranium with large and vivid flowers, adorns this vicinity. Passed at Brathay bridge the elegant villa of Mr. Law; and a little farther on, that of Miss Pritchard. At the bridge, there was a sharp and fine descent of water forming a cascade, and dashing down between two dark groves.

Ambleside is a scattered village, delightfully situated at the foot of a cluster of mountains to the north, and the lake of Windermere in front. It has a market-place surrounded by houses with old galleries, like the buildings in Dutch paintings. Walked in the afternoon to see Stock-Gill Force in the grove behind the inn, through Mrs. Berkenhout's garden—this cascade was in the highest order. I heard its rushing and impetuous noise long before I saw it; a pleasing circumstance to excite

curiosity and impatience. The stream at length was visible. It issued from the dark high woods, and rushed down a channel of black rocks in two precipitous streams. All the water was in a state of foam, and dashed along with a violent noise into a dark abyss. Dark green trees, and in particular an old ash tree, thrown across, break in some parts the view of the cascade, which is far above and below the eye of the spectator.

In the evening walked, and drank coffee at Wright's, at *Low-Wood-house*. The winding road from Ambleside beset with trees, gives at intervals some fine openings of the lake. The situation of this house is enchanting, as it commands so many beautiful prospects on Windermere, particularly from the dining room, and the bowling green. Mrs. Wright was very civil, and pointed out many things well worth the attention of a stranger.

August 8th.—Rain all the morning from the S. W. Scarcely any situation can be imagined more tantalizing, than to be thus confined to a house, when just arrived in the midst of a long-expected scene of action and wonder. Here was every object that nature could present to excite curiosity, and no possibility, in the present state of the weather, to gratify it. I sat at the window, and saw the heavy clouds sail over the mountains; one minute all was clear, and the next, the whole prospect was enveloped in rain, vapour, and fog. As soon as the rain ceased, we set off for *Low-Wood-house*; and under a lowering and black sky, that looked awful on account of the vast masses of gloomy clouds that rested upon the dark and scowling mountains, we took a boat, with an intention to navigate Windermere. Beneath *Low Pike*, *Rydal Crag*, and the mountains behind *Ambleside*, rested broad and deep masses of mist, most gloomy and horrid to the eye. They had so much

the appearance of vapour produced by fire, that I never before felt the force of that text of scripture, "touch the mountains, and they shall smoke." The water was rough, the wind fresh, the waves of a moderate size, and the whole view recalled to my mind the storm on Windermere lake, by Loutherbrough. But all pictures must fall short, I can only give a feeble *representation*, not a tolerable *idea* of such a work of nature as this. After rowing between four and five miles, we landed at Curwen's Island. It is laid out in pleasure ground, consisting of shrub-beries, clumps of trees, and winding walks. The house is of a circular form, evidently so built in order to catch the views upon the lake in the most complete manner.

Here a man might be a complete Robinson Crusoe; or here he might without interruption from an unpleasant neighbourhood, enjoy, with a select party, the full luxuries of society. An inspection of the improvements made upon this island suits not the wild and bold grandeur of the surrounding mountains, nor a prospect of the wide circumference of the lake itself, which is bounded by them. Many boats were at anchor off the island, and Mr. Curwen and his sons were coming home from a water excursion: their vessel, with its white and swelling sails, ploughing the azure lake, was a lively and beautiful object. The Scotch gardener told me, that they enjoyed very little fine weather here. On our return, the Langdale Pikes, and Rydal head, were clear from clouds, and formed bold and romantic terminations of the lake.

August 29th.—A dull and gloomy, but a fair day. Took a walk of about twenty miles, attended by old Partridge the guide, a talkative and entertaining old man, who had attended Farringdon the painter, and remembered West, and is an expert walker in a country where walking is a very dif-

ferent exercise to sauntering along a level turnpike road. Came to Rydal water, which was clear and tranquil. It was a perfect mirror, reflecting the broad surfaces, and marked by the deep shadows, of Helm-crag, and the other mountains that rise directly from its margin. The water glowing with the corresponding tints of the surrounding objects, was like a picture, when the first colours are laid upon the canvas. In the midst of this pretty and sequestered lake, are two small islands tufted with trees. Upon the larger is a ruined cottage, partly concealed by tall firs, which has a very picturesque effect. The rapid and dashing stream of Rothay connects this lake with Grasmere. I was much disappointed, when I reached West's station upon the top of Grasmere hill. The island he so much commends is an ugly lump of a green colour. The village and the church on the opposite side of the lake are too indistinct, to appear to any advantage from this high point. We pursued our walk along stony roads, and winding paths, upon the slopes of the mountains, till we came to Langdale chapel, situated in the midst of a dreary scene of scarred rocks and inaccessible mountains. Here we visited a large slate quarry, and went under an inclined plane of solid slate which was probably 3 or 400 feet high, and was tremendous to behold. The dexterity of the *undertaker* of the quarry, who *ripped* slates into small plates, was very remarkable. Came to a fine waterfall at Skelkerth bridge; but soon after saw another at Colnworth bridge, which was much finer. This was one of the grandest sights during the whole tour. It was the fall of the whole river Brathay, and all its parts were upon a grand scale and in fine proportion. From high ground, upon the point of which stand the ruins of an old mill covered with thick wood, and with broad green woods large and deep, and sloping finely on each

side, shoots the white torrent down a steep, craggy channel, of black broken rock. The torrent then separates into two irregular sheets of water, which are hurried with wild impetuosity into a dark abyss, from which rises a cloud of spray and foam. Tall green saplings wave and bend forward by the side of the fall, in various directions. The noise made by this cataract resembled that of thunder, and it resounded from the earth under our feet. The rain, which had previously been so much the cause of our complaint, rendered this view perfectly grand and magnificent.

Before I quitted Ambleside, I saw the Rydal falls. The youngest daughter of one of Sir M. le Fleming's peasants was our guide, and danced before us through the winding walks of the plantations that led to them, like a fairy, or a dryad. They were fine and in full play—but were no more than insignificant spouts of water, when compared with the bold spirit, wildness, and grandeur, of the fall of Colworth.

August 10th. The day was cloudy, with flying showers. Walked from Ambleside to Keswick, 16 miles. Took Mr. Gray's view of Grasmere lake two miles from Ambleside, which was far superior to the prospect we had of it the day before. Passed by Rydal hall, the seat of Sir Michael le Fleming. It stands in the most romantic situation, surrounded by woods, within hearing of cascades and waterfalls, upon the descent of an amphitheatre of mountains, and commanding a fine view of Windermere. From hence the mountain road winds amid pastures that rise up the sides of Steel Fell, Seat Saddle, and rocks that tower to the clouds. Helm Crag, so called from the shape of its top, a broken and scarred mountain, free from clouds, appeared in all his rude majesty. Sheep were dispersed all over the hills, and even upon the summits of the mountains

you may see them distinctly, but very small, appearing like white dots. The road ascends to *Dunmail Raise*, a heap of large stones, said to have been placed there to record the fall of the last king of Cumberland, defeated in this place by Edmund king of the Saxons. The wall that separates Cumberland from Westmoreland is built over a part of them. I traced the extreme line of the stones, which is a semicircle nearly perfect. On many of them I observed beautiful specimens of the lichen *geographicus*. The earliest history of the world informs us of such monuments erected to the memory of the patriarchs; and what so obvious to be raised by a barbarous people, willing to perpetuate the remembrance of their forefathers, and destitute of arts? Even at this day the cottages of the north bear no small resemblance to these rude piles, as they are built without mortar. The prospect of Leathes, or Withburn water, soon after opened upon us. The rent and scarred rocks and mountains rise boldly from it. All the scenery is cheerless and naked. Here are no verdant declivities, no hanging woods, none of those beautiful accompaniments to grace its margin, that render the other lakes so lovely. Helvellyn, a solid rock of vast height, stretching magnificently from the view for many a mile, contends with Skiddaw for pre-eminence, and retains snow for many weeks longer*.

	Feet high.
* Skiddaw	3270
Helvellyn	3324
Ingleborough	3987
Whernside	4050
Snowdon in Wales	3456
Ben Lomond in Scotland	3240

Some writers however consider Ben Lomond as the most lofty mountain in the British isles.

EDITOR.

Here all was savage and desolate, mountainous and stoney—precipices and rocks thrown together in the sport of nature, in all directions. After dining at the *Cherry Tree* at Wythburn, where among other good things we feasted upon gooseberries and cream, a favourite luxury of the country, where they have little or no fruit, we walked on to the narrow green vale of Lyberthwaite, and ascended Naddle Fell to Castle Hill. The rain drove us to take shelter in a cottage, which was the abode of the most squalid and disgusting poverty. A bed, with four dirty children and their mother sitting upon it, clothed in rags, were the whole contents of this most miserable abode. Such is the specimen of the families of these wretched beings who toil in the quarries, to drink water, and earn oaten bread! Before we reached Castle Hill, we saw three fine cascades in full play, rushing down the mountains. One of them dashed from rock to rock, eleven stages from the summit. “One deep called to another” with the loud voice of the echoing torrent. Storms were sailing in various directions, some high in air, others mixed with the mountains, and the dark blue vapours they diffused seemed to block up our way, and prevent us from penetrating far beyond the point from which we observed them. Castle Hill gave us a noble view.

Keswick Vale, of large extent, consisted of pasture grounds, divided by thousands of hedges—rows of deep green, softened by distance into waving lines, that amused the eye, and were highly pleasing. Here indeed “Paradise was opened in the wild.” In the front, the whole line of Skiddaw, with his double top, was perfectly distinct. Borrowdale, to the left, was likewise clear, with his whole army of mountains thrown into disorder. The fine afternoon was singularly fortunate for this first view of Keswick, and its magnificent environs;

for Skiddaw had for several weeks before been completely enveloped in clouds; or in the language of the country, "had not pulled off his night-cap."

Walked in the evening to Crow Park, as I was very desirous to take the view described by Mr. Gray.

The sun was setting in unclouded majesty behind the opposite mountains. Skiddaw was bold and clear. The lake of Keswick was gently agitated, and spread out in a fine sheet of water, three miles in length, and two and a half at its greatest breadth. It has four principal islands, which, if left to themselves, would be picturesque enough.—The glaring buildings of Pocklington upon the principal island, deform not only the place where they stand, but marr the beauty of the whole lake. It is a reflection upon the taste, or the supineness of the county, to suffer a person to indulge his absurdity so much at the expence of simplicity and nature. The cold winds compelled us to quit the enjoyment of the prospect before described, and retire to our inn.

Aug. 11.—Walked to Rosthwaite in Borrowdale, and returned part of the way by the side of the lake; an excursion that occupied between six and seven hours of a warm bright day. Remarked two very beautiful stations, from which the lake was viewed to great advantage.—One is about a mile on the road to Lowdore house, and the other just beyond the gate that leads into the common. The lake, unruffled by the gentlest breeze, was a perfect mirror, and reflected with surprising clearness the green mountains and grey rocks, the woods, and all the objects around its margin. My expectations of the *Fall of Lowdore* had been raised very high; particularly by the account, and much more by the poetry, of my friend Richards. In many of its wide and deep-worn channels there was no water. Between Gowdar Cragg and Shuttanoer, rocks of vast

height, shaded with trees that spring from their fissures, and shoot up amid immense fragments of black and grey stone, rushed the hoarse torrent ; but small in proportion to the grand and large proportions of these rocks. The summit of Gowdar looks like the ruins of an ancient castle. It is a perpendicular bold descent from the top to the bottom, with deeply indented scars, and trees intermixed. The strong light that appeared through the opening of the two rocks, was a fine contrast to the dark fresh green of the trees, and the brown rocks. The *capacity* for a cascade is here the finest that can be imagined ; and in winter, when the waters of the river Watenlath are swelled by the mountain torrents, Lowdore must be truly grand, if not terrific.

We pursued our walk into the Gorge of Borrowdale—an awful walk ! at which there is not much reason to be surprized that Mr. Gray was intimidated. The rugged pass (for road it can hardly be called) winds with many a curve under huge and lofty rocks, of which large masses are nearly broken off, and seem as if they would, with the slightest impulse, come thundering down, and crush the traveller to atoms. But the danger that threatens from above is diminished by the objects that may be observed below, for those fragments that have fallen down, seem to have fallen a long time ago. Rocks and mountains, of every wild form the fancy can conceive, cross each other in all directions, crowd upon the eye on all sides as you advance, and you at length appear to be shut out by insurmountable barriers, from the habitations and works of mankind. This is a world of desolation, where nature seems to have established the reign of chaos, or heaped up her stores of materials, as yet useless and unserviceable. It was now noon day—the most solemn silence reigned around, only interrupted when we caught the murmurs of waterfalls,

and there were no traces of man or his labours. " 'Twas listening fear, and dumb amazement all ! " I felt the presiding spirit of Guarini, and saw the " *taciturni orrori* " in all their sublimity. I saw and measured the famous *bowdar stone*. It is the fragment of a rock, or rather a rock of a cubical form, of many thousand tons weight, that has fallen from the top of the mountains above, as is clear from a large vacant space that corresponds with it in size. It rests upon one of its points. I computed its dimensions to be sixty-six feet in length, from the extreme points, and thirty-six in height. A fine ash grows from one of its fissures, where no soil can be seen. No force or impulse less than that of an earthquake seems able to have thrown it down. Our road was carried over a precipice, that hangs boldly over the river Derwent. The stream dashes along, meandering through the vale, and reflects every object with so much distinctness, that you are no judge of its depth. The pebbles of various colours appeared like mosaic work, and every one was clearly seen at the bottom of the stream. The windings of the Derwent led us to the snug little village of Grange, situated in a sequestered vale, clothed with soft verdure, and shaded with trees—all the objects appeared minute, under these vast rocks. The peasants were busily employed in making hay—a circumstance of great relief to the mind, after the desolate scenes we had just before surveyed.

We penetrated farther into the Gorge of Bos-rowdale, till we came to Rothwaite. The road was winding, wet, or stony. The meadows, that had appeared so green and beautiful at a distance, were found to be swampy, and productive of only scanty crops of mossy hay. All the villagers, men, women, and children, were at work, spreading out the hay, using no prongs or rakes, but tossing it

about and stirring it with their hands. This lively employment was an omen of fine weather. They collected in groupes on our approach, and looked at us with that sort of surprise with which the harmless Mexicans surveyed the Spaniards, when they first landed on their shores. We sought for the famous black lead ore, when we reached the village, but they could furnish us with none. In the course of our walk, remarked a great variety of ferns, mosses, and plants, that would have afforded an abundant harvest to the botanist. On our return, we amused ourselves with rolling large masses of rock down the sides of the mountains into the river. The motion of them was extremely pleasing to behold, and the increase of their velocity, as they approached nearer to the bottom, is almost inconceivable. Of the pleasure arising from this most easy part of the labour of Sisyphus, I had no idea before the experiment was made. Near Lowdore House we took a boat, and navigated Keswick Lake, particularly on the S. W. side. By this little voyage we caught the principal beauties of all the stations described by West. The sun brought out many parts of the mountains, their crags, fissures, mossy or grassy covering, of their exact colour, not visible whilst they were in shade. The scenes of beauty, repose, and grandeur, continually varied as the boat moved along, and our glasses were of great use to vary or to enlarge the objects, to give them different tints, or to form them into small pictures.

In the evening, took a second walk in Crow Park. As the shade of evening came down the mountains, the lake was a perfect mirror. Broad shadows were spread over it, and in a short time the moon rose in cloudless majesty. Silence that inspired sweet tranquillity of mind reigned all around, and was only interrupted by the sound of

a fife from a boat, and the soft dashing of oars. The long silvery track of the boat broke the surface of the water—the track was seen, and the notes of the fife were heard, long after the boat was lost in the gloom of distance. Where was I ever present amid scenes so well adapted to the meditations of the sage, or the complaints of the lover? The soft emotion of pleasure that I felt was mingled with the recollection of far distant friends. With what rapture did their images arise to my fancy!—And *thou* who couldst awaken a still more tender idea, Mary, most lovely of thy sex, what would I not have given to have enjoyed thy company, and thus have changed this spot into a Paradise!

Aug. 12.—An agreeable day of repose after our fatigue of the preceding day. Paid a visit to *Crosthwaite's Museum*, where I was much pleased with the curiosities, and by old Crosthwaite's plain and unaffected account of them, and of himself: several antiquities found in the county—a Roman altar—an inscription; concerning its genuineness I had some doubts—a sword—and spurs—a petrified bamboo, very perfect, found in Cumberland—a species of euphorbium, indigenous in the East Indies and Africa—a petrification found in Lancashire—the Gom Gom, of terrific sound—the musical stones—and the improved Eolian harp. The hand organ, with which we were at first saluted at Crosthwaite's, always struck up as we passed the house; which is the usual compliment paid to strangers.

Went to *Hutton's Museum*, where I saw the brown eagle preserved, that was caught at the Langdale Pikes—63 different species of moss—26 of ferns—and many plants, all of which were gathered from the neighbouring mountains and rocks. Many of the mosses and ferns, in particular, were of exquisite beauty, and in good preservation.

Took the view of Keswick Lake and its environs from the *Horse-Block* at the vicarage, one of the favourite stations of Mr. Gray—it is enchanting. His timidity was ridiculous—his genius great—his taste exquisite.

In the evening, walked from Keswick on the Penrith road, to see the Druid's temple in a field to the right. The circle is nearly complete. The stones are not very large, except on the eastern side, which was the *sanctumsanctorum*. I computed the diameter at 22 yards. This is only a small Druidical chapel, when compared with Stone Henge, which is a cathedral. Walked the fourth time in Crow Park; this walk has peculiar attractions; nothing takes from the beautiful view of the lake, but Pocklington's infamous buildings. Skiddaw has been particularly kind—this is the fifth day that his summit has been free from clouds or vapour.

August 13.—Walked from Keswick to Buttermere and Cromath Lakes, and from thence crossed Cromath to see *Scale Force*: this was a journey of more than 11 hours. Saw nothing particularly striking, till we came to Newland Vale, which contains a variety of pastoral scenes: green fields all around, which run up, and are bounded by verdant mountains of great and rather dull regularity, upon which sheep were grazing in various groupings. Turning back to look at Keswick, we saw the whole of Skiddaw, and Latrigg, his *Cub*, perfectly clear. The bold waving line which their summits describe, is much more beautiful than all others in this neighbourhood; compared with them, the other mountains are lumpy and confused masses of earth, and derive their striking effect from their *combination*, rather than any beauty when *singly* considered. Whilst we reposed upon a soft bank of moss and wild flowers—the vale and great part of the lake of Keswick lay under our feet. Here we were re-

freshed amid the toil and heat of an intricate walk, by the loud murmur of a neighbouring water-fall, which, concealed in a dark green and thick wood below us, we could not catch a glimpse of—my ear told me it was no common fall. When we had got beyond Keskadale, no vestige of man or his habitations could be seen. The winding and rising road, stretched to a great distance, ran between lofty mountains of a soft, rich, and emerald verdure. They were scarcely discoloured by a single stone—but dotted with sheep, and intersected by water-falls. These scenes unite the boldness of the Highlands of Scotland with the fertility of Wales, and form a quiet and pleasing contrast to the desolate wildness of the Gorge of Borrowdale.

After climbing many an ascent, and sinking into many a vale, our eyes were at last relieved by the bright gleaming of Buttermere Lake, and soon distinctly saw Hay Rick, High Stile, and Red Pike, which hang over it.

In this country they reckon their miles by very ancient computation, for the eight miles, the reputed distance from Keswick to Buttermere, would very well pass, in the judgment of those who are accustomed to turnpike roads, for twelve. We were fatigued—but fatigue instantly quits you, when, in a country so fertile in beauty, wonder, and variety, you come in sight of the object of your excursion.

Passed by the chapel, the most humble of all the religious edifices I oversaw, and reached the public house at Buttermere. Old Mrs. Robinson, the landlady, offered her daughter, an agreeable-looking young woman, delicate in person and simple in manners, as a guide*. We were pleased with her naïvete, but declined the offer, thinking it too ar-

* The celebrated but unfortunate Mary of Buttermere.

duous a task for her to undertake. Walked through some pleasant pastures, and a grove of oaks, and went across Cromack lake. From the boat saw this lake to advantage. The expanse is bold, as it is four miles in length, and the mountains rise with much grandeur immediately from the edge of the water.

Landed on the opposite shore, and walked about a mile over loose and large stones to see *Scale Force*. The labour was amply repaid by the view of this fine cascade. The sound is heard at distance. We climbed with eagerness up the rugged and slippery sides of the rocks, and then descended to look into the grand reservoir. The cascade is deep retired between the rocks before it rushes down, and close to the place where it is received at the bottom, is the proper point of view. It makes one grand burst all foaming and sparkling, and is precipitated down a black channel into a deep gulph, from which the spray arose in a cloud. It formed a very fine curve. I guessed the descent to be 60 yards; it may be more. Its sides are covered with moss, ferns, ash and oak, of the richest verdure. The attraction of these waterfalls is very strong; here I felt it, as I had done before when I saw others upon the Brathay. I thought I never could approach near enough to hear the loud roaring of the torrent, and fill the eye with its dashing and tumultuous streams.

Buttermere lake has nothing particular to interest curiosity. Red Pike rises from its margin, and has a top that resembles the crater of a volcano. Upon the summit of another mountain that rises from its edge, there is a small lake that abounds with black trout.

On my solitary return to Keswick through Newland vale, I was struck with the singular beauty of a girl who was milking. Her eyes were dark and

sparkling,—her complexion the most delicate rose and lily—her hair waving in natural ringlets—and her voice soft and sweet. O ! Nature! how equally dost thou distribute among the sons and daughters of men, without regard to rank or fortune, the blessings of health and strength ; and that thou art equally bountiful in thy distribution of beauty, I can bring a lovely instance from the milkmaid of Newland vale.

Sunday, August 13. Went to Crosthwaite church, where was a very large congregation, and heard a good plain sermon. This is certainly a very cheap place. Mr. *Ladyman*, the pencil-maker, offered me board and lodging for 12 shillings per week. In the evening walked to see Bassenthwaite water, by the road that winds at the foot of Skiddaw. Observed with attention the first station of West. The banks of the lake are beautifully fringed with trees, and under them the expanse of water extensively diffused, meets the eye : the western mountains of Wythop Brows, covered to a vast length with rich woods, run along in a bold line from the summit down to the water. The broken and craggy rocks of Borrowdale to the south were nearly obscured in a blue mist : the setting sun gave the brightest radiance to the scene, and gilded the summit of Skiddaw, before he sunk behind the glowing mountains.

On my return, I observed a very curious phenomenon which was a subject of great surprise to me who have been so much accustomed to a flat country. The clouds came down with a slow motion from the upper regions of the air. First a large white fleecy vapour, and then several large clouds followed each other, and descended far below the mountains of Wythops, and sailed majestically along between the mountain and the vale, quite detached from any in the upper air. The vale was soon lost in mist ; and Skiddaw,

that had before been perfectly distinct, caught the clouds from above, and was soon obscured by a blue haziness, which darkened into a thick mist. The moon rose in the opposite quarter of the heavens, but seemed to give no light. All was solemn and still, as at the dead of night. I concluded that this phenomenon foreboded a storm, or change of weather, but the next day was bright sunshine.

August 15.—Quitted the Royal Oak. This inn was very full—we were good customers—but as we had no carriages nor equipage, we did not command that attention and civility we had met with elsewhere. So much company there, and so great a run upon the road, that we could not get a chaise at our own time; so we walked to Penrith, 17 miles, under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun, a hotter day I scarcely ever endured. From the hill took a lingering farewell look at the spreading and lovely vale and lake of Keswick; and the boundless ranges of mountains that rise in double, treble, and quadruple rows on all sides. Took a second peep at the vale of St. John, which did not answer the expectation raised by West. In the fields, the mowers were busily employed cutting the grass, not bending low to their work as in the south, but taking long sweeps with enormous scythes. The women were in other places spreading out and shaking the hay with their hands. The men were carrying it on horseback to their ricks—such was the repetition of the rural employment which I had seen in Oxfordshire a month before. We passed a vast and tedious length of commons and fells, without any interesting objects, except the mile-stones. Tired of the sauntering pace of my companions, I walked forward the last four miles. The beacon of Penrith was conspicuous; it stands on the top of a long and bold line of hills, and commands an extensive view towards Scotland. The ruins of the castle

of Penrith looked well by moonlight, as I entered the town. I saw them by a favourable light, as the castle is built of a reddish-coloured stone. I was not only directed, but accompanied to the Crown inn—an excellent house,—by two civil and very pretty girls, who with great naïvete told me their names, and where they lived.

Rose early in the morning, and took a sultry walk of between 5 and 6 miles to Pooley Bridge. Went after breakfast from Pooley Bridge; in a boat, nearly the whole length of Ullswater to Patterdale. My companions had raised my expectations very high with a description of the beauties of Ullswater, and the least I can say is, that I was not disappointed. This lake is 9 miles long and 2 miles broad, in the widest part, consisting of 3 grand bends in the form of an inverted S—this is the queen of the lakes. For the boldness of the Patterdale mountains, great expanse and curvature of water, and richness of some particular views, it is superior to all the others. It is irregularly wooded in some parts to the water's edge, and surmounted by Alpine hills—it resembles on that account the lakes of Switzerland, as I am told upon good authority. Dunmallet, so commended by West, is a lumpish mountain, nearly covered with firs, and bisected by a broad green road. It is like the back part of a full-dress wig. When we first began our voyage, the sun was cloudless and scorching, the lake a mirror, and the boat heated to a high degree. Dunmallet and the opposite mountains, reversed in the water, were as clearly seen as upon the shore. The description Mr. Gray has given of Ullswater, as far as it goes, is sweet and accurate; but unfortunately he did not see that part of it, upon which the accuracy of his description, and the purity of his taste, would have been most happily employed. The mountains, woods, and rocks, as

we were rowed along, rose upon the eye in the most bold and commanding majesty, not equalled by those of Windermere. After rowing from one side to the other, and taking some inferior stations, and amusing ourselves with our glasses, we came to the Matterdale side, and landed in Gowborough Park, which belongs to the Duke of Norfolk. We walked to *Lyulph's Tower*, a modern edifice built in the Gothic style with turrets and battlements. The park consists of a wild and wide range of broken mountains and vales of 2000 acres, covered in many places with wood. The numerous deer were retired to the shade, and the herds of cattle were standing half immersed in the lake to cool themselves. From the windows of the tower that look towards Patterdale, saw a prospect the most beautiful and enchanting that the eye can behold. The lake, spread wide under our feet, wound round a rocky promontory on the opposite side; on the right hand, two grand screens of hanging wood swept down to the water; then the lake opened in a wide and magnificent expanse; and the perspective was closed by Patterdale, which presented mountains of all shapes, and in all the variety of verdure, heath, and rock. This rich scene was set off by the brightest colours of the afternoon sun. The blue lake sparkled under our feet—the distant sheet of water was calm, and the strong light brought out every object to the eye.

We took another fair station at Calepot Cragg, commanding about four miles of the lake, and having Glencoin Wood as the grand front object.—This wood is delightful for its fullness and situation: it runs upon a declivity for a vast length, showing in many places a face of grey scarred rock, and then running down to the very edge of the water, in two waving lines of most exquisite beauty. The foliage was full, and of a dark greens

To the right was Lyulph's Tower, richly backed by woods; to the left, the mountains of Patterdale, bold, abrupt, and misty. After such a prospect, how little is even Blenheim, and all the tribe of *artificial* lakes, and formal parks!

In the afternoon the breeze sprung up, which was a great relief to us—the water became more lively, it sparkled in the sun, and rose in gentle waves. The white inn of Patterdale appeared on the margin of verdant meadows, as seen over the wide expanse of waters. We reached it, after having passed about nine miles of water. The window of my bedchamber commanded a fine view of the lake and mountains.

The humble village of Patterdale lies concealed beneath an army of mountains. On the south it opens to the lake of Ullswater, and the wild woods of Gowborough park, and Matteredale. Took a walk through a sweet shady lane, and passed Gold Rill Beck, a rapid and clear stream. Saw the house of Mr. Monson, a gentleman farmer, of about 800l. per annum, who is called the *king of Patterdale*. The old king's father was a great miser, wore a flapped hat tied under his chin with a handkerchief, made an agreement with his tenants to dine on certain days with them, when he played the gormand, and lived in a house no better than a barn. The present king has five or six children, is building a new house upon the site of the old one, a very charming spot; and bears an excellent character. He gave a proof of his obliging disposition, for at my request he supplied our landlady with wine for us—a luxury which Patterdale could not else have furnished. Rich in the possession of his paternal dominions, lord of all that he can survey in this sequestered vale, he has no reason to envy any monarch in Europe. If my ambition should ever soar to the splendor of royalty, I should

wish to be king of Patterdale. Crowns, sceptres, and bowing courtiers—even in times less alarming to kings than the present,—can ye give the repose and tranquillity that are to be found in Patterdale?

Whilst my *compagnon de voyage* was reclining, in the heat of the day, in the church-yard, to take a sketch of the humble church, and a remarkably fantastic yew tree, which the villagers said was 7 or 800 years old, I paid a visit to the vicarage. This was a mere cottage, in appearance and accommodations by no means equal to a peasant's in the midland counties of England. There I found the clergyman's daughter, an athletic, large woman, baking oat cakes—the whole process of making which she explained to me, with much affability. I talked of the beauty of the lakes, of which she had not the slightest conception. Her remark was, “we han't so good fish here, as they catch in the other waters.” Here I collected materials for the mournful tale of the miniature pictures.

We had seen the vicar in the morning employed in loading and carting his own hay, with his clothes off, working like a common peasant. He came by my invitation to dine with us, very well dressed. We offered him some of the king's wine, but he preferred shrub and brandy, and of them he took large potations. He told us that the Duke of Norfolk once slept at his house, and on going away gave him two guineas. He was ignorant, and very deficient even in local knowledge. Scholey was his clerk, a man of no small note in Patterdale—he quoted Latin; and was secretary, and read the newspaper, to the king. He came dressed in his best apparel, as he said, to assist his master the vicar to get home, in case the strangers should give him too warm a reception.

In the evening sauntered in Gowbrough Park:—

the road winds finely among oaks and various forest trees, close to the borders of the lake.

The next day I navigated the upper part of the lake in the king's boat for sometime, with a Scottish bride and bridegroom: I landed upon every one of the islands, from which the views were indescribably beautiful.

In the afternoon we fired the cannon, with all the powder we could procure. The report was at first not extremely loud, but it was echoed and re-echoed in such peals from rock to rock, and mountain to mountain, in front, behind and on both sides, that it seemed as if the whole mass of creation was tumbling around us. "Chaos was come again." The noise was so tremendous, harsh, and jarring, as to confound all the senses! No consideration should have induced me to repeat the experiment.

Rose at four, and walked through Kirkstone Cove to Ambleside, computed twelve miles, but certainly more. The first part of this distance was a wild Alpine pass; the road runs between rude and broken rocks that seem to climb the sky; dismal and silent, except when a torrent rushes down a precipice. Here the banditti of Salvator Rosa might have rushed out, in perfect unison with the savage scenery. On reaching the summit, a little more than midway, our eyes were relieved by catching remote glimpses of Windermere, Grasmere, Rydalwater, Esthwaite, and other lakes, gleaming in the distance. The rest of the walk was a winding, and sometimes a mossy and grassy declivity. Welcome Ambleside!—What a material breakfast we took, I well remember.

In the afternoon walked to Calgarth, and as far as the ferry at Bowness. Heard several anecdotes of the farmer *Bushop*, who is a great advocate for ecclesiastical reforms, and yet resides upon none of his preferments. In a morning, be the weather

what it may, he rides among the mountains, and converses freely with any one he meets. He has introduced many agricultural improvements, particularly by draining the meadows, where the cattle used to be mired and lost. Land that was once only worth five shillings, now lets at fifteen shillings per acre.

Saturday evening.—In my lounge heard some very good singing in the street by the young farmers, &c. rehearsing for church. They first began with psalms, in very good time, and with fine voices, in parts; they concluded with ballads and local songs; one pleased me much, it was a love-dialogue of sweet simplicity, set to a beautiful tune. The northern singing is excellent, particularly the psalmody.

Sunday afternoon.—Bright sun and very hot. Went off for Kendal. Thought of Falstaff's men in Kendal Green—a large populous town. We were told at the inn that there were seven women to a man in that place. It was dusk when we entered, so could not ascertain if it was for lack of beauty that so many were undisposed of.

Monday.—Went to Kirby Lonsdale. The town appeared dirty and the houses mean; the environs very fine. Of the river, the Lune, one cannot see too much—here its character is broad, bright, and sometimes dashing and foaming over the opposing stones. The bridge at the end of the town, of one grand arch, eminently fine, lofty, massy, and very old. The accompaniments of scenery—ground broken, and trees highly picturesque. The murmurs of the waterfalls, and the shade most delightful on so hot a day. Saw a groupe of women bathing here, & *nous osions les approcher & causer, sans la metamorphose d'Acteon*. It is a common custom in the North, as I was informed both here and at Ingleton, and at Liverpool,—Reach Ingleton.

The village stands high above the level of the river, and yet is in comparison low, being situated at the bottom of the gigantic mountain of Ingleborough. The river is a torrent full of large stones. A snug little inn, bad bed rooms, but an excellent larder, every thing good and well dressed.

Rose at two in the morning, determined to ascend Ingleborough which is computed 3987 feet high above the level of the sea, and 30 miles in circumference at its base. We had disdained the idea of ascending Skiddaw, as there were mountains so much higher in the neighbourhood. Our grand object was to see the sun rise from the top. Our guide, an old soldier, carrying a basket, and provided with a pole. Our basket filled with all the eatables and drinkables that our good landlady supplied. With all her domestiques, she was up to see us set off. Over many a bed of moss, and along many a winding path, we slowly ascended. Ascent it did not seem—for, strange deception! the summit of the mountain appeared higher after we had walked the first mile or two. Heard the moor game, but saw none. Had no proper idea of the height till we got a considerable way up. The distance seemed to mock our steps: we were deceived by the appearance of various summits, as we took an oblique view. At length we ran up the real one, it was quite flat, and is a mile in circumference. There are sometimes races upon it. The twilight solemn grey—the dawn of day, a kind of dusky light. The sun rose tolerably clear; in this we were extremely fortunate. It absolutely seemed to create all objects from a chaotic mass of water-looking vapour.

“ Then shine the hills, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts through all the skies.”

To the west was a broad magnificent expanded prospect of the Irish sea, Lancaster, the bay, the

peak of Fouldry, Warton Cragg, vallies, rivers resembling veins of quicksilver; lakes, promontories, rocks, coming forward out of the mist, as the sun gradually touched them. Could not see the Isle of Man, as we were told we should, although we had good glasses. The other sides were blocked up by vast piles of ugly fells. Whernside appeared higher than the mountain upon which we stood. At this we were sorry. On our return observed a number of plants, particularly the ladies slipper, and various orchises and mosses. We were upwards of six hours on this excursion.

Walked in the afternoon to see Yorda's Cave, in the vale of Kingsdale. In our way saw a very grand cascade, called Thornton Force. The river comes dashing down from some high rocks, perhaps 50 or 60 feet perpendicular. Another part steals through a subterraneous passage: they at length unite in a large, deep, foaming bason at the bottom. We walked up the river, clambering along as well as we could. The slate rocks that border the river, appear like the ruins of an aqueduct, rather than an effect of nature.

Came to the source of the river, issuing from the rocky hills: drank its pure water with peculiar pleasure. Walked through a valley three or four miles long, shut in on all sides by vast mountains; it was the vale of Abyssinia! Here we saw a new mountain, with a fine rough name, something like Garagantua: Every thing was silent, solemn, solitary. No man, no cot, no sheep, no cascade, no smoke, which is a pleasing and a frequent object among mountains. We at last reached the giant Yordas's cave. It was dismal to look at, and gloomy or black to enter. We could see no height on entering, with all the lights we were furnished with. When you are entered, it strikes you as an immense cathedral in ruins. It is fifty or more yards

long. There is the bishop's throne, and the chapter house, so called from this resemblance. It is of solid black rock, moist and damp with the water continually oozing from above. From the top of the chapter house, formed of high and grotesque pillars, falls a cascade with a thundering and rushing noise. We had no curiosity to proceed any farther, as every place was damp and besmeared with slime and mud. In variety of horrors, however, this is not equal to the devil's cave in Derbyshire.

On our return, gathered the fly-catcher, and various other curious plants.

Reached Hornby, and explored the castle. It stands upon an abrupt bold steep. Ingleborough is here thrown into an uncommonly fine point of distance, very commanding in aspect, and very blue. It is Pelion piled upon Ossa.

Painters are certainly right, in giving so much of the cerulean to their mountains.

Reached Lancaster to dinner. The road runs through a most delightful passage. The placid transparent Lune gives beauty to every part of this sweet country. White cottages, clumps of trees, swellings and sinkings of the bosom of the earth, verdant and gay, diversify the whole. About two miles short of Lancaster, took Mr. Gray's fine view, and saw others equally as fine. Passed under the grand aqueduct, and reached this ancient handsome town.

No occurrence worth notice now enriched my journal; and at four o'clock, on Sunday, August 28, saw the bright star of morning shining over Magdalen Tower, as my carriage approached Oxford.

The dullness of the long vacation harmonized with my feelings of languor. Welcome sleep and repose, after the heat and the fatigue of a burning month, and an uninterrupted journey of a day and two nights!

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I. It is not merely one lake or one mountain that makes an impression, but the general face of the country, so different to the flat parts of England, particularly Norfolk, Suffolk, Hants, Essex, &c.

II. Mountains ought to be *distant*, to constitute picturesque beauty.

III. I do not say that many of the prospects, from the multiplicity of the component parts, and the point of view from whence taken, were proper subjects for the *pencil*; but they were highly *pleasing* to the *eye*, which is delighted to *embrace* a vast whole, and then *rove* from one object to another.

IV. The mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland are lumpy, and are not defined by beautiful lines. None pleased me so much as Skiddaw and the Langdale pikes.

V. The healthy looks, and cheerful and free conversation, of the peasants of the North, who feed on milk and oaten cakes, convince me that the necessary satisfactions and purest pleasures of life are not confined to the opulence of cities or the bustle of crowds.

VI. I saw some things, and those very fine, which, I believe, West has omitted: *Scale Force*, for instance, the falls of the *Brathay*, *Ingleborough*, and *Yordas' Cave*.

VII. The frugal diet, mean abodes, and the cheerfulness, of the peasants in this country, may serve to inspire content. The magnificent scenes of nature thrown around, wherever you go, convey proper ideas of the power of the Great Author of nature. These scenes are calculated to enlarge the faculties of the soul, and to raise them above the vanity and littleness of man and his works.—They associate well with the most sublime ideas of the mind, with liberty, with Heaven, and with Eternity



TOUR THROUGH

WALES,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1805,

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAD long been desirous of visiting the romantic beauties of Wales, both on the score of health and pleasure; and having fortunately found some friends of a congenial disposition, who offered facilities and advantages not often enjoyed by tourists, in their society I engaged to spend a few weeks, in travelling through the principality.

From my Journal, which was written at considerable length on the spot, as objects and incidents occurred; I now give a compressed account of our Tour, which at least has the merit of being the most recent that has been published relative to Wales; and at the same time, from the route we took, embraces a pretty extensive field for observation and remark. The limits, however, to which the nature of this work restricts me, will not allow of long details, and much novelty can be scarcely expected on ground so often beaten; yet, as I have painted entirely from the seeing of my own eyes and the feelings of my own heart, I hope the following pages will not be wholly uninteresting.

They who wish for more particular information on the localities of Wales, may consult Bingley, Barber, Malkin, and Pratt; as well as the tours of Wyndham, Sullivan, and Skrine, given in the preceding volumes. The latter was a general tourist in the principality, and will properly supply what is wanting to complete the present sketch, which is offered as an humble tribute of respect to a generous and indulgent public.

In an open carriage, with two gentlemen and a lady, the wife of one of them, attended by a servant, on Monday, July 8, at an early hour, left Woodstock, a town which, with its accompaniments, possesses more attractions than almost any other place in this kingdom. The magnificence of Blenheim as a pile of building, the very valuable pictures it contains, the beauty of the grounds and water, the variety and extent of the park, are all calculated to engage attention, and annually draw thousands of visitors to the spot.

Near the extremity of Blenheim Park on our left, crossed the Akeman Street, part of whose remains we saw close to the road, which it once intersected—when Ditchley woods, Glympton and Kiddington woods opening in succession, gave a richness to the scenery, which belongs in a peculiar manner to this district of Oxfordshire.

The road towards Kiddington is carried along the top of a gentle hill for upwards of a mile, resembling a terrace, with beautiful views of pendant oaks on the opposite steep. The estate formerly belonged to the ancient family of Browne, a branch of the Brownes, Viscounts Montague; but the male line in both being extinct, in right of his mother, the heiress of Sir George Browne, Bart. and relict of Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart. of Talacre, it is now the

property of her second son, Charles Browne Mostyn, Esq.

Reach Enstone, a neat post town, or rather village, where the water-works, named from Henrietta, queen of Charles I. detained us a few minutes; and they are no bad specimen of the taste of the period when *jets d'eau* were in fashion. The earl of Shrewsbury's elegant seat at Heythrop, appears to advantage amidst the general sterility of the scene, which now prevailed till we reached Chipping-Norton, a large and respectable market town, but most bleakly situated, and containing no structure worthy of observation, except the church, which is a truly superb pile.

From this place, we took the road towards Stow on the Wold, passing the plantations of Mr. Lee, at Addlestrop, chiefly composed of Scotch fir and larch, which appear very thriving and luxuriant. On ascending the next eminence, we had an agreeable view of that gentleman's house on one side, and of governor Hastings's, at Dailesford, on the other: nothing can be more elegantly disposed than the seat and grounds of that illustrious character, and the taste and magnificence with which the mansion is fitted up is truly grand.

The governor is now sinking into the vale of years, but possesses all his faculties entire.

The weather was lowering; but during the dog days, an obscuration of the sun could not be unpleasant for travellers. The succession of showers, however which had fallen during the last fortnight, had evidently injured the hay, large quantities of which lay in the fields. The corn of all kinds and the rising turnips looked promising: and on such objects as are connected with the prosperity of the country, I kept a constant eye, which will explain the frequency of my georgical observations. Indeed, mine may in some measure be considered as

an agricultural tour; for the face of the country and the situation of the people every where engaged my attention. I was not indeed insensible to picturesque beauty, but I regard it as a secondary consideration: the state of the natives, their improvements or neglects, appear to me of infinitely greater consequence to be attended to, as being most useful to the reader.

Breakfasted at Stow on the Wold; an ordinary market town in Gloucestershire, very bleak and exposed; but enjoying a pure air, and commanding very extensive views. It is wholly destitute of springs, and one of the common necessities of life, and almost the only one that is commonly untaxed and gratuitous, particularly in the country, here costs considerable sums.

The Coteswold breed of sheep is seen in large flocks on the hills in this district of Gloucestershire; and they appear excellently adapted to the situation. From the neat bowling-green belonging to the Unicorn inn at Stow, we had a distant view of Spring Hill, the seat of the earl of Coventry, which stands in a naked and sterile country, though its appearance is improving, by the number of new plantations that are rising round it.

Maugersbury, the seat of the Chamberlaynes, about a mile from Stow, overlooks a rich and populous vale, and commands a pleasing prospect of distant hills, and of the sylvan honours of Whichwood forest, which last is seen from almost every part of Stow and its environs.

Proceeding on our journey, pass Lower Swell, an agreeable village. In this direction, the Coteswold hills present a succession of dips and elevations, which diversify the scenery very agreeably. Near the sweetly sheltered village of Elyford, the wild rose, *rosa canina*, covered the hedges with its native blossoms in unusual abundance. Stone

walls, however, prevail in this elevated track, which increased the sterile appearance of the soil. The crops here are chiefly oats and barley, which in wet seasons are extremely productive. In one place on the Coteswolds, five oxen yoked at length were ploughing up a light field where the turnips had failed; and a little farther six oxen in couples, and another as a leader, were drawing two united harrows over some turnips just sown, though a pair of oxen would have been sufficient for either task. What a waste of expence and of strength! Ash trees appear to flourish on the Coteswolds.

Pass Nauntou, a charmingly sequestered village; and soon after caught a view of Guiting Grange, formerly the residence of the lively and ingenious Powell Snell, Esq. The small deer-park, and the trees round the house, give a cultivated aspect to the spot, when contrasted with the general sterility. After this, the country becomes naked and uninviting, with very few objects to attract the eye, till we open a dell that leads to Dodeswell, one of the sweetest villages in the kingdom, and the point of all others which a man of taste and fortune would select for his residence. It is sheltered from the cold by hills covered with trees, and commands a delightful landscape over the spacious and fertile vale of Gloucester, bounded by the Monmouthshire hills, on which, at this time, a thick haze hung, and concealed part of their beauty.

Here we leave the Coteswold hills, and make a rapid descent to Cheltenham. Met numerous belles and beaux on horseback, who were taking a sauntering ride to Dodeswell, the favorite airing road with the visitors of the Spa. Every thing now declared that we were approaching one of the haunts of fashion; and within two or three miles of Cheltenham, carriages of every description appeared in rapid succession. Among them we recognized those

belonging to the Earl of Kenmare and Lord Belmore. The family of the former were well known to my companions, and are said to be very amiable; but this was not a time for greetings and salutations: it is polite not to see, when you are not expected to be seen.

In the vicinity of Cheltenham the soil is naturally rich; and it receives every assistance from art. Numerous snug boxes are yearly rising as far as the pleasant village of Charlton Kings, which will probably soon connect with this great inland place of resort; round which, at the distance of three or four miles, except towards Gloucester, where the country is open, the hills present a bold, and in places an abrupt front, in others they are feathered with wood from top to bottom. Loose sands render the environs of Cheltenham unpleasant for walking; and the air, from its being confined by the neighbouring hills, is often sultry and oppressive; yet the situation is sufficiently salubrious; and the waters possess very active virtues, particularly in bilious and scorbutic complaints. Hence East and West Indians, who have amassed fortunes, but sapped their constitutions, no sooner return to England, than they hasten to the Spa, and frequently recover comfortable health.

We put up at the Plough Inn and Hotel, which, like the greatest part of the town, is a new creation. Indeed, within the last twenty years this place has so changed its aspect and enlarged its bounds, that a person who knew it formerly, if dropt down into one of its streets at the present period, would be at a loss to say where he was. We found the inn very full; but were fortunate enough to obtain a sitting-room, and to secure lodgings for the night.

After dinner took a walk to the well, but found few people on the walks, which are lined with row of the most flourishing elms, whose umbrageous

tops uniting, resemble the long aisles of a Gothic cathedral. At the upper end of this fine vista the old well is situated, with a long room on one side, and a corresponding building let out into shops on the other. The new well at a small distance, discovered by Dr. Jameson, the resident physician, seems already to have acquired almost as much reputation as the original spring; but when I mentioned the subject to Mrs. Forty, the aged priestess of the Spa, she appeared jealous of the new rival, and used some expressions which marked her predilection. All this is extremely natural; and if my wishes could be heard, they would be, "that she might long continue to preside over her favorite spring, and to dispense in her rummers the blessings of health!" One great advantage, however, has resulted from Dr. Jameson's discovery; there is no longer a scarcity of water, and 2000 persons may receive their daily quota, without the risk of disappointment or quarrelling about a glass of water, as I have known to be the case.

The house of the master of the ceremonies, a new edifice, not far from the wells, displays much taste, but the situation is low and damp. Admired the new theatre, which does credit to the place, and to honest Jack Watson the proprietor, as worthy and as original a character as ever lived.

Cheltenham, though much resorted to by all ranks, is certainly overbuilding itself. In every quarter we saw unfinished houses.

As travellers, we were unwilling to take the trouble of attending the dress-ball; but drank tea with an agreeable family of our acquaintance, and returned to our inn about nine o'clock. Here a lord, who was known to some of the party, interchanged compliments with them; and probably in consequence we found our bill swelled, as if we too had been of the patrician order. It is perhaps ill

policy to make a show of consequence at inns, or to appear known to great people; a tax on this kind of vanity is always levied by landlords, and who can complain when the cause produces its natural effect?

Intending next day to reach Monmouth, we were up by five o'clock. The morning was foggy, and our prospects as far as Gloucester were limited to near objects. This road is flat, and execrably bad, though it is a frequent drive with the visitors of the Spa.

The soil between Cheltenham and Gloucester is generally a rich loam, bedded in clay. The prevailing crops are, wheat, beans mixed with peas, and some barley.

At Haydon Elm, we noticed a singular but neat summer-house, erected by the road-side on the top of a lowleafy elm, to which we were told company from Cheltenham frequently resort to drink tea and stare about them. On the left towards Gloucester, Chosen Hill, crowned with a church, makes a conspicuous figure; and beyond this, Robin Hood's Hill in like manner rises into a sudden eminence from the surrounding champaign.

A mile from Gloucester passed through the village of Wooton; and here that city may be said to commence, as neat boxes line the way at intervals between them. Drove to the Bell inn, where we breakfasted about seven o'clock; and, while our horses were baiting, took a perambulation of the city, though it was no novelty to any of us. It is a clean and not ill-built place, with the four principal streets meeting at right angles, on the highest ground which the site occupies. This not only gives it a regular appearance, but promotes ventilation, and consequently health. The cathedral is universally and deservedly admired. The prison is a stately pile, erected with the best intentions, but with

the worst effects, on the plan of Howard, whose gloomy ideas were transferred to every thing where he had any influence. Howard has rendered many of our prisons more horrible by seclusion than they were before; and Rumford, by his *philosophical* chimneys, is likely to destroy the comforts of our fire-sides. When will reformers and sciolists meet with that contempt which they deserve!

Leaving Gloucester, we passed over a causeway, not less than a mile in length, with several bridges, for the different branches of the Severn. Rich meadows accompanied our progress. After passing the village of Over, we came in sight of Highnam, the delightful seat of Sir William Guise, Bart. built by Inigo Jones, whose stile of architecture is very perceptible here. May Hill and Huntley Hill begin to appear in front. Wheat, beans, and natural grass are the common produce of this track. A few miles from Gloucester the soil changes to a reddish sandy loam, which continues to Ross. In many places the road is cut through rocks of the same colour with the soil.

On the left, skirted the forest of Dean; and passing Huntley, a pretty considerable village, began to ascend the hills, and to enter a defile between them, where they opened and shut into each other with easy and elegant swells and recesses, scarcely allowing the traveller to guess the direction of the road for a quarter of a mile together. Great quantities of fox-glove grows here, and we observed this beautiful plant through the whole, or by far the greater part, of our tour through Wales. What Providence has so widely disseminated, must be intended for the service of man; and yet it is not long since it was introduced into medicine; and even now its use and application are but imperfectly understood.

The views, from the nature of the ground, were confined to the scenery immediately beneath the eye. Much wood grows here, but chiefly of the coppice kind. The prevailing species, oak, ash, and hazel, large quantities of which are cut annually and charred for the iron furnaces in the vicinity. Hence we meet with so little timber in this district. Wheat, barley, and natural grass, continued to prevail; but we observed neither saintfoin nor turnips between Gloucester and Ross. We met, however, several teams of oxen yoked two and two with bows, drawing very heavily laden carts. The manner of yoking these poor animals is rude and barbarous; but on expostulating with one of their drivers, who seemed to have as few ideas as his cattle, on the cruelty and folly of the practice, he asked, "Hoow else shoud thay be yoaked? Wee always uses 'em soa, and it doesena hurt 'em."

Extensive woods open to the left of Ross, and the beautiful spire of its church is visible a mile before we reach the town, the approach to which on this side is flat and little interesting; though some villages on the road-side are not destitute of beauty, and, being built with a reddish stone, have a singular and not unpleasing effect.

Drove up to the King's Arms Inn, and were much diverted by the attention which our carriage attracted; for we were followed by all the men, women, and children, in the streets; an evident proof there is little travelling and less novelty in this place,

Here dwelt the man of Ross. O trav'ler ! here
 Departed merit claims the rev'rend tear.
 Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
 With gen'rous joy he view'd his modest wealth.

It is impossible to reflect on the amiable character of Kyrle, who has gained the honourable ap-

pellation of the Man of Ross, without feeling the best emotions of the human heart excited; nor can a mind of any sensibility eye the spot which was the scene of his virtuous labours, without wishing to deserve the praise of beneficence. Several works and endowments at this place still attest his charity, and the prudent use he made of the humble means he possessed. To do good, a splendid fortune is less wanting than a proper disposition.

Walked round the church-yard, which, though it did not answer the sanguine expectations we had formed of the scenery it commands, from the hyperbolical descriptions we had read, still must be confessed to enjoy an extensive and sweetly varied landscape. From this spot we looked down on the meandering Wye, whose banks here possess no picturesque beauty, and over a fine woodland scene of bounding hills.

The weather appearing favourable for an aquatic excursion, we engaged a pleasure-boat to carry us down the romantic Wye, to Monmouth, a course of twenty-five miles, and sent our carriage by the regular road, which is somewhat less than ten.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we embarked, and rowed down the stream; for the use of a sail was proscribed, on account of the danger from eddying winds; and indeed had any fears mixed with our sensations, enjoyment must have been very imperfect, and diminished the pleasure which this navigation is so well calculated to inspire: for how can words do justice to the majesty and beauty of the scenes which alternately or in rapid succession disclosed themselves in our progress! I must, however, attempt to say something; not from any vain hope that I am capable of exceeding or even equaling what has been written by others on the subject, but because I wish to describe every thing in my own words, and from my own feelings.

On embarking, the spire of Ross church proudly towering over the trees that line the cemetery, makes a conspicuous object; while the houses that are built on the descending slope to the river, though not remarkable for their beauty or elegance, have something of a picturesque effect. Opposite are the ruins of Wilton castle, now converted into a dwelling-house. It was formerly the seat of the Greys, Barons of Wilton, who through a long and honourable line, distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

At this point, and for three or four miles lower down, the banks of the river are neither bold nor varied, and only rich meadows occupy the foreground; but in the distance, hills, woods, seats, and spires enliven the scene. The Wye soon bends, and we quickly pass Wilton bridge, whose key-stones lock into each other in a curious zig-zag manner.

We now entered on delightful sylvan scenery, while the river appears land-locked at short distances, every reach presenting some new variety; but the banks continue tame, and exhibit only a reddish loam.

Pass a ferry; and on the left, Goodrich Castle soon opens, and begins to display its ruined towers, on a bold elevation feathered with trees. On the right is Pencraig, proudly seated on an eminence; and Germany House, the situation and accompaniments of which do credit to the taste and fortune of its proprietor.

Approach Goodrich Castle, opposite to which the Wye forms a noble bay; while the steep and woody bank on which the castle stands gives a sublimity to the ruins themselves. Here, by an instantaneous movement, we united in desiring the boatmen to halt, that we might contemplate the

beauty of the scene at leisure. Not satisfied with this, we landed at the ferry-house on the right, a very agreeable spot, and much resorted to by the inhabitants of Ross; and having put our rowers in good humour by giving them some refreshment, we sent two of them forwards with the vessel, while under the guidance of the third we scrambled up the hill to the castle, whose origin it seems defies antiquarian research; but which, after witnessing many a storm, during the time it remained in the successive possession of the Marshalls, the Valences, and the Talbots, was at last totally ruined and dismantled by order of the Parliament in 1646. The site is now the property of Mrs. Griffin; and we were pleased to observe, that some care is taken to preserve the still splendid remains from wanton dilapidation. The building forms a square of about 150 feet, or 600 feet in circumference, with a strong turret at each angle; and having a deep trench cut out of the solid rock on every accessible quarter, it must have once been capable of making a good defence.

Not far from this, on the same side of the Wye, the seat of Mrs. Clarke, an old maiden lady, nearly 90 years of age, was indicated to us. She is lineally descended from the same stem with the Man of Ross, and possesses all the beneficence that adorned her illustrious relative. Of her charities and liberality we heard some splendid and praiseworthy instances. Such characters do honour to human nature. When will wealth and rank learn to dignify themselves by virtue, and such an amiable example be no longer solitary, or an object of wonder!

Land round Ross lets high; but about Goodrich and its vicinity, it is scarcely on an average more than 20 shillings per acre. Ox teams are not unfrequent here, not so much in consequence

of the superior advantages attending them, as from custom and habit. A prejudice against these valuable animals indeed seems never to have existed here; or we should scarcely expect that it would have given way, while it remains so strong in districts, where there are many evidences of a more improved mode of cultivation.

Having examined the remains of the prison, the chapel, the hall, and the keep, we bade a reluctant adieu to this enchanting spot, and walked down to our boat, which was waiting for us below the Priory farm, where we observed crosses erected as the ornaments of barns, and other sculptures about the dwelling-house, which undoubtedly belonged to the old but little noticed religious establishment, called Flanesford in the Monasticon. Its situation must have been truly delightful.

In the space of half a mile passed through the three several counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, and Hereford, which are all said to unite lower down, at a single rock in the river, near Cold Well.

The scenery now began to grow more sylvan and picturesque than before, and the banks of the river more lofty and precipitous. The upper stratum appeared to be limestone, from the number of kilns scattered round, under which was a reddish stone adapted for building. Cottages erected casually in the most picturesque manner, here and there cover the steep, and give an animation and interest to the scenery: for what real pleasure can arise from the contemplation of wild nature, however inviting her features, if the abodes of men and the comforts of society are excluded? Here we had the satisfaction to find that the poor man easily finds a site on which to build, and that he is allowed to enjoy the fruits of his industry and application; and surely it is a narrow policy in the public or in

individuals, to keep wastes and forests unproductive and uninhabited. Agriculture is the only certain wealth, and men the only real power of states. Our laws, however, lay heavy taxes and restrictions on the one, and do little to encourage the increase of the latter.

Pass an iron-work called Bishop's Wood furnace, and observe several pigs of iron, ready to be conveyed to the barges. The reach of water in which we were now sailing appeared land-locked, by a hill thickly dotted with cottages, but it soon opened again, and exhibited new and not less attractive features.

In this track, and the same practice indeed prevails wherever mines abound, the wood is cut and charred every twelve years: hence, where the soil is favourable for vegetation, there is a constant softness and delicacy in the foliage and tendrils which wave round the rocks, in the most fantastic but enchanting style, or cover the surface of the earth with a profusion of verdure.

At the sequestered village of Lidbrook, we saw several coal-barges, a wharf and rail-road, and learned that the pits were at no great distance. Indeed the people here have a peculiar look, which belongs to mining tracks; and much as we were charmed with the inanimate objects, there was something repulsive in the appearance of the natives in general, who line the banks of the Wye. Children of nature, they are ignorant of refinement, and of that soft charm which polished manners is capable of throwing even over immoral actions. Not that the morals of these are more pure than in more frequented haunts; but that to all the bad propensities of our kind they superadd a want of decency in their excesses.

A little lower down on the right stands Court-Field, an ancient pile, with an artificial ruin above;

belonging to a branch of the Vaughan family, who trace their pedigree from a Wallian prince that lived thirteen centuries ago, and was cotemporary with the renowned British prince Arthur. Here the illustrious Henry V. who was born at Monmouth, is said to have been put to nurse, under the care of the countess of Salisbury. When an infant, it seems he was weak and sickly, and this situation having the advantage of a pure and open air, was chosen with great propriety for his residence. One of the apartments in Court-Field still preserves the appellation of the King's chamber.

Lower down in the same parish, stands the church of Welch Bicknor, so called to distinguish it from another Bicknor on the opposite side of the river, about two miles below; and situated in Gloucestershire. The church of Welch Bicknor is one of the smallest I have ever yet seen; but it is neat, and most delightfully situated. Belonging to it is a chalice bearing the date of 1176, on which much antiquarian lore has been expended; but I much doubt if the year and its real age correspond.

From the vicinity of this spot, which was enlivened by groupes of hay-makers, among whom we thought we could recognise the parson of the parish, or perhaps the curate, setting his flock a laudable example of industry, we had a charming retrospective view of that part of the forest of Dean which is bounded by the Wye; and sailing down the stream amidst a succession of beauties, which it would be useless to enumerate, approach English Bicknor, as it is termed, where a conical triangular mount seemed to forbid our farther progress, and formed a noble termination to the reach before us.

As we advance, the scenery now becomes more sublime, and amidst the abrupt and amphitheatric cliffs at Coldwell, we pause to contemplate the majesty of nature. Here the mouldering perpen-

dicular rocks, which assume the most fantastic forms, are clothed with a profusion of pendent foliage, and exhibit such a delicacy and variety of tints, that no efforts of art, even in miniature, can equal. Poor indeed are the works of man compared with the surrounding objects! In some places, rocks of immense magnitude appear to have been detached from their native beds, and now repose in the stream; while others are constantly threatening a fall, and look as if ready to crush the humble cottages below, the inhabitants of which, from their position, can never see the cheering rays of the sun, for at least four months in winter. At Coldwell we had completed half our course, and at this point it is usual to refresh.

Resuming our voyage, we continued to wind round Copet-hill, amidst such awful and majestic scenery that no pen can describe, no pencil can paint it to effect. At Symonds Gate Rocks, near the bend of the river, all that can agitate or astonish seems to enter into the composition of the scene.

Reach the ferry called Hunts-holm Rope, which by water is no less than seven miles from Goodrich ferry, though scarcely one by land. At this point the banks become low and verdant for some way; but hills of majestic size bound the near distance.

Pass Old Forge, where the river begins to wind again, and returns on the back of Symonds Gate Rocks, which have been already noticed. Reach Whitechurch, a village which contains in itself every charm that can delight the lovers of sequestered nature. The church on the verge of the stream is a very picturesque object.

Doward hill, on the right, is sweetly sprinkled with cottages; but from what we heard, they are not all the abodes of innocence and simplicity. The

scenery in this reach is still extremely grand, but it is less sublime than in the preceding.

In some places, as we approach the New Wear, the softer parts of the rocks being corroded by the hand of time, or washed away by the rains, what remains of them might be taken for architectural ruins. As we come down on the New Wear, which is about four miles from Symonds Gate Rocks, though the intervening promontory is only half a mile across, the river, which for some space, has spread out into a broader sheet, makes a sudden fall, and we passed through a lock erected on the left of the stream, not without some alarm, though probably without any real danger. It is impossible, however, to view the surrounding scenery without impressions of awe. Heavy masses of rocks rise perpendicularly from the water, here and there shaded with trees, which give a "browner horror" to the flood, while the cottages that seem to nestle under impending rocks, the ironworks in the vicinity, the coracles* flying backwards and forwards

* The fishery here, which belongs to Mr. Partridge, of Monmouth, is wholly carried on by means of *coracles*, a very ancient kind of British vessel, broad at one end and rounded at the other, and only large enough to contain a single person. Its use seems now to be in a great measure confined to the Wye, and to some of the rivers in South Wales. It is composed of a slight frame of wicker-work round the edges, and of bent laths, intersecting each other in the body, covered with pitched canvas. It has a cross bench or seat, and is so light, that the owner can throw it over his shoulder, or place it inverted on his head, and carry it from place to place; of which we saw several instances in this navigation. Indeed, it is wonderful to observe the dexterity with which the fisherman manages it, by means of a paddle; and it is still more wonderful, when we consider its flimsy texture, that any person can feel secure in such a vehicle, in deep and sometimes rapid rivers. Yet notwithstanding its fragile appearance, it is recorded that an adventurous fellow, for a wager, once navigated a coracle from the New Wear, as far as Lundy,

on the stream, the idea of seclusion from the rest of the world, and the prevailing silence, which is only occasionally broken by discordant sounds, all unite to produce in the reflecting mind, such mingled sensations as would be difficult to analyze or explain.

Proceeding on our voyage, sylvan swelling banks accompany us for some way, when the full-orbed moon, beginning to skirt the horizon, tinted with her silver rays every projecting mass, and threw a deeper shade on the cavities and recesses of the rocks. Nothing indeed could be more beautiful and serene than the evening, and every circumstance combined to give full effect to the charming views that surrounded us.

All was hush'd ;
Save ever and anon the thundering stroke
That beats the fiery mass, while upwards rise
The smoky volumes, sparkling through the air.

Between the New Wear and Monmouth, the Wye continues to present a variety of new attractions, but the prevailing character of the scenery is softer and gradually less sublime. In the immediate vicinity of the Wear indeed, the rocks possessing a limestone quality, are more grotesque and fantastic than before ; some of them appearing like

island, at the mouth of the British Channel. In this voyage he spent a fortnight ; and had not the weather been fine, he must inevitably have fallen a martyr to his teakery. On his return, he was received with as many congratulations by his acquaintances, as if he had performed the circumnavigation of the globe ; and indeed the danger he incurred was much greater. The coracle used formerly to be made of leather, or at least covered with it, whence it is supposed to have derived its name.

The principal kinds of fish caught in the Wye, are salmon, grayling, trout, perch, eels, salmon-pinks, chub, dace, &c. : we were told that it did not furnish pike.

the ruins of once magnificent castles, particularly towards Doward, which furnishes a charming contrast with the rich and beautiful enclosures at Hadnock on the opposite bank. At a place called Martin's Pool, the river is of great depth, and has scarcely any visible motion; while the deep umbrage on the banks, rendered the spot still more gloomy and solemn.

Pass the Lays-house, the elegant seat of Stephen Attlay, Esq. commanding the most enchanting views, and yet occupying a sweetly sheltered situation.

The Cymin hills, on the left of Monmouth, now begin to open, and sailing amidst verdant meadows sloping to the water, we approach the turnpike road, where the river making an abrupt bend to the left, changes the sylvan hill which formed the foreground, into a delightful side screen, that accompanies our passage a considerable way.

Hadnock-house, the seat of the late Dr. Griffin, and built by an admiral of the same name, now appears in sight. It stands on the brow of one of those projecting eminences which bound the Wye, and possesses every charm that wood and water in their happiest distribution can bestow.

Not far below, on the opposite bank, stands the poor parish-church of Dixon, which in high floods is surrounded, and has more than once been in danger of being swept away by the water. We were informed that as the hero of the Nile was passing this place in a boat about three years ago, in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, during the time of divine service, the news being communicated to the assembled congregation by the firing of some guns, they all rushed out of church, and left their astonished pastor, in order to have a glance at the defender of their country.

From Hadnock, a straight reach of nearly two miles, terminated by Monmouth bridge, conducts

to that town, amidst verdant woods and gently sloping banks, replete with rural scenery. It was nearly ten o'clock when we landed, which made this delightful voyage about seven hours, and it is impossible that the same space could have been filled with more interesting and commanding objects.

Our boatmen having attended us to the Beaufort Arms, took their leaves; and being ushered into an excellent room, and finding beds bespoke by the servant, who had arrived long before us, we soon sat down to an excellent supper, in which the delicate fish, called here a sewin, formed a principal dish; and having gained good appetites, more ordinary fare would have been relished. An agreeable young lady of the neighbourhood, a friend of Mrs. —'s, being apprised of her coming, favoured us with her company; and though we made the evening rather long, considering the early hour to which we limited our starting next morning, every thing was so pleasant that we disregarded sleep, and forgot the lapse of time.

The beams of the rising sun darting in at my chamber windows, and the soft serenity of the sky giving the fallacious promise of a fine day, I started from bed at five o'clock, and being joined by Mr. F. we took a walk round Monmouth, an ancient and respectable town, situate at the conflux of the Wye and Munnow, whence it derives its name. Most of the houses are white-washed, a practice which is general in this part of the kingdom, and which gives some degree of neatness and animation to buildings in themselves scarcely worthy of notice.

Of the castle, where Henry V. was born, very little now remains; but with a laudable pride the inhabitants have erected the statue of this great prince in front of the Town-hall, a very handsome structure, surmounted with a large gilt vane in

form of a ship. The church is likewise a noble pile.

The situation of Monmouth is extremely pleasant, amidst an amphitheatre of hills, which bound it at a moderate distance. Very little trade is carried on here; and hence the natives possess only a mediocrity of fortune, and are satisfied with moderate accommodations.

Walked down to the bridge over the Wye, an ancient pile of six large arches, with sharp projecting piers, well adapted for the impetuous stream, whose fury they were formed to withstand. A number of coracles were lying on the banks, of which we took some measurements and drawings. From hence we traced the Wye both above and below to some distance, and though its features are here mild, compared with what we had seen yesterday, they are uniformly charming. About a mile and a half each way from the bridge, the hills seem to close, and the water is lost behind them.

We had it originally in contemplation to continue the navigation of the Wye to Chepstow, and to visit Tintern Abbey; but this plan was given up, from an anxiety to reach the principality as soon as possible, and to devote as much time as could be spared, to an examination of its various romantic beauties.

In conformity to these views, we recommenced our journey about seven, and took the road to Lanarth, the seat of Mr. Jones, with whom some of the party were well acquainted, and where it was intended to breakfast. Lanarth indeed stands at the distance of less than a mile from the regular road to Abergavenny; and having a ready communication with it, both advancing and retiring, we could not possibly have fixed on a more convenient place to halt at; and as circumstances fell out, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves on our

good fortune, in having such an introduction to its worthy possessors.

After leaving Monmouth, we passed the curious old bridge over the Munnow, with an antique gateway over its centre; and gradually ascending the hill, surveyed with impressions of rapture the scenery in the vicinity of the town we had left, which, charmingly diversified as it is in itself, received an additional charm from the brilliancy of the morning sun, and the happy manner in which the light and shade fell on objects. Many seats are advantageously planted round; among the rest, Troy-house, the once splendid mansion of the Dukes of Beaufort, now inhabited by tenants. On comparing this sweet situation with the country round Badmington, in Gloucestershire, the favourite residence of the family, we were struck with astonishment that the latter should have gained a preference. But the fact is, travellers are very inadequate judges in this respect. A country may possess every thing to delight the passing guest, but yet be very unpleasant or inconvenient for a constant abode. This observation I have often seen verified in regard to others, and my own experience convinces me of its truth.

Drove through Winastow and Dinastow, both prettily situated, and graced with small neat churches. In front, the Blorauge, the Sugar Loaf, and Sker-rig Vawr, or the Holy Mountain, present their alpine crests, and accompany our progress for several miles. Not long after the former opened, the Black Mountains made their appearance, behind which Llantony Abbey is placed in the midst of sequestration and sterility.

The soil continues to be a reddish loam with clay; and the ground undulates with alternate dips and eminences in a very delightful style to the eye, though not to the mechanical traveller, who consi-

ders every inequality of surface as a hindrance and a drawback. Indeed, Monmouthshire, which formerly belonged to Wales, is, on the whole, one of the most picturesque counties in the island, nor is its fertility inferior to the natural beauty of its landscapes. Hence, it is more frequently visited by persons of taste, and has been more frequently described, than any other remote and rural district in the kingdom. But to attempt by description to give more than an outline of the features of a country, is to attempt what language is not capable of performing.

In our progress towards Lanarth, we passed several snug cottages, surrounded by orchards; and unfavourable as the season had been for the stores of Pomona, not quite destitute of her gifts. Many of the peasants keep bees, and an air of comfort prevails round their habitations. Oxen are much used in agriculture. Pasture and natural grass far exceed the quantity of arable and sown fields. Lime is the most common manure, and it is not unfrequently laid on the land in alternate heaps with dung. Lammas wheat, peas and beans, with a little barley, are the principal crops. All looked luxuriant; but this seems more owing to the natural goodness of the soil, than to any improved modes of cultivation. In this track, not only the churches, but the meanest cottages, and even the pigstyes, are white-washed. Artists I know reprobate this; but many things which look indifferent in a picture, are not unpleasant to the eye. I have always admired white houses in a landscape; they are at least more agreeable than flaring brick or rough stone; and as they can be seen at a greater distance, they indicate the abodes of men, and give more extensive animation to the scene.

Arrived at Lanarth court just as the family were preparing to sit down to breakfast; and the wel-

come we received, and the ride we had taken, made us truly enjoy that meal. Among various pieces of local information which Mr. Jones had the politeness to communicate, I learnt from him that land on an average does not let here for more than 20s. an acre; and at that rate it is certainly cheap.

Though Lanarth is surrounded by commanding situations, and the amplitude of Mr. Jones's estate allowed him great choice of ground; he has erected a handsome new house on the site of the old one, preferring a calm scene, with a limited park-view from the principal front, to the ostentation of an elevated site. No expence, however, has been spared on the decoration of the house and the embellishment of the grounds; and it may truly be observed of this place, what Capability Brown said in a similar case, "that it is so pleasant within itself, no one can wish to look beyond it."

Clytha castle, a fanciful modern erection, makes a conspicuous object from Lanarth. It belongs to the same family, one of the most ancient in Wales, and which traces its descent from one of the South-Wallian princes. We were to have visited Clytha after breakfast; but the morn, which promised so fair, had suddenly changed; and before eleven o'clock the rain began to fall. This obliged us to deny ourselves the pleasure of excursing to any distance, and to accept the pressing invitation of the family to stay dinner, that we might have the chance of making another stage with more favourable weather in the evening. In order, however, to fill up the interval, our hospitable friend drove us in his sociable to Pant y goitre, two or three miles distant, late the seat of Dr. Hooper, deceased, whose live stock was selling off by auction. To me this was not uninteresting; and as the sale was well attended by the gentlemen in this part of Monmouthshire, we had an opportunity of

meeting many pleasant people, as well as of seeing how a professed breeder's stock sold in this remote part of the kingdom. A very fine Yorkshire bull fetched no more than 10*l*. 5*s*.; a Warwickshire cow in calf, with a considerable cast of the Dishley breed in her, sold for only 11*l*. The very best of the cows was knocked down at 16 guineas. A couple of Herefordshire oxen fetched 43*l*. 10*s*. the highest price given; and indeed the beasts well deserved it, being large and extremely well shaped.

Returned to Lanarth, and soon sat down to a sumptuous dinner. In the desert were melons, ices, &c. General Sir G. Boughton and several neighbouring gentlemen were of the party. The conversation ran chiefly on the subject of Lord Melville, and the Catholic emancipation, as it is called. In regard to Lord Melville's business, there was some unanimity of opinion, and therefore little room for discussion. Several persons warmly advocated the cause of the Catholics; but though I trust I have as much liberality as others, and should be happy to see the English Catholics allowed the enjoyment of the elective franchise, and some other rights and immunities which can no longer be justly denied them, I argued against the policy of the latter identifying themselves with the Irish Romanists, and against the length to which they carried their common claims.

The rain ceasing, and the sun again appearing, we ordered our carriage to be got ready; and taking our leave of the Lanarth family with the strongest impressions of esteem and respect, proceeded towards Abergavenny. The hills which had so long presented themselves in front, now began to shew an opening between them, through which the Uske winds; and after passing Coldbrook park, an assemblage of rural beauties, we soon entered the

charming vale in which Abergavenny and Crickhowell lie, on the banks of the Uske.

Approach the base of the Blorange, on which are some iron-works that employ many hands, and are found so productive, that in one instance the rent has been raised from 60*l.* to 5000*l.* a year. This mountain, which is deep, massy, and verdant, bounds the view on the left; while the Sugar-loaf, a hill that receives its appellation from its conical figure, towers on the right of the road, but is soon lost behind other hills, though of apparently inferior elevation and magnitude.

The inclosures here, and generally throughout Monmouthshire, are small and commodious for occupation. No doubt some land is lost by the multiplicity of hedges, but if these are properly managed, the injury thus sustained is more than counterbalanced by other important advantages. In this drive we observed a considerable number of walnut and Spanish chesnut trees, both too little cultivated, though extremely profitable.

Enter the neat town of Abergavenny, while the long vale in which it stands was finely illumined by an evening sun. The streets are too narrow, as is usual in old towns; but we noticed several modern houses, which would have done credit to a larger and more opulent place. It is washed by the Uske, and the beauty of the vicinity has induced several persons of moderate fortune to make this their residence. Various neat boxes adorn the environs,

Visited the ruins of the castle, of which only fragments remain; but a terrace walk, conducted round the site it occupied, commanding the charming vale through which the Uske meanders, shews much taste, and must be an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants. Here we first heard the Welch language spoken in the streets; a con-

vincing proof, had we been ignorant of its geographic position, that we were approaching the principality.

Proceeding to Crickhowell, distant six miles, we passed between elegant screens of luxuriant hanging woods; which, on the right, in some places formed an embowering shade; while on the left were meadows watered by the rapid Uske, and backed by massy hills. This scenery continued the greatest part of the road; except that in one or two places, the fires of iron-works on the left, amidst the falling shades of eve, gave an impressive grandeur to the landscape.

At the distance of about two miles and a half from Crickhowell stands a stone to mark the entrance into Wales. It receives the appellation of the County-stone, and divides Monmouthshire from Brecon. The first house in the principality from this approach is called Sunny Bank, and it appears to have received an appropriate name. Cross the little river Grunny, which falls into the Uske at no great distance. A little farther, in the middle of a corn-field, we perceived a rude pillar, composed of a single stone, apparently not less than ten feet high. This is probably druidical; but we did not alight to examine it.

Looked in vain for Dany House, formerly the residence of the ingenious Mr. Skrine; and were afterwards informed, that since the death of that gentleman, the spot had undergone various changes. As a tourist, Mr. Skrine ranks high for fidelity of description, and we regretted that it was not in our power to visit a place that seems to have been endeared to his heart.

Drove into Crickhowell by moonlight; and on stopping at the Bear, the only inn it affords, if it deserves the name of an inn, we had the mortification to hear that there was not a single bed unoc-

cupied in the house; nay more, we found there would be some difficulty in obtaining comfortable refreshments for ourselves, or a stable for our horses. At our very entrance into Wales, where we anticipated nothing but pleasure, though we had made our minds up to be satisfied with moderate accommodations, and to take things as we found them, this circumstance gave occasion to gloomy presages as to the future. Having determined, however, to submit to what appeared unavoidable, we began to alight, and to take our chance. Sir Walter James, who was in the house on a fishing scheme, seeing our perplexity, advised us to return to Abergavenny, as there was no probability of our finding beds otherwise nearer than Brecon; and our horses were incapable of reaching that place without rest. The baronet, however, who was going to bed, kindly and politely offered us the use of his room below stairs; and having found stalls for our horses, we resolved rather to sleep in chairs than to leave the house before morning. Accordingly we ordered supper, the best that the inn could furnish; and after waiting two hours, it was served up. We tried to laugh away the time, and were contriving the position of the chairs that were to supply the place of beds, when we were informed, that by some domestic arrangements, two beds were at our service, if we could consent to take them such as they were. This offer was not to be refused; and to do the people of the house justice, they had used every exertion in their power to accommodate us, having not only made up two comfortable beds, but sent for a plaisterer to mend some cracks in the walls of one of the apartments. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning before we could retire to rest; and wearied as we were with the bustle of the day, sleep soon closed our

eyes, and we forgot that we did not repose on beds of down.

Early rising being an indispensable obligation in our preconceived plan, I was up at five o'clock, and soon after six the other two gentlemen made their appearance, though we had agreed to breakfast before we recommenced our tour.

Our first object was to visit the castle, of which some picturesque fragments remain, clasped with ivy. The whole site may be easily traced, and the keep, raised on a lofty artificial elevation, must have been a place of great strength. The surrounding buildings are evidently erected with the stones purloined from this ancient fortress. Among the other antiquities of the place, are a fine old tower and gateway towards the public street, of curious but elegant architecture, and formerly belonging to a religious house. The bridge of fourteen arches over the Uske, connecting Crickhowell with the neighbouring village of Llangattock, also deserves notice. On the whole, however, this place is sufficiently mean, but the surrounding country is picturesque and lovely beyond description, and the sides of the hills on both sides are thick-studded with seats and cottages. Among the former, those of Admiral Gell, Captain Fredericks, and Mr. Everest, are the most elegant and advantageously situated. Sir William Ouseley's romantic cottage, on the Llangattock side, deserves notice from the talents of its possessor. Had the pleasure of meeting that distinguished Oriental scholar, who kindly invited me to visit him. Near his house, he told me, are some natural caverns of great extent, on the sides of the hills. Much iron ore is dug from the bowels of the mountains to the left of Crickhowell, which is either manufactured into pigs on the spot, or conveyed to proper points by rail and tram-ways. Large villages in consequence are ris-

ing on spots once unvisited, and almost inaccessible.

Paid our respects to Mr. Everest, who lamented the inconveniences to which we had been exposed last night, which he would have been happy to have obviated, by furnishing us with beds. It was our wish, however, as far as possible, to avoid the interruption of visiting, and merely to make passing calls on such of our friends as lay in our way. This gentleman, whose seat is excellently designed and charmingly situated, possesses an exquisite taste in drawing, and obligingly shewed us some performances of his own in this line, as well as others by the most eminent masters. We were obliged to decline his cordial invitation to pass the day with him.

On our return to the inn from our morning perambulation, we had the farther pleasure of an agreeable conversation with the Rev. Mr. Paine, who favoured us with much useful information, relative to our intended tour. On remarking that every thing in this part of the country looked white, he said the same observation had been made by a Welsh bard of the sixth century, in these terms: "The women are chaste, the men brave, and the houses white."

While discoursing with this worthy and well-informed divine, we were joined by Admiral Gell, who was well acquainted with some of our party. He is a tall robust figure, in whose air resolution is marked, but who affects so little of the consequence that is borrowed from externals, that he might have passed for an honest Welsh farmer. Fishing being his favourite amusement, his round hat was bound with hooks and lines, and the whole of his dress set fashion at defiance, and borrowed as little from the uniform of his profession. Though advanced in years, he seems to possess health and

spirits, and by his ludicrous observations on the tour in which we were engaged, kept us in a roar of laughter. Though some of the expletives of language are too apt to fall from his lips, when he is in a good humour, there is neither malignity nor bitterness in his heart; and we heard many anecdotes of his charitable disposition, which would have done honour to an ampler fortune. In a word, he is a very worthy character, loved even for his oddities by his friends, and venerated by the poor, to whom he is a liberal benefactor. *

Took the road towards Brecon. A naked hill on the right has the appearance of a truncated cone: on its summit is an ancient encampment. In front, the hills seem tossed about in pleasing confusion; but are cultivated in some places to the very top, in others they are naked and precipitous.

Before us the Myath now opened, a green hill from which the landscape is beautiful and well-varied. In this track, the turnip husbandry has long been successfully introduced. Indeed the Brecknock Agricultural Society may be reckoned one of the oldest in the kingdom, having been established upwards of half a century ago; and its effects are sufficiently visible, though much still remains to be done, even in the best-cultivated spots.

Proceed, with the Cwmddw hills in view. Made a digression about half a mile from the road to the old castle of Tretower, which stands in a retired spot on the right, and, though of eminent beauty even in its present very dilapidated state, is not so frequently visited as more obtrusive but less interesting objects. The ivy clasps its rifled towers, of which only one remains in tolerable preservation; and whence the croaking raven, perched on its highest pinnacle, seemed to warn us of the dan-

* The admiral has since paid the debt of nature.

ger of a near approach. In the area, which is of considerable extent, I found the deadly nightshade, the houndstongue, henbane, mullein, some species of polygonum, fever-few, and pellitory of the wall. A farm-house and its appendages are formed out of some of the mouldering walls on the east; but the modern buildings seem quite lost in the superior extent of this fortress, though it is by no means so large as many in Wales.

Ascend the Bwlch hills, on the brow of which stands a public-house of the same name; and crossing the ascent, catch a view of Llangor's pool, a fine sheet of water, bending in a semicircular direction along the base of one of the hills on the right, and extending about three miles in length in a rich expanded vale. It abounds in pike, perch, and trout. The country-people have a tradition, that a large city was swallowed up here by an earthquake; and we are farther told that before the Normans ravaged this country in 1030, the water of the pool assumed alternately a miraculous green or red colour.

On the left the Buckland hills, overtopped by the highest point of the Beacons near Brecon, present their green undulating fronts; while several handsome seats enliven the fore-ground, particularly Buckland house, an elegant fabric, delightfully placed on a knoll, on the left of the Uske; Maesmaur, on the other side of that river; and Tallyllyn, adjoining Llangorsepool, which seems to belong to it.

Baited our horses and refreshed ourselves, at the New Inn of the village of Bwlch. It is a comfortable house, and the people are extremely obliging, and deserving of encouragement. I therefore recommend every traveller to taste the ale, bacon, and bread, which are sold here: they are the best of the kind I ever met with in any country. Here

we observed an instance of Welsh economy: the spout of the pump was broke off or lost; but a piece of an old hat bent into form, supplied its place!

In this part of Brecknockshire, we were told, that a couple of fowls at the present season were worth 2s.; but as a proof of the prevailing use of tea, a pound of butter fetched thirteen-pence. Trout sells at six-pence a pound; beef and mutton at eight-pence, and veal from five-pence to six-pence. Arable land may be worth on an average about 20s. an acre. Large farms are rather uncommon. The usual run is from 20l. to 50l. and from that to 100l. a year. Hence, though few are rich, many keep themselves independent, and the poor's rates are proportionably low. The Brecknock little farmer works hard, but he works for himself, and is satisfied with what he can command. All seem employed; but there is little stimulus to great exertion of body or of mind; for where luxuries are unknown, capitals small, and wants easily supplied, severe labour or diligent application are seldom found. The women, however, have every appearance of being industrious; they knit while they are walking, and spin while they are nursing. Since we left Gloucester, we have seen few handsome faces: the females early become haggard; and though generally well formed, they are seldom striking. Their eyes are their best features. We observed several mothers with children in their arms, who would have passed for grand-dams in England. Young girls frequently ride astride, and passed us without any confusion; a proof that the practice is not uncommon.

As we advance, the Beacon hills open in various fantastic shapes, and exhibit several sinuosities and beautiful basons in their sides, while their apex is truncated and abrupt. Pass Llansaufrad, whose

church has a singular kind of cupola tower. From this spot the Uske appears in all its beauty; and Buckland house, the seat of Mr. Gwynne, presents, with its accompaniments, one of the most charming residences that fancy could conceive.

The Uske now attended us the greatest part of the way to Brecon. When swelled by torrents from the hills, of which there are sufficient evidences in the dry pebbly channels at this season, it must be a noble stream. Its banks, however, possess none of the bold features of the Wye, but it is much more rapid, and therefore incapable of navigation. To supply this defect, the Brecon canal accompanies its progress, and in one place crosses its bed on a series of brick arches.

Brecon, the county town, makes no great show at any distance; but from the inequality of the ground on which it is built, and the mixture it exhibits of modern buildings, dismantled towers, and other ruins, its internal is sufficiently striking. It was formerly well walled, and had four gates. At present, it consists of three principal streets; but they are in most places too narrow, and except at our entrance, we saw few houses that might be called handsome. Its two old churches, and its different bridges, give it some degree of distinction. It also boasts of the ruins of a castle, from which the whole town may be advantageously viewed. Of this only some detached fragments remain, and among these, various ugly cottages are erected. A tennis-court, however, is formed in one of its angles; and an undershot water-mill, probably an original appendage, adjoins the site. Within this fortress, Stafford, duke of Buckingham, and Morton, bishop of Ely, concerted the union of the two houses of York and Lancaster, in consequence of which Henry VII. was elevated to the throne of England. A new military depot, capable of con-

containing 16,000 stand of arms, is established here.

On the banks of the Uske, amidst the solemn gloom of trees, may be traced the venerable and extensive ruins of a Benedictine priory, founded in the reign of Henry I.; and on the east of the town stands the college, once a Dominican priory, now a collegiate church, with a dean and other dignitaries. Of this establishment the unfortunate Dr. Dodd was a prebend; and he has recorded his connection with the place by some beautiful lines, intitled "Pious Memory," descriptive of the custom of decking the recent graves with flowers, which prevails in this vicinity, though not generally, as has been insinuated, throughout the principality.

At Brecon, the Romans undoubtedly had a station, as appears from various coins and inscriptions which have been occasionally found here.

At the Golden Lion, where we stopped for the night, none of the family made their appearance; and the waiter was such a mixture of bustle, forgetfulness, and stupidity, that it was impossible to know what to make of him. On my hinting the oddity of his manner to the chambermaid, and asking if he was not in love, "Lord, sir," said she, "that is *impossible*; he is a *married* man, and has children." "I beg his and your pardon," replied I, "you have given me a sufficient reason for his not being in love: *married* people are seldom troubled with that passion." "No, to be sure," was her answer.

Next morning being fine, we early quitted the arms of Morpheus, and were ready to start soon after six o'clock. It was our wish to have proceeded by Bualt and Rhayadar to the Hafod Arms, at the Devil's bridge, and then direct to Aberystwith; but after collecting and comparing the information of several persons acquainted with

that route, we gave up the plan as impracticable, on account of the badness of the roads. To what cause this neglect to provide for the public, and indeed individual convenience, is to be ascribed, we are unable to determine; but surely it is impolitic to throw difficulties in the way of those who come to spend their money in the country, and who ask no favours but good roads and civil treatment.

As this is the direct road from many parts of England to Aberystwith, which is yearly rising into fashionable notice, it is not probable that any difficulty will long exist to drive travellers round by Llandovery and Llampeter, which was the route we were obliged to take; a circumstance which in the end we did not regret, as expedition was less an object than to see as much of the country as possible.

We left Brecon by crossing the stately bridge over the Uske, on its southern side, and a little way farther passed the Arrow, at this season a very scanty stream. The Beacon hills, reckoned the highest in South Wales, which had caught our attention yesterday long before we reached Brecon, now seemed to accompany our progress. Indeed we had in various instances before noticed this deception, for the roads in Wales, generally winding round the bases of the hills, and following the course of the vales, mountains of any magnitude are thrown into such different perspectives as we advance, that they apparently change their position.

Between Llanspyddad and Penpont, the scenery is truly enchanting. The Uske, frequently visible from the road, flows on the right, amidst oaks of the most vivid green, which feather down the hills from the bottom to the very summit. All the rudeness of nature, and the asperities of surface, are concealed; while for the space of about a mile, every combination of wood, water, and figure of

ground, as viewed from the road, unites to constitute the highest perfection of landscape. In majesty and sublimity, the banks of the Wye infinitely surpass this; but in point of beauty, we had seen nothing comparable to this scene; which was farther enlivened by the melody of birds, that seemed enamoured of the spot.

After passing Penpont, the country assumed a more steril aspect, and the soil evidently changed for the worse. Oats and barley now in some measure supplanted wheat and beans, or were intermixed with them; and the hills had nothing attractive in their form or appearance, except that they generally allowed cultivation, which, though it increased their value, diminished their picturesque effect.

Breakfasted at Trecastle, about eleven miles from Brecknock. It was once a place of some consequence, but is now dwindled to a miserable village, surrounded by wild mountains. Here stood a castle, the site of which is now covered with turf, and cattle were grazing upon it in social peace. The Welsh language is universally spoken by the inhabitants; and we were told that not above one in a hundred understood English.

Walked round the village, and descended by a lane lined by some wretched cottages, to the Uske, which had accompanied us so long. Here we witnessed a Welsh washing by the side of the stream.

A kettle placed on two stones was kept boiling by a fire of sticks, and one woman was attending to this department; another was stamping with her naked feet in a large tub, filled with clothes; and a third was beating the linen on a wooden horse with a beetle, and occasionally rinsing it in the running stream. As we approached, they were singing very merrily, but they ceased on seeing us; and when they perceived that one of the party was

taking them off, or in other words making a sketch of the scene, it was with some difficulty we could get them to resume their occupations. The only dress they wore was a striped flannel petticoat, a shift, and a black beaver hat. This mode of washing in the rivers, which is prevalent in Wales, must tend very much to domestic comfort; for nothing is more unpleasant in families of moderate fortune than the frequent return of washing week, when mistress thinks herself privileged to be out of humour, if the weather is not favourable, and master must put up with any thing he can find, because "the washing is about."

In our way between Brecon and Trecastle, we met many of the country people going to market at the former place. One person perhaps was driving a small flock of Welsh sheep, another a herd of pigs, which are a neat but small bred, generally brindled and spotted with black, with moderately pendulous ears. We noticed likewise several persons, carrying each a calf before him on a small horse; while others had a few fat sheep, or a calf or two, placed on a sledge of singular construction. The shafts resemble those of a cart, but their extremities trail on the ground, and from them a few upright poles proceed, bound a-top by a cross bar, which keeps the live or dead stock from being thrown out into the road, or, as some would say, from being spilt. These machines are very cheap, and may be drawn wherever a horse can go.

The country waggons in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire are uniformly long and narrow, and are not ill adapted to the nature of the roads, though they have an inelegant appearance. Panniers also are in common use. The horses are small and very sure-footed, and generally not ill made. Drovers of black cattle and horses began now to meet us in their way to England. It seems to

be a profitable speculation to deal in these animals. The poor Welsh farmer depends more on his live stock to pay his rent, than on the produce of the earth, which seldom furnishes more than a subsistence for himself and his family.

Leaving Trecastle, we at the same time desert the vale of the Uske, and soon after pass the village of Llwyel, in the church-yard of which are a great number of small plank stones, placed at the head and foot of the graves, uninscribed, and white-washed. This is a singular, but a decent custom, and as strongly evinces the affection of the living for their deceased relations, as the most splendid monuments would do.

At no great distance beyond, we entered a charming woody dingle, of considerable depth, with a brawling brook on our left, which works its way over a rugged bed of rocks; while the road is carried along the side of the slope, in some places very precipitous, and covered with oaks of great beauty. Here, in driving down a steep of the Cwmddw hills with too much rapidity, the fore-springs of the carriage partially gave way; and as the day was fine, we determined to send it on by the servant to Llandovery, and walk the distance of about seven miles at our leisure. Being provided with fishing tackle, we amused ourselves with fishing in the Gwyddrch, which devolving from the hills, and receiving several tributary brooks, works its noisy way by the side of the road, till it falls into the Towey, a little below Llandovery. On the rocks through which the road is cut, found several curious plants, the natives of Alpine tracks.

Enter Caermarthenshire about the fifth mile-stone from Llandovery; and finding one or two who could speak English, among a groupe of peasants who were taking their frugal dinner of oat-cakes and cheese, we entered into conversation with them; and for

a taste of their cakes, which they very politely offered us, we gave them a trifle to purchase drink, which it was evident they did not expect. The Welsh, as we found on various occasions, especially among the lower classes, seem ashamed of having it suspected that they set their attentions to sale. They accept with an amiable reluctance, what is offered with delicacy and generosity; and this trait in their character is so delightful, that we blushed for the selfishness of our own countrymen, when contrasted with the manners of the peasantry of the principality. In wishing to be civil, the Welsh are perhaps too inquisitive; but if they sometimes ask too many questions, they are never tired of giving answers, when you appear to interest yourself about their welfare, or evince a partiality for their country. They are fond of being noticed by persons who appear their superiors; and would, I am convinced, do more for a kind word, than would be done in some countries for money. Of their inquisitive disposition, and the little intercourse they have in this quarter with strangers, we had in this walk a convincing proof. The only lady in our party had gone on a little before us, and in short, was not in sight of her friends, when she was accosted in English by a Welshman, who seemed declining into the vale of years; who having eyed her dress and appearance with apparent astonishment, asked what brought her there, what she was doing, if she had any body belonging to her, if she was married, or single, where she came from, and whither she was going? Not in the least alarmed, she answered him without reserve, and put some questions to him in return; but our coming up put an end to the Welshman's conversation, as he seemed to fear he had been too free in talking to a person who he found had a carriage gone forward, and three gentlemen to protect her.

The narrow vale of the Gwyddrch continues, though with undiminished beauty, and several transverse breaks successively open in the bounding hills, the channel of wintry torrents, and at present of babbling brooks, till we come within a mile of Llandovery; when a noble plain discloses itself to the view, stretching to the right and the left farther than the eye can reach, through which the pastoral Towey winds its way, and gives name to the vale.

Hay-making had not yet commenced in this district. Oats and barley, the chief crops, looked well; lime continued to be the common manure; and the houses still white-washed; an operation which seems to be repeated annually, though the natives are by no means remarkable for cleanliness. The roofs of the buildings, particularly cottages, we observed to be much flatter here than in England, and in general much more picturesque. There is something very tasteful in a flattish projecting roof, in which respects we might imitate the Welsh to advantage. Nor would white-washing both internally and externally, be less conducive to health than it is to the beauty of the landscape. But on this subject I have already touched in defiance of the dogmas of painters, who must allow me to claim the liberty I give.

Reached Llandovery about four o'clock, and were pleased to find the carriage nearly repaired. Though we had only travelled twenty miles this day, it was agreed that we should lodge here, send the servant forward with our horses to Lampeter, and take post-horses in the morning to that place, in order that we might be able to reach Aberystwith, a stage of twenty-five miles farther, with our own.

Llandovery, which stands on the Bran, near the head of the upper vale of Towey, is an insignificant place, and very irregularly built; but the situation, being encompassed with streams which all fall

into the river Towey about a mile below, is as delightful as the heart could wish. For fishing, no place can be more eligible; and we eat some fine specimens of the produce of its streams, both at dinner and supper. On an eminence, between the Bran and Erveny, are the remains of a small castle, which before the invention of artillery must have been of some strength. The ruins of the keep are still very massy, and are likely to stand for some centuries more, if left solely to the hand of time. It seems the Romans had a station near this place.

There is only one inn at Llandovery, but that inn is excellently conducted by Mr. Edwards; and it is to be lamented, that the road from hence to Llampeter is so indifferent, that few have the resolution to take this agreeable route to Aberystwith. Between Brecon and Llandovery, the roads are equal to any in the kingdom; and we were informed that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood were so far awakened to a sense of their interest and their duty, that they had indicted that to Llampeter.

After dinner, while my friends were employed in fishing, I took a walk to Abercrychan church, which stands on a hill about a mile off. In the cemetery I found various inscriptions, some in English, some in Welsh.

In regard to the Welsh epitaphs I do not pretend to judge; but those in English are *equal*, in point of *elegance*, to what our stone-cutters generally produce for the edification of the ignorant, and the amusement of the learned.

Divine service is performed at this church, and indeed in most places in Caermarthenshire, alternately in Welsh and English. It is to be regretted, however, that English should not be more commonly used; for notwithstanding the merit of the Welsh bards, and the attachment of the natives to their original tongue, its prevalence must ever be a

bar to the general improvement of the country, and to the interest of individuals. They who can talk only a local and almost obsolete dialect, must of necessity be confined to the spot where they were born ; and in consequence contract notions as confined as their situation. They are precluded from launching into the world, and from improving their circumstances ; for even in the humble situation of servants, few will be inclined to employ them, if they are unable to speak the language of the country where they reside. In short, I am convinced that till the Irish, the Welsh, and the Scotch Highlanders lose their original tongues, which are all dialects of the Celtic, they must remain far behind the rest of their fellow subjects, in all the arts that embellish life, and render it delightful. As this time, there is scarcely a book of any real value written or printed in either of the Celtic dialects ; and what must be the situation of that people in regard to mental improvements, who are cut off from every source of rational information, and have their knowledge confined to a few old ballads of their bards, and to uncertain records relative to their sanguinary chieftains, whose memory had better be lost ?

With four post-horses to our carriage, we started the following morning a little before six o'clock, and in somewhat less than four hours (and it was hard work for the poor beasts) we reached Llam-peter to breakfast, a distance of only twenty miles. The morning was overcast, and mists floated on the tops of the hills. We enjoyed, however, a delightful view of the vale of Towy, as we ascended the first hill from Llandovery, in which Glanbrau park and house, and Abercrychan church, formed distinguished objects. The hill opposite to us is called the forest, as we were told, and probably it might have been so at some remote period, but now

scarcely a bush diversifies the sterility of its surface.

Observed some flax growing on the cultivated side of the hill as we began to ascend, and tolerably fine barley and oats, but very little wheat is produced here. In this district, lime is commonly spread on natural grass, as a manure. The Welsh seem to know the use and value of lime much better than the English.

In this whole stage, a succession of barren hills are the prominent feature in the landscape, with some spots or patches forced into cultivation, which yield a scanty crop of oats and barley. Potatoes are pretty abundant near the thinly scattered and miserable cottages that are seen from the road ; but few other culinary vegetables are to be found.

The greatest part of the hills in this morning's drive, bid defiance to agriculture, being covered with rocks and loose stones. They are interesting, however, to the sportsman, as they are plentifully stocked with grouse, black-game, and wheat-ears. The rocks, and indeed the soil likewise, have a slaty appearance ; and in one place we observed a slate quarry, which appeared to be worked with great care. Lord Cawdor is a principal proprietor in this track.

In an opening of some extent between the different ranges of hills, we caught a favourable view of the village of Cynyil Gaio, and its picturesque church on the right ; while lower down the vale, on the left, was the elegant seat of Mr. Williams, the representative for the county.

Pass the Cothi, a small but rapid stream, and crossing another eminence, ford the Turrock, a river of some importance, even at this season. Turf is generally burnt here, and its smell in some places is powerfully oppressive to strangers of delicate

nerves. We met several carts and sledges laden with this kind of fuel for the winter's supply.

The only house of refreshment in this almost desolate route, is the New Inn, about eight miles from Llampeter. The houses of the natives are wretched beyond description. They have singular chimneys, or rather openings in the roof, constructed of a kind of crate work covered with straw, and bound round with twisted ropes of the same material. They are universally thatched, and the walls are frequently of mud. In fact, poverty and sterility every where presented their most forbidding aspects; and it was with pleasure, that, on gaining the summit of the Llampeter mountain, we looked down on the fertile vale of the Tivy, which lay like a map before us. About half a mile from Llampeter, we crossed the Tivy by an old and ill constructed stone-bridge of two arches. The Tivy is a fine river, and produces abundance of fish, particularly excellent trout. It forms the boundary between Caermarthen and Cardiganshires. Here we observed several coracles, of the same construction as on the Wye.

On one of the hills in this stage, it should be remarked, we were entertained by the sight of a man standing on a ridge of rocks, and calling his cows together to be milked. He had a peculiar note; and it seems the poor animals obey it, when uttered by a known voice.

The fences in this mountainous track, where cultivation is at all attempted, are composed of turfs, intermixed with large unshapen stones. Quicksets, elder, hazel, birch, and furze, have been all tried, but with very little success. The soil is too poor, and the aspect too exposed, for trees or shrubs of any kind to thrive.

Breakfast at the Black Lion in Llampeter, a decent house, where a chaise or two is now kept,

and where endeavours are made to accommodate the public—may success attend them! The town is small, and contains a mixture of slated and thatched houses. A large old seat belonging to the Lloyds, is the only ornament of the place, and this seems hastening to decay. Except indeed for about a mile on each side of the town, where a genial soil invites cultivation, bleak and barren mountains surround it, and render the contrast more striking. Yet in this sequestered place, we found several gentlemen from England on fishing schemes, who appear pleased to saunter life away on the banks of the Tivy, during the day, and with potations of Welsh ale, to lull their senses into oblivion for the night. But, *de gustibus non disputandum*.

Proceeding on our journey, we gained the next hill, from whence the vale of the Tivy displays itself to the greatest advantage. It is full of inclosures, hedge-rows, corn and grass fields, bounded by a various outline of naked hills, which strikingly contrast with the fertility below. Heath, fern, and turf or peat, with patches of cultivation on the slopes and in the hollows of the hills, which last are dotted with sheep and cattle, continue till we pass the fourth mile-stone, when a glorious view of the rich triangular vale of Ayron bursts at once on the sight, the heights round which are feathered down with extensive woods, chiefly oak, from more than half way up, to the level of the plain. This agreeable feature was wanting to complete the beauty of the vales of Towy and Tivy; for to give fertility and cultivation their full effect, every appearance of their opposites must be excluded from the scene; at least, they should not fall under the eye at the same instant.

Leaving the open part of the vale of the Ayron, a small but cheerful stream, we entered a defile about half a mile wide, which taking a winding di-

rection, continued the whole of the drive to Aberayron, exhibiting a succession of beauties. In our progress down this charming vale we passed the village of Ystrad, in the cemetery of whose church stands a remarkably large yew tree, of great beauty and age. In this vicinity the cottages improve; and the misery and desolation which we had witnessed in the morning, are agreeably exchanged for the appearance of comfort and content. Some of the dwellings of the peasantry were extremely picturesque, and happily situated; but we could not help observing in several instances the singular absurdity of white-washing the slates, which in themselves are beautiful beyond what most countries produce.

About two miles from Aberayron, Clanchairon, the elegant modern seat of Colonel Lewis, shews itself, standing on a fine plain, where the vale is somewhat more expanded, as if to make room for the embellishments which are here so happily applied. It is backed by a hanging wood of oak, and in front has a lawn of moderate extent. The road on its left, by which we were passing along the side of the steep, is cut through a rock, with fine pendent woods both above and below. Nature here has done so much to render the scenery illustrious, that art is little wanted; yet it is not always called in where it might be of service. At the bottom of the precipice on our right, which turns the head giddy to contemplate, as there is no fence to guard the passenger from accident, rolls the silver Ayron, which falls into the bay of Cardigan, whose expanse begins to open as we proceed amidst this sublime scenery. We had indeed for some time been sensible of our approach to the sea by the peculiar freshness of the air; and at last I was gratified with the sight of that world of wonders, which from early

habits and recollections must ever to me be productive of pleasingly painful sensations.

Being still sixteen miles from Aberystwith, where we intended to take a late dinner, we found it necessary to halt for a couple of hours at the little inn of the little village of Aberayron, kept by a very sensible and civil woman of the name of Felix, who obligingly furnished us in writing with a few colloquial phrases and forms of salutation in Welsh. The situation of her house is delightful, and we were not sorry that circumstances had arisen to make us decide in favour of this interesting route, though it is circuitous.

Here we saw the women, with long cloaks and red silk handkerchiefs under their black beaver hats, employed in making hay under a burning sun, though they would have been sufficiently warm in their shift sleeves. But the costume here is in a great measure independent of seasons: it seems to be neither too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter.

About Aberayron, and indeed all along the coast, it is said that smuggling prevails, to the injury of the revenue, and the destruction of health and morals. Over several doors, in the course of this day's ride, we observed the initials of the inhabitant's name, with the addition of shop-keeper, in characters more rude and uncouth even than the *Egyptian*, which *decorate*, or *deform*, the signs of the citizens of London. This, we were informed, was meant to indicate a dealer in prohibited commodities. It is a lamentable circumstance, that the lower classes do not consider themselves as guilty of any crime when they are defrauding government; while immense profits, with the probability of escaping detection, tempt numbers to engage in this illicit traffic.

We had frequently been remarking, that hither-

to we had not seen a beggar in Wales. Even voluntary bounty had been received with apparent pain, though with gratitude. Here, however, we saw a man, almost blind and double with age, who seemed by his manner to implore our charity ; and if ever misery had a claim to relief, his appearance gave a sanction to this painful privilege. He did not supplicate in vain ; but it was done without importunity, or even articulating a word ; and had we been unfeeling enough to deny the humble boon which he probably expected, I have no doubt he would have moved on as quickly as age and infirmity would allow, without deigning a second time to put himself in a begging attitude. I admire this independent spirit in the Welsh : I have witnessed the same among the Scotch ; but in England it is almost extinct, and never can be revived, while *legalized* beggary, under the name of poor's rates, remains the order of the day.

The road from Aberayron towards Aberystwith, takes the direction of the coast, which generally forms a bold outline, with occasional promontories and bays. On setting out, we ascended a long hill, in constant view of the sea, though gradually retiring from it by the elevation we had gained ; and over the expanse on the left, which was as smooth as glass, we saw several coasting vessels, apparently without motion, as there was scarcely a breath of air to curl the surface of the water. From this point too, the mountains in North-Wales began to shew their giant heads, and we could distinctly discern Cader Idris, besides the nearer Plinlimmon, the pride of this district.

We now began gradually to retire from the sea, and proceeded over a track destitute of trees, but producing in many places excellent barley, oats, and some wheat. The soil is loamy, with a substratum of slate, and the prevailing manure on the

coast is sea-weed. From the highest part of this road we had a sea-scape over the whole bay of Cardigan, with its bounding points; and from our own observations, could easily give credit to the tradition of the natives, who speak of a well-inhabited country stretching far into the Irish sea, which has long since by gradual encroachments been swept away. Of a district formerly celebrated for its hundred towns, only a few miserable villages now remain. It is probable, indeed, that the whole bay of Cardigan was once a spacious plain, and that the sea advanced, till it was stopped by the hills which now bound the shore.

Descending from the summit we had gained, we reached Llanrhysted, a village lying in a quiet vale, watered by a small stream, and separated from the sea by an intervening hill. Here is a larger church than is usually seen in Wales, with a tower much more ancient than the body of the building. It was indeed conventual; for it formerly belonged to an ancient monastery, of which few memorials remain.

While we halted at the miserable inn of the place to water our horses, the superior appearance of the church induced us to take a walk round the cemetery, in order to make our remarks on the few tombs that are erected there; and it is with a melancholy reflection on life I noticed, that not one person whose memory they record, had reached the age of more than thirty-three. Notwithstanding all that is said of the purity of the air in mountainous countries, and of Wales in particular, life is evidently not prolonged by the climate beyond the common date, even if it reaches so far; and as we had almost universally observed, people look old and wrinkled before their time. It must be allowed, however, that the inscriptions on tombstones would be an uncertain criterion of longevity, without supplementary evidence, as the affection of

parents, more frequently than the duty of children, raises the sepulchral monument or the recording stone. But the fact is, that the Welsh, from the most authentic accounts, are more liable to mortal diseases at an early period of life, than their neighbours the English; and that a low diet, and a moist atmosphere, predispose them to pulmonary complaints and intermittents, beyond what is found in champaign and rich countries.

The ascent from Llanrhysted is long and circuitous, and we were nearly an hour before we reached the highest pitch of the road, near which, on the left, we made a digression to see two upright stones, called by the country people, "The man and his wife." They are betwixt six and seven feet in height above the surface of the ground, and between ten and twelve feet in circumference, standing at the distance of thirteen paces from each other. Two other stones of inferior dimensions lie near them, which have probably been thrown from this perpendicular position. The whole groupe is evidently Druidical; and though the situation is elevated, they stand in a little hollow of the hill, which excludes every view from the spot, except towards the east.

The greatest part of this drive presented nothing but barren hills on the side screens and the foreground; with very few houses and little cultivation; but in the back-ground of the landscape, there is a most glorious scene of a tumultuous ocean of hills, among which Plinlimmon on one hand, and Cader Idris on the other, towered in all their majesty. The former may easily be distinguished by its long ridge, somewhat resembling the back of a horse, the latter by its two conical points. Inferior hills, or rather mountains, crowded round the feet of those mighty sovereigns, and seemed to acknowledge their supremacy. The beams of the evening sun, which had sunk too low behind the hill on our

left to have his disk any longer visible to us, sweetly illumined the projecting masses of Plinlimmon, which appeared at no great distance; while a deep, but well defined shade was thrown over its hollows and recesses. Except in mountainous countries, this delightful mixture of light and shade can nowhere be witnessed.

About the fifth mile-stone from Aberystwith, the landscape is almost boundless, and may be truly called sublime. Here the road, after undulating up and down, makes a determined descent, and brings us to the vale of the Ystwith, which river we cross by an excellent modern bridge of one arch. Again we began to ascend, and winding round the back of the hill which separates the Rhaidol from the Ystwith, by a road partly cut with infinite labour out of the solid rock, we at length reached the turnpike, from whence there is a charming view of Aberystwith, lying full before us, at the distance of a mile, with the Rhaidol flowing on our right. This river we crossed by a commodious bridge, just before we entered the town, and saw it winding round the bottom of a sloping semi-circular hill to meet the Ystwith, when both mix with the tide.

The approach to Aberystwith, is certainly very striking, and raises expectations which the interior is not calculated to gratify. It stands on a considerable elevation between two bold promontories; and as we advance, it is constantly disclosing some new feature. The fragments of the castle open on the left with some picturesque effect, before we reach the bridge, and by the bend which the road takes here, are thrown into various perspective.

The situation of the town is not unpleasant, and the air is reckoned pure and salubrious. The beach is level and inviting, and from it, the extremities of the bay of Cardigan may be traced. The houses are built of a dark slaty stone, which, though ex-

tremely durable and easy to work, gives it a gloomy appearance; and in spite of the partiality of the Welsh for white-washing, they generally neglect it here, or confine it to the roof, where it might very well be dispensed with.

When I complained of the dusky hue of the houses to one of the most intelligent among the inhabitants of the place, and expressed my wish to see them white-washed, the only answer was, "La, sir, would it not be a shame to conceal such beautiful stone as this?"—Habit reconciles them to what no stranger can view with pleasure, and they see beauty, where others observe nothing but deformity.

Accommodations suited to moderate fortunes may be obtained in this place without difficulty; and were the direct communication with various parts of England rendered more safe and pleasant to the traveller, it would be much more frequented as a bathing station than it has hitherto been. In particular the road from Brecon through Bualt and Rhaiader, should be immediately opened for the easy passage of carriages. This would not only shorten the distance from several points of approach, but would give strangers an opportunity of visiting Hafod, and the Devil's Bridge, in their way to the place.

The public walks are traced with considerable taste and effect, amidst the ruins of the old castle; and as the sea-breezes may be enjoyed here without interruption, this is the favourite lounge for visitors. The Castle House, as it is called, built by Uvedale Price, Esq. who has so freely ridiculed the *false* taste of others, is a most striking specimen of his *own*. This, however, is the principal edifice in the town. But while these sheets are preparing for the press, a correspondent has informed me, that public rooms and a theatre are erecting here;

and that from the influx of company during the last season, Aberystwith promises fair to be the first bathing station in South Wales. To render it agreeable, however, to persons of fortune, the houses in general must be improved, the streets widened and better paved, and their slopes and asperities softened, or removed.

Put up at the Talbot, kept by Mr. Jones, an attentive and well-behaved man, who during the bathing season keeps an excellent ordinary, and is generally able to accommodate strangers with private lodgings, who dislike the bustle of an inn. The Gogerthan Arms is likewise a good and well-conducted house, and commands its share of custom.

Weary with the long journey we had made this day, we took only a general perambulation of the town, and being resolved to spend next day here, which happened to be Sunday, we early resigned ourselves into the arms of sleep.

Having engaged horses the evening before, I was up early, and set out with another gentleman of the party on an excursion round the environs of Aberystwith. I will not attempt on this occasion regularity of description ; but notice, as they occur to my mind, places and objects that attracted my attention, or fell under my view.

Plas Grug was the first place we visited. It stands on the banks of the Rhydol, not far from Aberystwith, and is recorded as one of the seats of Owen Glendower. A square embattled tower still remains very perfect, and there are other considerable fragments of the ruins of this fortified mansion, which must have been very extensive. We were told of a subterraneous communication between this place and Llanbadarn Fawr, but no person could indicate its commencement or its termination.

Llanbadarn Fawr, about the distance of a mile

from Aberystwith, and still the parish church, is supposed to be one of the most ancient sees in Wales ; for here Paternus, in the sixth century, founded a monastery and a bishopric, since united to St. David's.

The present church is large and cruciform, and bears many traces of a high antiquity. It is surrounded by a considerable village, and the parish is of great extent, including Aberystwith, which has only a chapel of ease.

From hence we made a digression to Gogerthan, one of the seats of Pryse Pryse, Esq. It is distant three miles from Aberystwith, and stands in a lawn between two very lofty mountains, one of which is feathered down from top to bottom with various kinds of pines and other evergreens, while the other is principally covered with oak. A small river runs through the lawn near the house, whose banks are fringed with a variety of beautiful wild flowers.

Having heard much of the beauty of Lodge park, belonging to the same gentleman, we proceeded to visit it. A broad winding path through a wood from the right of the road to Machynlleth, conducts to the house, which stands on a bold eminence, and commands some of the finest views in the world. It is astonishing that such a delightful spot has not been more frequently visited by travellers. In this park are some valuable mines, and in particular one, which has produced a considerable quantity of silver within the last thirty years. The ore, however, is not sufficiently rich to yield any great profit to the proprietor, or perhaps the mine may not be skilfully worked.

Highly gratified with the views from this place, we directed our course to Maelynis, or the barren sle; and rightly it is named, for it scarcely produces any thing except rabbits, and foxes to prey upon

them. This extensive track of land, however, seems capable of being reclaimed and improved; and at some remote period, it probably was equal in value to any in Cardiganshire. It is wholly surrounded by the sea and the rivers Dovey and Lerry, with only one entrance by a stone bridge. The Dovey separates it from North Wales.

We now rode along the sands to Borth, once a Roman station, but now a miserable fishing and smuggling cottage. This is a fashionable ride for the company at Aberystwith; and where the influence of sea breezes is desirable, it can no where be more fully enjoyed.

Returning to our inn with good appetites, we found our friends ready at the breakfast-table; and during that repast we entertained them with our morning's adventure.

I now prepared to attend divine service in the chapel of Aberystwith, which was built about twenty years ago, and stands within the precincts of the old castle. It possesses little elegance, though it is sufficiently large and commodious. The gallery was erected at the sole expence of Mrs. Pryse, who lies buried in the chancel of Llanbadarn Fawr, with a handsome monument over the spot, erected by her grandson, the present Pryse Pryse, Esq. The inscription is said to have been written by the late Dr. Thomas King, chancellor and prebendary of Lincoln; and it does justice to the character of a very worthy woman, who practised every christian virtue.

The service was performed with due solemnity; but notwithstanding the permanent population of the place is about two thousand, scarcely one person in twenty attended. In fact, Methodism and sectarianism of every kind prevail at Aberystwith, as in most other places in Wales; and the established church is in a great measure deserted.

On returning, I had the pleasure to see an old friend looking out at one of the windows of the Gogerthan Arms; and as he happened to be disengaged, I immediately added him to our party for the day, to the great satisfaction of my friends, who were pleased to enjoy the company of a gentleman who had resided for many years in Wales, and who, to a turn for investigation, united a disposition to communicate any information that we could wish, in regard to the place, and the general manners and customs of the people.

In regard to the Welsh mode of courtship, among the peasantry, about which so much has been said *pro* and *con*, in the counties of Cardigan, Caernarvon, and Merioneth, at least, the following he affirmed to be a fact. When two young persons have agreed to visit each other, the woman soon receives her admirer into her chamber, and they court sitting or lying on her bed. The natural consequence is, that the female frequently becomes pregnant. To the honour, however, of the Welsh gallants, it must be confessed that they very rarely desert the woman who has made them happy; nor does either sex feel any impropriety in the practice to which we have referred. To a stranger, a Welsh female would be as reserved as any woman on earth could be: she knows he is not to be trusted; and the most arrant clown of her own country would be preferred to a London beau. As wives, they are generally faithful, dutiful, and affectionate.

When it is settled that a wedding is to take place, a few days previous to its solemnization, the parents of the parties have what they call a bidding, or meeting of their friends, at their separate houses. If they are persons of respectability, the number that attend on this occasion is astonishing.

Where the intended bride lives, great numbers

of women, as well as men, make their appearance ; the former generally come on horseback, and bring various gifts with them ;—some a cheese, others a pot of butter, flour, sugar, tea, &c. The women have an apartment to themselves, where they are entertained with tea ; while the men take hearty potations of cwrw, smoke their pipes, and leave such a sum of money as they chuse, or can afford. At the bridegroom's, it is chiefly men who attend, and after being entertained in a similar manner, they make some pecuniary presents and retire. Twenty, thirty, or forty pounds, are sometimes collected on these occasions between the contracting parties, and this helps to establish them in life.

On the night previous to the wedding, a few of the young man's companions proceed to the bride's house, to see if she is safe, when her friends affect to conceal her for a time, either by dressing her in man's apparel, or by putting her into some obscure place ; but after some pretended difficulty, she is at length discovered, when they sit down and spend the evening merrily, and then depart. Next morning, however, they return again, and demand the bride, which is done by repeating many lines of Welsh poetry. A kind of refusal is made by the father in a similar strain ; but his consent being at last obtained, the girl is mounted on a horse, behind one of her young male friends, who sets off with her full speed to the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed, followed by a numerous concourse of people. The bridegroom is sure to be in readiness to meet her at the church door, with his attendants, when the clergyman joins them together, according to the established ritual, except that when he comes to the words "with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," the bridegroom puts his hands into his pockets, and produces what money he has about

him, which he gives with the ring to the clergyman. The latter takes his fee, and delivers the remainder to the bride. After this, the ceremony concludes at the altar in the usual form.

When a person dies, there are people sit up every night with the corpse till the funeral takes place, the night before which is called "the watch night," when the chamber is illuminated, and a number of friends and neighbours continue in it till morning. The company assemble early, frequently to the number of two or three hundred or more, who follow the corpse to the place of interment, some on horseback, others on foot. When arrived at the cemetery, they place the body on a bier, and a number of persons walk before it, bare-headed, singing proper psalms for the occasion, till it is set down in the chancel. The nearest relations then kneel round the coffin, till the service is ended, when the same take it up and carry it to the grave. This must be a trying scene for affection to bear; but the most tender hearts are reconciled to it through habit; and it certainly is more decent than the custom which prevails in England, of trusting the remains of those whom we loved most, to indifferent and hireling hands.

The small-pox sometimes breaks out with great virulence among the country people, and sweeps off great numbers. Nevertheless they have an aversion in general to inoculation, and vaccination is too little understood as yet to be commonly introduced. They have likewise something of a predestinarian principle, which renders them indifferent about approaching the infected, whether dead or alive; and this, added to the old prejudices in favour of warmth and a close air in the chamber of the deceased, tends very much to spread the devastating power of this cruel malady. Nothing but legislative provisions can extirpate the small-pox;

but, alas! the health of the subject is the last object that engages a statesman's attention.

The natives of both sexes among the mountains on the sea-coast of Cardiganshire, and probably in other places, are much addicted to sea-bathing, during the light summer nights. The manner of their collecting together, is by blowing horns the whole way, as they advance towards the deep. When arrived on the beach, they strip, and take a promiscuous plunge without any ceremony. This kind of ablution is commonly performed on Saturdays, in order that they may enjoy rest the next day. It is generally day-light before they return to their homes, and the noise they make is sure to disturb those who are not engaged in these aquatic orgies.

Foxes abound among the mountains, and it is impossible to pursue them in the usual way by hunting: about the time the lambs are dropt in the spring, it is usual for the whole country to rise by the signal of horns, and with guns, dogs, forks, and other weapons, to destroy as many of these crafty and noxious animals as come within their reach. Hunting on foot indeed is the usual practice in Wales; and is certainly safest and best; for only a few have the resolution to ride after hounds in such a country as this.

By far the greatest part of the lower orders, both in towns and in the country, are dissenters, and consequently are little addicted to any public amusements; but if an itinerant preacher visits them, they immediately leave their pursuits, and crowd to hear him from every quarter. The annual meetings of the Methodists, called associations, are attended by a vast number of preachers. These meetings are circular. Last year they were held at Aberystwith, when it was computed that nearly ten thousand persons were collected together. A stage was erected for the ministers on the marsh adjoining the town;

and business of all kinds was suspended during the stay of those pious fanatics. Lately the sect of Methodists, called Jumpers, prevailed, as being most extravagant and best suited to make an impression on weak and vulgar minds. While the preacher among these ignorant enthusiasts is delivering his discourse, the congregation keep holding up their hands, and waving them about in a frenzied mood; but no sooner has he finished than they instantly begin jumping, hand in hand, with the first person they can lay hold of; and this exercise they continue with horrid screams and noise till they are quite exhausted, and perhaps fall down in a kind of trance. Others clap their hands sometimes over their heads, and sometimes against their sides; and it is nothing unusual for a party of three or four to link arm in arm, and turn round with such velocity, that they soon become giddy. Once when a preacher was asked if the Jumpers were actuated by joy or sorrow, he replied, "both;" and desired the person who put the question "to go home, and read the scriptures." In a word, the stories we heard of these people from the most credible authorities, would stagger the belief of strangers; but as enthusiasm is a powerful source of love, these exercises are not often *barren*.

At Aberystwith a custom-house has been erected, in consequence of the increasing trade. The exports are oak bark, birch ditto, oak timber, lead ore, black jack, copper ore, iron, corn, butter, poultry, slates, and Welsh ale. The imports are chiefly balk, deals, hemp, pitch, tar, rosin, Russia iron, groceries, flax, porter, cyder, wine, brandy, rum, Geneva, &c. The vessels from this port trade to Ireland, Liverpool, Bristol, and some few to London.

The months of August and September may be called the harvest season of the fishermen, particu-

larly for herrings, which are sometimes caught in immense quantities in the bay of Cardigan. Numbers are immediately conveyed from thence into North Wales and Shropshire on horses, the rest are salted, and together with potatoes, constitute the principal food of the labouring poor during winter.

The value of land in these parts varies extremely, according to its locality. In the more fruitful vales near towns, it is worth 3l. per acre; but land of the same quality at a distance from them, lets only from 15s. to 25s. The sheep-walks on the hills may be worth from 6d. to 9d. per acre; and the average price of land by the year throughout Cardiganshire, cannot exceed 5s. per acre; perhaps 4s. 9d. would be nearer the truth. It should be observed, however, that many of the mountains bid defiance to cultivation; and that they furnish only a miserable subsistence for a few sheep, which, as well as their lambs, are exposed to many dangers.

Cardiganshire is rich in mines, particularly in lead. The veins of this ore run directly East and West, or North and South, generally the former; so that when a mine is discovered, a compass is used to direct the workmen. When the ore is brought up, it is separated from the stone and earth, and washed quite clean. It is then beaten into a coarse powder, and being afterwards put into bags, is exported to Bristol, where it is smelted. The present price is about 18l. per ton.

The principal mines now working in this vicinity, are Cwmystwith, belonging to Sir Thomas Bonnal; Cluernog and Cwmsumlog, the property of Mr. Pryse, of Gogerthau: the latter is the mine from which Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the New River to London, derived the wealth that enabled him to perform that vast design. Those who rent mines, commonly pay a duty to the proprietor of

the land of a guinea per ton. Silver ore is found here, of which my friend furnished me with specimens; and I have seen a very handsome and large service of plate, belonging to a gentleman in England, which was chiefly fabricated from the ore dug in this district, on his own estate.

In the evening my friend invited us to attend a meeting of the Jumpers; but as they had, it seems, performed their orgies in a village at some distance the same afternoon, to our great disappointment, they did not exhibit. One of the teachers, however, was employed in catechising the children, where their parents attended. The former were seated round benches, in a wretched hovel, the doors and windows of which were open. At the entrance stood several persons of both sexes and of all ages, busily engaged in conversation; but as they talked only Welsh, it was impossible for me to gain any new information.

From this place we proceeded to the mall on the castle hill, which was pretty full of company; and as the evening was fine, we moved round in the circle till ten o'clock, when all, as by mutual consent, retired to their respective homes.

Called up by my friend, whom I had met the day before, at an early hour, in order that we might spend a little more time together, before we parted to meet perhaps no more, I walked with him to the bathing-machines, which are at no great distance from the two principal inns of the place; and in their vicinity indeed the greatest part of the new houses in Aberystwith have been built, or are now building. The machines are of the usual form; constructed of wood, topped in a pavilion shape, and running on four wheels. Three or four are allotted in one quarter to the ladies; and as many in another to the gentlemen. Nothing can be more favourable than this spot for bathing, and as the tide is little mixed with

fresh water, it must of necessity be strongly impregnated with saline particles. After all that can be said, however, in favour of fresh or salt water immersion, it is probable that a few dips to clean the skin would be sufficient for every purpose of health; and that the other good effects supposed to result from this practice, must be ascribed to change of scene and air, which are often more salutary than all the aids of medicine.

In this morning's ramble we met several children with the small-pox on them, neither shunning the crowd, nor being shunned by them. It is a pity that this dangerous confidence is so far indulged: many lives are annually lost by it. But the greatest plague on the coast is smuggling, and more victims of both sexes fall by drinking spirituous liquors than by natural diseases. Where good brandy can be purchased for 2s. per bottle, it is not easy for the poor, the profligate, and the wretched, to resist the temptation which lures them to destruction.

Several circumstances conspired to delay us in Aberystwith till after breakfast. At last bidding adieu to my intelligent friend,

Who fixed on Cambria's solitary shore,
Gives to St. David one true Briton more,

we crossed the bridge over the Rhaidol by which we had entered Aberystwith, and retracting our steps for more than a mile, took the road which leads to one of the greatest wonders in Wales—the falls of the Rhaidol and the Monach.

The ascent was long, but it afforded a very favourable view of the vale of the Rhaidol; and from two or three points, we could look down from the ridge along which the road runs, at once on the Rhaidol and Ystwith. We skirted the hills, however, that bounded the former, observing all the windings of the vale, and the different figures it assumed, as the bases of the hills projected or retired. In

general it is sufficiently fertile, and even the sides of the hills are inclosed and cultivated a great way up. Oats, barley, potatoes, and a little wheat, were the crops that fell under our notice. The soil is ill adapted for any other kind of grain or roots; and few attempts appear to be made for its amelioration. An agricultural society indeed is established in Cardiganshire, under the active patronage of the principal gentlemen of landed property; and the premiums they offer are extremely well adapted to the country; but there is a visible want of energy among the Welsh farmers, and they are too much wedded to old habits to contemplate any new schemes with satisfaction. Ignorance will ever despise what it does not understand. All the patriotic exertions of Mr. Johnes, the lord-lieutenant of the county, have little effect on his wealthy neighbours; but he perseveres, and his example will not be wholly lost.

As we advanced, in the foreground and on the left were waves of hills, rising one above another to the bases of Plinlimmon, which exhibit unvarying sterility, and are used only as sheep-walks. Took the new road, which is more picturesque than the old, as it keeps in sight of the Rhaidol; but being formed of broken slates, the substratum of numerous hills in this track, it will be very unpleasant till they are better pulverized. The slates, which separate without labour, and may be procured without difficulty, in some places lie edgeways and vertical, in others with an inclination to the east, and sometimes to the west. If it were possible to remove one of these schistus hills to the vicinity of London, its fee-simple would be worth more than the whole county of Cardigan.

Till we had passed the ninth mile-stone from Aberystwith, we had perceived no particularly striking features, no grand display of nature; but we now began to approach the Devil's bridge, when the vale of the Rhaidol began to contract, and the

banks to become more woody and abrupt. At length, the road winding round the back of a craggy hill, brought us at once in view of the falls of the Rhaidol, which thundering through a deep chasm between two rocky hills, whose almost perpendicular sides are covered with oak coppice wood, works its noisy way to the bottom over stones of enormous magnitude, and there meeting the foamy current of the Monach, which falls from an enormous height, makes a sudden and determined bend to the right. Every circumstance that enters into the composition of this scene is calculated to inspire fear and horror. Where the eye cannot fathom depths, and noise is heard without being able to trace its cause, fancy is no longer under the control of judgment, and it creates terrors of its own.

But as yet we had not seen half the wonders of this place. Alighting at the Hafod Arms, we descended a few yards towards the Devil's bridge, consisting of two arches, built the one over the other*, and springing from two perpendicular rocks, between which the Monach tumbles from one ledge of rocks to another in broken cascades, a perpendicular height of not less than 200 feet; while from the top of the bridge to the surface of the water, on the north-east side, is a frightful distance of 114 feet more. From the bridge, however, impending trees of the most luxuriant foliage forbid our seeing much of the water. It is only to be caught in glances as it bounds from one ledge of rocks to another; and uncertainty being thus added to the other attributes of the spot, constitutes a new source of sublimity.

Adventurous visitors descend an abrupt and dangerous precipice on the right of the bridge; but

* The building of the first bridge is ascribed to the monks of Strata Florida, about the year 1087: the upper arch was added in 1753, at the expence of the county, in order to render the approach on both sides more level and secure.

except a peep through the arch, there is little on this side to reward their toil and risques. While we were standing here, however, a young lady, the daughter of a senator, slid down between two gentlemen, with more resolution than prudence; and on being dragged up in a similar manner, she fainted away, and was some time before she recovered.

We were satisfied with the experiment which we had seen made by others; and under the conduct of a little girl, we pursued a winding path through the woods on the left, and soon arrived at a ledge of rocks, from whence the greatest part of the falls of the Monach may be viewed at once in all their grandeur; but as few can overcome the impression of fear which this station excites, or have the temerity to encounter difficulties and dangers without some more laudable object, the prudent pause at the spot where these begin, though in consequence they see the different cataracts less distinctly. Where security is wanting, it is impossible to be at ease; or rather where fear begins, pleasure must end. If the falls of the Monach and the Rhaidol are worth visiting, and if they continue to attract the notice of strangers, it would be politic as well as grateful to render them as safe and accessible as possible. A few posts and rails to fence against accidents, and a little labour to cut steps out of the precipitous rock, would enable parties to descend together; instead of this undertaking being left, as it is at present, to those who have most nerves and least brains. As for the natives, they never think of such an expedition, unless they are paid for it: they smile, and justly smile, at the risques we run to gratify a vacant curiosity.

Ascending again from the contemplation of this sublime scene, to which neither the pen nor the pencil can do adequate justice, we were next conducted by another winding path to the right of

the former, amidst the thick shade of trees, to the falls of the Rhaidol. In our way, cross two rivulets, which fall from a great height in gentle cascades; and as they may be viewed in perfect security, they were at least more attractive than their neighbours of mighty fame, though still without a name, and hitherto without a recording pen. Descending by a circuitous route, the track becomes more precipitous, and the difficulties increase; but to those who possess sufficient resolution, it may be desirable, when the river is low, to descend to the rocky bed of the Rhaidol, and to advance up to the brink of the immense and unfathomable bason, into which it devolves its tide, with a noise which at first stupefies and confounds. Rocks of vast magnitude lie scattered about in the channel, and nature looks again reduced to her original chaos.

After taking some refreshment, and bespeaking beds for the night, we procured a ticket, which is granted at this house, to visit Hafod, the far-famed residence and the sole creation of Thomas Johnes, Esq. representative and lord-lieutenant of the county of Cardigan. It is distant about five miles from the Devil's bridge, and is only to be seen from twelve to two; but though it was already the latter hour, trusting to a letter of introduction, we flattered ourselves that we should be allowed an extension of the indulgence; and in the sequel we were not disappointed.

The commencement of the road towards Hafod from the Devil's bridge, is awfully grand. It runs by the precipice that bounds the Monach, just where it is hastening to a fall; and being destitute of a fence, which in this country seems disregarded even round the finest seats, the appearance is too dangerous to be contemplated with pleasure.

Ascending, as is usual in the principality, at the

beginning of every stage, we wound round the base of a long hill, shagged with rocks, and destitute of cultivation, but affording the finest sheep-walks that we had yet beheld. The opposite hills were nearly of the same character, and were thickly dotted with the woolly race.

When about half way to Hafod, the road begins to decline, and the eye darts over a mountainous and waste country, where not a tree is to be seen, and scarcely a human habitation enlivens the prospect. At length some stone walls and young plantations of larches, which do not seem to answer so well as the public spirit and patriotic intention of the planter deserves, convince us, sterile and dreary as the aspect of the surrounding scenery continues, that we are approaching Hafod. Passing a common gate, with an ordinary cottage lodge (for the transitions here are never so quick as to offend by sudden contrasts,) we descend towards the vale of the Ystwith; and by degrees, a scene of sylvan beauty opens, which appears the effect of enchantment, and we are ready to doubt the evidence of our senses. Both sides of the mountain which bound the silvery Ystwith, are feathered down from top to bottom with plantations of luxuriant oaks, intermixed with birch and ash, whose diversity of tints increase the beauty of the picture.

As we advance, a forced crop of oats was seen on each side of the road; for the natural sterility of the soil prevails over all the arts of improvements, which taste, judgment, and expence can apply. Passing a second gate with a lodge, somewhat more ornamented than the first, we catch a view of the church, proudly seated on our right, amidst a number of fine trees, and soon entered a wood, whose overreaching branches exclude the beams of the sun, and produce all the obscurity of sylvan beauty.

Far below rolls the Ystwith ; and hills rise above to a giddy height. I could not help shuddering as I contemplated the unguarded steep on our left, and the danger which might arise from a sudden start of the horses ; but we had not long to indulge such reflections, before the scene became more open, and the road making a bend to the right, soon brought us in sight of the mansion, when a burst of beauty almost unrivalled, astonished and delighted the eye.

Hafod* is built in a chaste modern gothic style, and perfectly assimilates with the character of the country in which it is placed. It stands on a fine knoll on the right of the river, where the vale of the Ystwith expands to a moderate breadth. Above it, rises a steep and deeply wooded hill ; and beyond the Ystwith, which here spreads into a broad sheet with a pebbly channel, rises another hill, majestic, sylvan, and elegant in its outline. The offices lie behind the house, and are wholly concealed by plantations. Viewed from the mansion, which is built of Portland stone, with turrets and painted windows, and is only two stories high, the valley seems to close at both ends, and aptly represents an *oasis* amidst a surrounding desert.

Delivering our letter of introduction, accompanied with a request, that Mr. Johnes would give himself no farther trouble than to accede his permission to see the interior of the house at an irregular hour, which he readily granted, we were ushered into the hall. This contains some antique statues, and copies as well as pictures. We then passed

* While these sheets were passing through the press, Hafod, the most beautiful seat in Wales, was burnt down, and of all the valuable pictures, books, and other curiosities it contained, very little was saved. This is not only an individual, but a national loss.

through the music-room, the drawing-room, dining room, &c. each of which possesses its appropriate beauties, and is replete with works of art. To particularize every thing deserving notice in this splendid seat, would carry me beyond the limits prescribed. The ante-library is a singularly elegant apartment, with two beautiful windows of painted glass, from a Flemish convent. The library itself is one of the most superb octagonal rooms in the kingdom; and is filled with many choice and valuable books. From this is a communication with the conservatory, which is three hundred feet long, and replete with the most curious plants; but strangers, without a special permission, are not allowed to examine them, for reasons assigned us.

Mr. Johnes is not only a man of taste, but possesses also distinguished literary talents. His translation of Froissart's Chronicle at once reflects honour on his talents and munificence. The Hafod press may justly vie with the most celebrated in the kingdom. Miss Johnes, an only daughter, about twenty-one years of age, and heiress to these fair domains, is said likewise to possess a very cultivated mind, with great goodness of heart, and sweetness of temper.

Leaving the house, over which we had been conducted by the house-keeper, we passed over a lawn, where the mowers were at work, towards the gardens. These are pleasantly and advantageously situated on a level plain near the Ystwith, and contain every appendage for furnishing the dessert.

The road now conducted us to an elegant bridge, which spans the Ystwith; and we were about to enter the walks, which are carried through the woods, along the slopes of the hills, and open the most brilliant views, when looking at our watches, we were reminded, that we had not time to take the

round of the plantations, much as we wished it; we therefore advanced only a little way, and hastening to our carriage, returned by the same road we had come, to the Hafod Arms, at the Devil's Bridge.

The evening being very fine, we walked out, and amused ourselves with throwing stones from the bridge into the chasm and cataract below, and listening to the hollow melancholy sound they produced as they happened to bound from ledge to ledge, or to plunge into the basons worn by the incessant action of the water. Nature was hushed in every other quarter; but the falls of the Rhaidol and the Monach know no repose, nor can stillness ever visit their confines. Even at this season, their roaring was stunning to the ear; and what dreadful uproar must they produce, when swelled by wintery torrents, and the impetuous tide is struggling within its rocky barriers! Than such a scene, nothing can be more solemn: I can fancy all its power!

While engaged next morning in writing, the two other gentlemen of the party descended to the falls of the Rhaidol, opposite the window where I sat, and began angling for trout, in one of the most awful situations that ever was witnessed by man. I could see them standing on the rocks in the bed of the river, reduced to the size of pigmies, and their fishing-rods to little more than straws. Such were the effects of distance and position! One of them, who is the least inclined to be nervous of almost any man I know, assured me, that on approaching the immense and nearly unfathomable bason into which the Rhaidol falls, and throwing in his line, the blackness of the water, the noise and other circumstances of the place, so overcame him, that he began to grow giddy, and was glad to return.

From the bow window of the principal room at

the Hafod Arms the scene is inexpressibly grand. All the principal features of the junction of the Rhaidol and Monach may be seen at one view, and the cataracts of the former are full in front. To those who love the roaring and dashing of water, and the rude sublimities of nature, there cannot be a retreat more inviting than this. Finding an *album* in the room, in which several visitors had recorded their sentiments and feelings, I was induced to add mine in the following hasty lines :

With mingl'd fear and solemn awe imprest,
 The PONT AB FYNACH struck my anxious breast.
 No scenes are these to sooth the troubl'd mind—
 No charms in solitude my soul can find :
 To softer views I turn with wearied eye—
 For peopl'd tracks I heave the heart-felt sigh.
 The majesty of rocks, the torrent's roar,
 A moment please or agitate—no more ;
 But milder nature, deck'd by tasteful art,
 For ever holds her empire o'er the heart.

Once in twenty years, the coppice wood, which adds so much to the beauty of this spot, is cut for charcoal and other purposes ; but how this can be done amidst such precipices is appalling to conceive !

In company with Mrs. ——— I was induced, by the representations of the landlord and his offered guidance, to attempt a descent to the falls of the Monach by a route little used and not much known, winding behind the Hafod Arms. This is more circuitous and perhaps is less difficult, but the gratification we received was not equal to the fatigue we underwent, in wading through mire and dirt nearly as far as Llyn Vat's cave, as it is called ; a traditional personage, who is said to have followed the vocation of a robber, and to have lodged here in a place almost inaccessible, and certainly uninhabitable in its present state. Whatever his crimes might have been, he did daily penance for them, if he sought for shelter here.

Just as I got to the inn from this expedition, which I would not advise any person to repeat, I was honoured with a call from Mr. Johnes of Hafod, who politely and hospitably invited me to spend a day or two with him. I had to lament that it was not in my power to accept his obliging invitation on this occasion. We had made a resolution before we started, to decline all visits to friends, except such as might be wholly incidental and not likely to interrupt our progress.

At the Hafod Arms, is an orphan girl of about twelve years of age, who acts as guide to the Rhaidol and the Monach. "She was left destitute six years ago," said the landlady, "and when we came here we found her in the house, and she has remained with us ever since. She has a head like a little goat." And well might this be said, for she clammers over precipices with the indifference of a mountain goat; while her modest diffidence, and her unprotected situation, entitle her to the humanity and attention of every person who invites her services.

Desirous of seeing as much of the country as possible, instead of returning by Aberystwith, the nearest way into North Wales, we took the more circuitous route by Llanidloes, distant from the Hafod Arms about twenty miles.

Crossing the Devil's bridge, for some time we followed the course of the Rhaidol, which was working its turbulent way on our left, through deep chasms in the rocks. Passed through the village of Yspyttyr Enwyn, in the cemetery of which we noticed some ancient pillars; and winding round the naked basis of Plinlimmon by a road formed with much judgment and expence, in one place, we crossed a part of that mountain, and met the carriage on the other side. We had once thought of ascending the summit of Plinlimmon, but were dis-

quaded by a gentleman who had often made the experiment, and who assured us, that there was nothing very interesting to be seen, even if the clouds and mists should happen to allow a view, which is always doubtful. The whole scenery is described as being inexpressibly wild; and on account of the bogs and the danger of being lost, it is never safe to attempt the ascent without a guide. Yet naked and uninviting as Plinlimmon appears, it has stronger claims to regard than any other mountain in Wales. It gives rise to no less than five rivers, whence its appellation, and three of these are of no small consequence; the Rhaidol, the Wye, and the Severn. The two last rise at no great distance from each other, but pursuing different courses, soon acquire a different character.

As we proceed, hills rise beyond hills in endless succession, from which devolve many wintery torrents, some of which are not yet dry; and except that at the beginning of this stage we saw some patches of oats, for many miles successively, neither the signs of cultivation, nor even a solitary cottage, cheered the dreary landscape. The whole track round Plinlimmon seemed doomed to unalterable sterility; and even the sheep that pick their scanty food in this district, are more diminutive than any we had yet seen. Yet their flesh is reckoned the sweetest and best of any in Wales, a country proverbially famous for its excellent mutton.

About the end of the sixth mile from the Hafod Arms we entered Montgomeryshire, separated from Cardigan by a small brook; and following the course of the Wye, which rises on this side of Plinlimmon, and in the course of a few miles is swelled by tributary streams to a respectable river, we proceed amidst a continuation of the same alpine

scenery to Llangerrig, where the vale of the Wye begins to expand ; and delighted the eye with returning verdure, though but partial, and with human habitations, wretched as they are.

In travelling about fifteen miles, we did not meet with a single house where refreshments of any kind could be obtained. Just before we reached Llangerrig, we attempted to procure a little water for our exhausted horses from a farm-house near the road ; and though the inhabitants, as we conjectured from the extent of the premises, were in a superior situation to many of their neighbours, it shocked us to observe their miserable state of living and accommodation. The water from which they had the kindness to fill a bucket with a ladle, ran from the hills into the dwelling-house, and was received into a hole in the floor of mud, from whence there was a channel to convey it out of the dwelling. The apartments were few in number, gloomy, dirty, and almost destitute of furniture. It was with difficulty we could make any of the family, which consisted only of women, understand what we wanted. At last an old woman, probably the mistress of the house, who alone at first made her appearance, or seemed willing to be seen, comprehended our signs, and set about answering them. But though the young women avoided us, no sooner did they perceive that we were mounted, and driving on, than they sallied out, and peeped at us over the walls and through a broken hedge, as if the sight of a carriage passing this way had been a wonder ; and indeed we have reason to believe that this is a curiosity at least, and to be seen only during a short space in summer.

They all seemed to be employed in spinning, and in dying, as we heard the wheels going briskly in an inner room, and saw some blue yarn still drip-

ping wet from the vat, hanging up against the eaves of the house to dry.

While we made a short halt at Llangerrig, the church invited our examination. Its tower is ancient, and its font, of which we took a drawing, is remarkable for its tracery and its elegance. The floor was strewed with loose earth, and as shutters were put up as a protection for the windows (a common practice in Wales), a kind of darkness visible pervaded this sacred edifice. The *tout-ensemble* was a mixture of meanness and negligence; yet this is the mother church to seven others, and the parish extends about ten miles each way.

In the cemetery we observed several recent graves stuck full of box, and others of older date with small stones in mosaic work, representing a coffin, with head and tail upright stones. Both the prayer-book and the bible were in Welsh, in which language alone the service was performed. As the English, however, is yearly making a greater progress in Wales, and as it would tend much to the improvement of the county and the interest of the people, to lose their native tongue, it surely would be proper to have prayers occasionally in English, and to circulate religious tracts among the common people in that language. But on this subject, I have delivered my opinion before, and I know that I am treading on dangerous ground.

In this vicinity, noticed some curious plants of the vetch kind, and by the road-side, the *viola tricolor* and *lutea*, and other pansies in all the variety of blended tints, and in the greatest profusion.

After leaving Llangerrig, the soil began to improve, and we were delighted to behold native woods of oak and birch, fine fields of oats, rye, and barley. Indeed many charming spots presented themselves in the vale leading to Llanidloes, which contrasted with the environs of Plinlimmon, appeared

like so many gardens of Eden. Long pieces of flannel stretched on the racks, convinced us that we were now travelling through a country where that manufacture, one of the greatest in Wales, is extensively pursued. Many hands are employed, particularly females, in producing this useful kind of cloth, which not only serves their natives for their entire dress, but is exported in considerable quantities to England and other countries.

Llanidloes, standing in a pretty fertile vale, is rather a neat Welsh town, having its four principal streets crossing each other at right angles. It is surrounded on three sides by the Severn, which rising about ten miles higher up from a small lake in Plinlimmon, has already acquired some magnitude, and produces trout, and at some seasons, salmon.

The church is a new edifice, and possesses some elegance; but the market-house, an ugly old wooden pile, standing in the centre of the town, is a disgrace to the place, and disfigures the symmetry of its plan. The old houses in general are constructed of wood frames filled up with mortar, but the new ones are of brick, in the modern taste. The streets are filthy to an extreme degree; but it would be singular to find a house in Wales without dung-heaps before the door. Whether they believe in the old proverb, "that where there is muck there is money," I know not, but certain I am, that they act as if they did.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we entered Llanidloes, which we found in the bustle of preparation on account of a large fair that was to be held there next day, and were glad to be able to secure accommodations for the night. While our dinner, or rather supper, was getting ready at the New Inn, we perambulated the town; and after enjoying a comfortable repast, being weary

with the fatigues of the day, we early retired to rest, having previously agreed to start very early next morning. Indeed we had no occasion to be called, as the noise of Welshmen over their cups of ale, the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, which were continually entering the town, kept us more awake than we could have wished, and made us leave our beds with less reluctance than we should otherwise have done.

The following morning we were in the carriage by five o'clock, in order that we might be able to take a stage of twenty miles to Machynlleth before breakfast. To get up early is no doubt salutary; but in the raw air of a hilly country, to attempt so much, without any refreshment, is by no means advisable. I felt the ill effects of the practice myself, and I wish to caution others.

Owing to the number of ascents and the execrable badness of the roads, we were obliged to have an additional pair of horses for the first twelve miles. The post-boy assured us, that carriages did not pass six times this way, in the course of a whole summer; and though it must be allowed that nature has been extremely unfavourable, it is scandalous to exact tolls on a road scarcely passable, and where little regard is paid to the safety of the passenger. We observed the track of a wheel so very near the edge of a perpendicular precipice of giddy depth, that I now shudder at the recollection; and had it not been for the native politeness of a Welshman, who was driving his cart before us in a similar situation, in voluntarily turning aside, and exposing himself to the possibility of danger, that we might escape it, we should have been under the necessity of remaining behind him for not less than half a mile, or have run the risque of being dashed to pieces, by tumbling at least fifty feet into a rocky stream below. It is with pleasure

I record this incident, as it does credit to Cambrian civility. If the natives, however, who are habituated to dangers, do not see and feel the same cause for alarm as Englishmen do, the trustees of public roads are not less bound to provide against what is probable, though it may be of rare occurrence.

When we commenced our journey, the fogs were so heavy, that we could catch only near views of the country through which we were passing. Crossing the Severn, a giant even in its infancy, we began to ascend between hedge-rows of birch and hazel, and fields waving with wheat, oats, and rye. In the country through which we had lately passed, wheat had been rare, and we regarded its appearance as a sufficient evidence of the fertility of the environs of Llanidloes.

The hills which we now gained began to be covered with fern, and only allowed patches of oats in the hollows, and on the lower slopes. The substratum of slate which had prevailed so long, began to change to a slaty gravel, excellently adapted for making or repairing roads, but much less applied to this useful purpose than it ought.

By the time that we reached the seventh mile-stone, the fogs began to disperse, or to envelope only the heads of the loftiest mountains; and we looked over an alpine track of sheep-downs, intermingled with morasses, from whence peat and turf are dug for fuel. On gaining the summit of one of the different eminences, which lay on the road, and rendered our progress extremely slow, we beheld on the left a pretty extensive lake, with finely indented shores, but destitute of foliage, and surrounded in the distance by rugged mountainous scenery, the abode of grouse and black game. This lake gives rise to the Bachwy river, which falls into the Severn.

Before we reached the twelfth mile-stone on this

unfrequented road, we had gained the greatest height in the stage, and enjoyed a striking view of rugged hills, abrupt and precipitous, and towering one behind another. At this point, we must have stood many hundred feet above the level of Llanidloes. Our progress, owing to a succession of hills, had not exceeded three miles an hour.

About the fifteenth mile-stone, with sudden descents in the interval, and by a road carried along the very edge of a precipice, we arrived at land susceptible of full cultivation, and producing barley. Oats and rye had been seen higher up.

At a small pot-house within five miles of Machyulleth, and the only one in this long and dreary stage, we endeavoured to obtain a little hay and water for our horses. Not a word of English could any person in the family speak, and *dim Sae-sonig* was the only answer we could obtain to our various enquiries. Their looks, however, indicated civility and a readiness to oblige. When we pointed to the well and to the horses, they understood our meaning, and brought us a wide brass pan, full of water, out of which unusual vessel the horses drank, though not without indications of fear, from the sound it made against their bits. Hay, however, was not to be found on the premises, and we were obliged to proceed without any refreshments for ourselves, as we could not drink *cwrw* in the morning.

The only amusement we had in this dull track, was in meeting groupes of Welshmen and women, riding, walking, or driving cattle to Llanidloes fair. In such a barren and apparently uninhabited country, it was astonishing to see such numbers pouring down from the mountains. They looked as if they had dropt from the clouds, for scarcely a single farm was to be seen from the road. The costume was evidently changed from what we had noticed in

Caermarthen and Cardigan shires, and was much less picturesque. Long blue cloaks were now universal, instead of the *wittle*; but the black beaver hat, and the striped flannel petticoat, prevail over the whole principality. The head was less muffled up, and the red silk handkerchief began to disappear among the females. Blue was the general colour worn by both sexes, even down to the stockings; and this predilection in favour of blue may be said to belong to all the Welsh counties.

Children are dressed in a striped flannel gown or frock, with sleeves, sitting close to the waist, and pinned before. A beautiful little girl of about twelve years of age, dressed in this costume, walked bare-footed for upwards of half a mile, in order to open a gate for us on a wild common near a few houses; and though she received with pleasure the little gratuity we made her, she did not put herself into an asking attitude, nor sink the native dignity of her race. She had the finest eyes and the most interesting face that could be conceived, and her whole form was shaped by the hands of the graces. The flannel frock was evidently the whole of her dress, and it shewed her shape to great advantage. It reminded us, that beauty when unadorned attracts the most.

About four miles from Machynlleth we entered a pleasing vale, watered by a brook which falls into the Dyfi; and by a good and level road proceed, amidst woods, corn-fields, and farms, to that neat and delightfully situated town. It stands on the river Dyfi, in a vale hemmed in by rocky hills in the distance, which are partly covered with verdure, and contains some respectable looking houses, and some genteel inhabitants. This was a Roman station; and in the vicinity are the remains of one of the forts, and some of the private edifices of that

nation. Some coins of Augustus and Tiberius have been found near the site of the fort. An old building was pointed out in which Owen Glendower assembled the nobility and gentry of Wales in 1402, and narrowly escaped assassination from Sir David Gam, who attended on the occasion. Here Glendower exercised his first acts of royalty, and was acknowledged as a prince. The senate-house, however, is now converted into a stable and a butcher's shop, and except a spacious door way, bears no traces of its former honourable destination.

We put up at the Unicorn inn, near the centre of the town; and after some rest and refreshment, made a perambulation of the town, in which the flannel manufacture is extensively carried on. About three o'clock took our departure from Machynlleth, proceeding along the road to the right of the Dyfi, which sometimes receding and sometimes advancing, accompanied us to Mallwyd, distant about twelve miles.

This is one of the most pleasant and easy stages which we had found in Wales, and the fineness of the evening threw a lustre over objects, which under any circumstances must be viewed with delight. For several miles we travelled between hedge-rows, with the Dyfi meandering below us on the left amidst fertile meadows, while corn and grass-fields every where surrounded us, and even the hills were rounded, verdant, and beautiful, though not strikingly picturesque. In a word, the vale of the Dyfi waves with corn and smiles in cultivation; and no contrast could be stronger than between this stage and the preceding. Oats and rye, however, are the prevailing crops: there is but little wheat or barley.

Whether we look backwards or forwards, as we approach the sixth mile-stone the scenery is en-

chanting, and we paused to contemplate it. Here the side screens present either verdant woods or downy hills, while the vista of the vale unites a great variety of charming features. A little farther we catch a view of one of the peaks of Cader Idris, over a break of the intervening mountains. The vale now begins to contract; and as we came in sight of the village of Mallwyd, the mountains seem to close round in such a manner as to forbid our farther progress, or at least to leave it uncertain through which pass the road may take its direction.

Several gentlemen's seats adorn this fine vale, among the rest that of Sir John Dashwood King, Bart. at Aberhiriath, a situation even superior to his fine residence at West-Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire.

Arrive at Mallwyd, whose church has a boarded tower, bearing the date of 1640, in which are cut some suitable inscriptions, such as SOLI DEO SACRUM, through the wood of which it is built with longer or shorter slits or perforations, as the shape of the letters require, and of sufficient magnitude to be legible in passing.

Driving up to the inn, the sign of which is the Cross Foxes, (this is the Watkin arms) we had the satisfaction to learn, that we could be accommodated with lodgings, which, had we arrived a little later, would have been difficult, if not impossible, and we should have found it very unpleasant to proceed farther, particularly as no proper accommodations could have been found nearer than Dolgel-lau. Here several roads intersect each other, which shews the propriety and even the necessity of a house of accommodation on the spot.

After dinner, two of the party amused themselves with angling in the Dyfi, in which they met with but indifferent success; while Mrs. — and my-

self walked round the village, which is charmingly situated; and entering the church-yard, I took a near inspection of a famous old yew-tree, which had arrested my attention in passing to the inn. The trunk is very short, though of great thickness, and is surrounded with a stone seat for the village sages to rest on. A little above this seat, ten principal branches proceed from the same stock, and spreading in a circular direction, occupy a diameter of twenty-four paces in their utmost expansion, making a circumference of little less than two hundred and twenty feet. This amazing tree, which is still flourishing in all its parts, rises to a very great height, and is unquestionably the finest I ever saw. That at Aldworth in Berkshire, though its trunk is about nine yards in compass, is by no means comparable to this, except that it may be superior in antiquity.

We were waited on by one of the daughters of the landlord of the inn, a young girl of about seventeen, who, without being beautiful, was extremely interesting and agreeable, on account of the innocence and simplicity of her manner, and the traits of intellect which she possessed. On asking her in a jocular way if she had ever been at the top of Cader Idris, or if any people of the country ever thought of such an expedition, she answered in the negative. "Do you not laugh at us," said I, "for coming so far to look at mountains, cataracts, and rocks, which you would be glad to get rid of?" "No," replied she without hesitation, "we are very glad to see you." This sensible answer gave me a favourable opinion of her understanding, and in a desultory conversation with her, she confirmed our prepossession. On enquiring if she was most partial to the Welsh or the English languages (for she spoke the latter with great correctness), she declared that she preferred English, because there

were few books in Welsh worth reading. In this too she was right; and did I know how to send her some books fit for her use, I should feel a sincere pleasure in shewing her this proof of my remembrance.

Next morning was brilliant, and we resolved to reach Dolgellau before breakfast. Passed a steep bridge over the Dyfi, with parapets scarcely a foot high, which can be no security. After proceeding about half a mile farther with a fine terrace view of the river, we crossed it a second time by an excellent stone bridge, and then winding round the bases of the mountains which towered on our left, came to the romantic but miserable little town of Dinas Mawddwy, situated at the entrance of the narrow pass which leads to Dolgellau. Through this town, which contains nothing better than an ale-house, lies the nearest road from Machynlleth to Bala, which runs on the left of the river, whereas we had travelled along that on the right. Here, and indeed in other parts of Wales, we observed the roofs of the houses beautifully sprinkled with stone-crop, whose yellow blossoms, at this time in the highest perfection, rendered the most homely cots agreeable to the eye. The church of Dinas Mawddwy is a handsome structure, and the town itself was formerly of more consequence than at present.

Turning short to the left up the pass, between winding and craggy mountains of all shapes and hues, in the sides of which are deep ravines, the beds of torrents, not yet wholly dry, while springs descend from every lateral opening, and uniting, form a brawling brook, we proceed along a road where a few cultivated spots in the bottom of the vale, finely contrast with the unvarying sterility that reigns above, where sheep, picking their scanty fare on the highest ridges, appear only like white spots.

Beginning to ascend, the pass still becomes more contracted, and naked rocks above environ us. The ascent which is gradual, continues for more than a mile; and on gaining its summit, the eye darts over a succession of mountains, vast and of undefinable shape.

We now sunk to a lower level, though the road is still very elevated, and at length Cader Idris, which had been concealed by intervening masses, opens on our left. It towers sublime among the subject mountains, that seem to retire, in order to allow its base more room to stand, and to display their sovereign to more effect. Yet I must confess that I expected to see something still more grand; and lofty as it is, I looked for an object of superior majesty. It stands on a broad rocky base with a gradual ascent to its brow; when the peaks lift themselves to appearance at once, abrupt, picturesque, and distinct.

Amidst the continuous rocks which scarcely allow a rood of unmixed verdure, the road now descends towards Dolgellau, which opened on the view about a mile off, in the vale at the foot of Cader Idris. This town, whose rugged style of architecture excellently assimilates with the character of the surrounding country, is washed by the rivers Aran and Mawddach, which uniting, fall into the sea at Barmouth. It contains few good houses though it is the place where the summer assizes for the county is held: the streets are irregular, and it has little to recommend it, except the beauty of the wide and fertile vale in which it stands. Though it is the grand thoroughfare on this side to the regular parts of North Wales, it has only one inn, the Golden Lion, and that is not only indifferent in its accommodations, but conducted with apparent negligence and want of civility; according to the ideas we had carried with

us from England, where strangers often find "the heartiest welcome at an inn."

The church is the only building in Dolgellau that deserves notice: it is a modern and not inelegant pile, erected in the Grecian rather than the Gothic style, though perhaps it would puzzle an architect to say what style predominated. We visited it under the guidance of the parish clerk, a man not destitute of intelligence and information. It is of great breadth in comparison to its length; and the side aisles are supported by four wooden pillars on the right, and as many on the left; the roof is covered with boards, the sound from which essentially assists the voice of the speaker; and the seats, which are plain benches with rails and upright backs, being perfectly uniform, give the whole a neat and decent appearance. Here all sit on an equality: and in the presence of God it is right and proper that human distinctions for the moment should cease. The only antique monument that Dolgellau boasts of, is that of an armed knight, with a dog at his feet, with an inscription on his shield—*Hic jacet Mauric, filius Ynyr Vychan*.

I had much conversation with the parish clerk, and from him and others I collected the following information. Farms in this vicinity are very small, running from 20l. to 50l. per annum, some lower, few leases are granted, and little grain of any kind is produced here. Oats, rye, and some barley, are the only corn crops: grass likewise is scarce, and hay is either housed, or placed under thatched roofs, supported by four strong posts. The gusts of wind from the mountains would lift and disperse a common Welsh hay-rick, if it were not thus secured. Potatoes are raised in some abundance; but both here and in other parts of Wales, I observed a most culpable inattention to horticulture in general. Even where the poor might have had

gardens, or where they actually do enjoy this advantage, they wholly overlook it, through indolence or ignorance; and in the little enclosures round their cottages, we see nothing beyond a few potatoes, and often nothing but weeds; even the proverbial national leek is a rare plant. As for cabbages, carrots, turnips, &c. and all the little vegetable luxuries of labourers in other counties, they must be purchased or done without. Where land is cheap, and where small spots might with industry be reclaimed, however poor the soil, it is astonishing that rewards and encouragements are not more frequently held out to the lower classes, in order to induce them to raise wholesome and necessary vegetables for their own use. It is equally delightful to the eye and to the heart, to behold cottage comforts; and if these pages should ever be read by the friends and patrons of Welsh agricultural societies, I hope they will think with me, that they could not dispose of small premiums better than in encouraging the enclosure and cultivation of gardens. There is indeed an agricultural society in Merionethshire; but I believe its premiums are chiefly confined to other objects; though it is properly declared in the rules of the society, "that whatsoever may have a tendency to promote the general prosperity and improvement of the county of Merioneth, its agriculture and manufactures, shall be deemed worthy objects of attention;" and surely the melioration of the state of the poor is the first object that ought to engage the regard of the judicious and the humane.

The poor rates run very high in this part of Wales, particularly in towns; and they certainly would be infinitely more oppressive, were not the occupation of lands so much subdivided, or were the prevailing custom of throwing several small into one large farm suddenly to take place. Rye and

Barley are chiefly used for bread. Fish, which is excellent and cheap, delicate mountain mutton, well-flavoured bacon, and poultry, are to be found at most of the inns; but a piece of beef is a rarity. The sheep, and young horned cattle especially, are sold in great numbers to drovers; from breeding these the rents are chiefly paid.

Flannel is the common manufacture, and a considerable number of hands are employed in this branch in and about Dolgellau, which contains nearly three thousand inhabitants. We found that the usual prejudices against machinery prevailed here in all their inveteracy. Those who have weak eyes are always pained to behold the light!

I regretted to learn that the use of oxen for draught and other purposes began to decline in Merionethshire, and that horses increased: this will tend to make and keep the country still more poor. Sir Robert Vaughan, M. P. for the county, a very respectable gentleman, who resides at the very beautiful seat called Nannau hall in this vicinity, is the great patron and pattern of agriculture; but a few solitary examples cannot influence a whole district.

Called on Mr. Williams, the bookseller, stationer, and printer of the place, and purchased a Welsh grammar and vocabulary: he seemed pleased to find that I could pronounce some of the Welsh words better than the generality of strangers; and this compliment I had received from others. Except the *ll*, there are few words but what an Englishman might easily master: that seems to bid defiance to all but native organs.

At Mr. Williams's I saw a good collection of tours through Wales, but it seems the natives are not much pleased with any of them. Tourists who intend to publish, [as was justly observed, pick up at random, and set down at a venture all they hear;

some are indolent, some inattentive, some credulous, and some write only to amuse. The Welsh do not like to have their peculiarities recorded, or to have reflections passed on their mode of acting or thinking; yet surely they ought to take in good part what is intended for their welfare, and learn to mend what may not have struck them as an impropriety or a disadvantage, till it was pointed out to them. I trust that my avowed object will justify my sincerity and plain-dealing: I wish not to please, but to profit.

Had an interview with the Cader Iris guide, one of the most original characters I ever met with. On his introduction he delivered the following hand-bill, of which he is not a little proud,

“ Lege, aspice Conductorem, et ride.

“ ROBERT EDWARDS,

“ Second son of the celebrated tanner, William Edwards, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Llewellyn, ap Cadwaladar; great, great, great grandson of an illegitimate daughter of an illustrious hero (no less famed for his irresistible prowess, when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely Venus, than when sternly advancing with the terrible banners of the bloody Mars), Sir Rice ap Thomas!!!* by Anne, alias Catherine, daughter of Howell, ap Jenkin, of Ynys-y-maengwyn; who was the thirteenth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant of Bleddyn, ap Cynfyn, PRINCE of POWRS. Since his NATIVITY, full two and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice†; fifty years was he host of the MEN and CHICKENS ale-house, Pen-y-bont, twenty of which he was apparitor to the late right reverend Father in God,

* Vide Cambrian Register for 1795.

† He will be 82, March 1805.

John, lord bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors : by chance made a glover, by genius a fly-dresser and angler. Is now, by the ALL DIVINE assistance, CONDUCTOR to, and over the most tremendous mountain CADER IDRIS, to the stupendous cataracts of CAIN and MOWDDACH, and to the enchanting cascades of DOL-Y-MELYNLLYN, with all the beautiful romantic scenery ; GUIDE-GENERAL and MAGNIFICENT EX-FOUNDER of all the natural and artificial curiosities of NORTH WALES ; PROFESSOR of GRAND and BOMBASTIC lexicographical words ; knight of the most anomalous, whimsical, (yet perhaps happy,) order of HAIR-BRAINED INEXPLICABLES."

He is a little slender man, about five feet four inches in height, and notwithstanding his very advanced age, hopped and skipped about the room with all the vivacity and agility of a school-boy. The manner in which he expresses himself is as droll as his appearance. He is rather too free in his use of the expletives of language, namely, swearing ; but I dare say the poor old creature only wishes to be laughed at, and to amuse his employers, which he never fails to do. He was dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a pair of old boots, and a cocked hat and feather of enormous size. This last appendage or covering to his head, was assumed in consequence of his finding that we travelled in a carriage ; for according to some regulations drawn up by a wag of the place, the grand military cocked hat is only to be worn when he attends peers, bishops, members of parliament, and other distinguished personages. His whole air was military, though he had never been a soldier.

He procured us several little horses, that we might accompany him on a tour of the neighbouring curiosities, particularly to the falls of the Cain and the Mowddach ; but not being able to collect a sufficient number for the whole party, I gave up my

pretensions to one of them, and amused myself in near perambulations with Mrs. — before dinner. Nothing, however, amused us so much as to see the guide *en militaire*, with a long white rod in his hand, like another Merlin, setting out on a full canter from the door of the inn, on his Welsh poney, followed by my two friends, who could scarcely keep their seats for laughter, or indeed keep pace with him any part of the way. Had not the animals been very sure-footed, under such a helter-skelter conductor, and in such a country, a broken limb was the smallest evil that might reasonably be expected; but fortunately they arrived safe, and spoke highly of the entertainment which the guide had furnished them, by the quaintness of his observations, and the vivacity of his manner.

While seated at dinner, a harper, named Reynolds, and the first we had met with, began playing some of his country airs at the door, and produced excellent music; we ordered him into the room, and were much pleased with his performance.

The day was so extremely, and indeed so oppressively hot, that we all agreed to abandon the thoughts of mounting to the summit of Cader Idris; but when the evening began to grow more cool, attended by the guide-general, we walked two or three miles along the Towyn road, to have a nearer view of that celebrated mountain. The point, emphatically named *Cader*, appears to the eye below, little superior in height to the *saddle*; but the third point or apex, which has a name expressive of its sterility, is neither equal in height nor in beauty to the other two. Cader is computed to be two thousand eight hundred and fifty feet perpendicular height above Dolgellau, and is the commencement of a chain of primitive mountains, extending in a north-east direction. The primitive mountains are composed of siliceous porphyry, quartz, and fel-

spar: they are encircled by inferior mountains, producing slate; beyond which, of still lower height, are limestone hills. This arrangement of nature seems to prevail in mountainous countries: at least the same has been observed to be the case among the Alps.

The Prince of Wales is lord of the manor in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris. On its highest peak some artillery-men had lately been employed in raising a small temporary stone-pillar, probably for the purpose of the trigonometrical survey which is carrying on through the kingdom.

Having ascended as far as the small lake called Llyn a Gader, it is usual for those who intend to reach the summit of Cader Idris, to quit the direct road. In this alpine lake we saw a profusion of the *Lobelia Dortmanna*, and some other curious aquatic plants.

Passed two cottage females milking their cows at the very foot of the mountain, close by their paternal cottage. On making signs, they handed us a bason of milk, for which, when a pecuniary compliment was offered, though the milk was intended for sale at Dolgellau, our acknowledgment was at first declined with a sweetness of manner that would have been looked for in vain from the polish so fashion. Never shall I forget the blush, the smile, the diffident look, which one of them displayed; they are written on my very heart. There is something peculiarly attractive in the modesty of the young Welsh-women, and the disinterestedness of the natives who live remote from places of public resort, is inexpressibly delightful. At inns, and in towns generally, their original character is obliterated; and they become selfish, venal, and unprincipled, as in other places.

During this excursion we were highly entertained with the conversation of our guide, who walked on

with all the alertness of a boy. It seems he had once a large family of sons and daughters, but they were now reduced to two girls by a second marriage: several of his sons had served in his Majesty's navy, and two or three of them died in the West Indies. "I had no end of money," said the old man, "which was due to them; they killed themselves drinking new rum. D—n it," added he, "if I had had the same opportunities, I believe I should have done the same." If age has few enjoyments, its feelings are too obtunded to suffer much: he talked with as much indifference about the loss of his children, as he would of so many sheep.

His account of the jumpers in this neighbourhood was very free, and probably just. It seems they once attempted to exhibit their orgies in Dolgellau, but the great mass of the inhabitants being uninfected with fanaticism, some of the young fellows of the town began jumping and howling with them, particularly with the female devotees, and put them completely out of countenance.

If folly e'er can be abash'd,
It must be ridicul'd or lash'd.

Our guide talked much of *curiosity-men*, as he pronounced it, meaning those who were hunting after wonders; and enumerated among his followers some of the first names in science and literature; among the rest, many years ago, Sir Joseph Banks, and the late Earl of Bristol. From the remarks which the latter made on the appearances which the summit of Cader Idris exhibited, it is evident that he considered some of the productions found there, of volcanic origin, though naturalists in general are of a contrary opinion. Lord Bristol, however, having examined with much attention mount Vesuvius, and being an excellent judge, and a discriminating observer of whatever fell under his notice,

must be allowed to bear great weight in decisions of this kind: I have had more than one opportunity of admiring his sagacity, the universality of his knowledge, and the native goodness of his heart; and am happy, now he is no more, to give this testimony in his favour. Edwards, however, did not only talk of great men whom he had attended, he shewed us written testimonials in his favour, from some living *curiosity-men* of the highest reputation. He wished, likewise, to procure a certificate from us, and we handed him one, in just terms of commendation, but signed by the most ridiculous names that could be invented. This mark of our approbation made him quite happy, and we parted in perfect good humour, and bade him what we considered as a last adieu.

No sooner, however, were we up next morning than we found the guide-general ready to pay his respects to us. He had brought a fine nosegay for Mrs. ———, which was accepted in the spirit it was offered. At parting, he held out his hand to me with a “God bless you, I hope we shall meet once more.” Poor old creature! his age, his figure, his vivacity, were all calculated to inspire interest, and the tear stood in my eye as I bade him farewell. May his evening of life be yet long and serene; and may the angel of peace smile on him at his departing hour!

Proceeding on our journey towards Caernarvon, we crossed the Aran by a good bridge of seven arches, close to Dolgellau; and turning to the left, soon reached the village of Llanelltyd, amidst trees and corn fields, wherever the rocks would allow the hand of diligent cultivation room to apply. Nature indeed seems forced here into a kind of barren fertility; for except among the vales, there is not a sufficiency of soil to produce corn, while manure is scarce, and rocks appear scattered over the surface.

of the ground for many miles together. Llanelltyd, however, is a pleasant situation, and may be considered as the port of Dolgellau, as the Mawddach here will bear vessels of considerable burden.

It should be observed once for all, that in Wales every vale, every dingle, has its brook or its river, and that those streams which have run farthest, do not always give name to the river which falls into the sea. Hence, and from the winding direction of the hills, strangers are often at a loss, without consulting an accurate map, to know what river they are crossing or tracing.

Passing a modern bridge over the Mawddach at Llanelltyd, we took the road to the right; along the base of rocky hills, the river flowing below us; while the cliffs seemed to impend over our heads, and to threaten us with instant destruction. The character of this pass is peculiarly wild and terrific; and the effect is much increased by the river being tossed from one rocky barrier to another across the narrow vale, and sometimes touching the bottom of the unguarded precipice, through the slope of which the road is cut. Amidst these convulsions of nature, in a spot where several defiles in the hills meet, oaks of the greatest luxuriance and beauty cover the bottoms, and rise a considerable way up the sides of the hills. The scene was so unexpected, that it made a strong impression, and attracted more notice than it would otherwise have done. It looked like a consecrated grove of the Druids.

Soon after catch a view of Dolymelynllyn cottage, the property of Mr. Maddocks, but inhabited by Mr. Woodcock. It is partly situated amidst plantations or natural groves of oak, backed by rugged and almost perpendicular rocks; but its distance from any practicable neighbourhood must adapt it alone for those who are very happy in themselves, or for those who are disgusted with and

wish to shun the world. A cottage in Wales for a winter residence is almost as appalling to the heart as a solitary cell in a prison ! In summer, with agreeable society, it may do very well.

Quit the carriage after crossing a bridge, and ascend on the left by a convenient foot-path, cut through woods and rocks, in order to view the celebrated falls of Dolymelynn.

After proceeding some way, and catching a partial view of the cascade, we crossed an alpine bridge thrown over the stream from rock to rock ; and pursuing the windings of a rugged path on the right, reach the very top of the rocks from which the river precipitates itself. Here, seated on a mass of stone, we looked down on the cascade, which being parted by an obstructing and projecting rock in the centre, falls in two distinct sheets ; but afterwards concentrating itself, tumbles into a deep and large bason, in one sheet of foam, with stunning sound. Near the bottom of the fall, several pedestrian artists from the metropolis happened to have taken their station, and it is probable, from our position, that we assisted to enliven their drawings.

Here the *myrica gale* grows in such abundance that the air at this season was perfumed by its scent ; and had not the length of our day's journey warned us to hasten our departure, we could have spent some hours in this delightful retreat, forgetful of the world and forgotten. Every cascade in Wales has its appropriate features and peculiar scenery : to draughtsmen they are all interesting ; but the sight of a few is sufficient for the traveller, and will give him a very good idea of all the rest. No doubt there are several in the more wild and interior parts of the country, which are little noticed and have never been described, which are equally as well worth visiting as those which are taken in routine. A series of drawings and engravings of all the prin-

cial cascades in the British isles would be a good speculation.

Resuming our journey, we proceed along the side of a hill, partly covered with wood and partly barren rocks, by a good but unfenced road towards the declivity; an omission which, we had frequently noticed, was too prevalent in the principality, even in situations where the expence could be no object.

Ascend a long acclivity amidst rocks and thickly scattered stones, where the eye was only occasionally relieved by trees or verdure of any kind. Such immense quantities of rocks and stones surrounded us on this elevated road, that it appeared as if Nature had collected materials for erecting a palace, and afterwards desisted from the design. Whole cities might be built from these quarries above ground, if the expression is allowable.

Proceed towards the village of Trawsfynydd, observing on our left Harlech mountain, on one side of which, though concealed from our view, stands the castle of that name, reputed one of the finest ruins in Wales. We lament that it was too much out of the route we had chosen to visit it. Several other mountains of the most rocky and rugged aspect appeared in the circumference. In a drive of several miles, we saw only few patches of oats and rough grass, with houses or rather cots piled up of the shapeless stones of the vicinity. These, however, were "few and far between." Even sheep and cattle were thinly strewed.

Make a short halt at the public-house in Trawsfynydd, where we had more difficulty in finding water for our horses than the trifling refreshments we wanted for ourselves. Welsh only is spoken here. Several females crowded round us to offer stockings for sale. The landlady, though she understood no English, from her being used to see an

occasional stranger, acted as a kind of interpreter. She seemed to entertain a very high opinion of her ale, and pressed us to taste it. We had, however, discontinued its use, where porter could possibly be procured, and it was seldom in towns but that acceptable liquor could be had.

Beyond this village, patches of oats, coarse grass lay fit for the scythe and some natural oaks, intermixed with rocks and stones, which seem as if they had fallen from heaven in a shower, are seen all around us; while in the distance in front rise stupendous hills, surmounted by Snowdon, not yet divested of his veil of clouds, and fill the mind and the eye with the various masses and forms which they present. Though at a considerable distance, their immense magnitude, and the favourable effects of light and shade, bring them almost immediately under our view.

The road now makes a determined descent to the vale of Festiniog, and entering defiles amidst woods and rocks, we soon reach the village of Maentwrog, where there is a tolerably good inn; and passing an excellent bridge over the Dwyryd, by a moderate ascent come to Tan-y-Bwlch, at whose pleasant inn we stopped to dinner. Here we found two Cambridge gentlemen, who had first fallen in with us at Brecon, and afterwards on several parts of our journey, though pedestrians, arrived before us. They had crossed the mountains by a nearer route.

From the inn, where several ineffectual manœuvres were played off to detain us for the night, as they did not happen to be full of company at this time, we had a delightful view of the vale of Festiniog, which is mentioned by Lord Lyttelton in such rapturous terms, and has been described with due praise by Mr. Pratt and others. It is watered by the Dwyryd river and other small streams, which fall from the bounding hills, and unite with the for-

mer. At the bottom of the valley, which is only about three miles long and one broad, the Dwyryd receives the tide, and extends into a wide channel called Traeth-Bychan, and flowing through the sandy estuary of Traeth Bach, falls into the bay of Cardigan. In the meadows here some were engaged in cutting, others in making hay; and the enchantment of the spot, from which all disagreeable objects are excluded, added to the bustle of rustic employment, threw a fascination over the scene, and almost inclined us to loiter beyond the time that we judged it prudent to proceed. Tan-y-Bwlch hall, the seat of Mr. Oakley, overlooking the sweet vale of Festiniog, is picturesquely placed, well wooded, and one of the most delightful residences that can be conceived.

A rapid ascent from Tan-y-Bwlch, with oak groves on the left, and a bold acclivity on the other hand, takes us to the top of an eminence, from whence we caught a glimpse of Crickieth castle on one side, and of Snowdon on the other.

The soil for many miles is poor and gravelly, and the rocks appeared from their burnt colour, as if they had borne the action of fire; but chemists ascribe this to the air acting upon the iron with which they are impregnated. Slate had either disappeared, or had been of such a mixed character, that it was difficult to recognize it; but in this drive it was again discovered of the finest colour and the most beautiful texture.

In the bogs in this alpine tract saw plenty of the Lancastrian asphodel and Dutch myrtle.

Transitions were extremely rapid, which originated from the road being obliged to take a winding direction among the masses of rocks, continually threatening to intercept our progress; but the prevailing character of the country was uniformly the same: naked and lofty mountains in the dis-

tance, and in the foreground scattered rocks, sometimes shaded by fern or varied by a few stunted oaks, and frequently producing nothing but the lichens that covered them.

Come in sight of Traeth Mawr, a level track of sea marshes, extending to the vicinity of Pont Aberglasslyn, and forming an irregular outline, according as the mountains advance or recede from the coast. Just as we turn an angle of this track, the scenery becomes inexpressibly grand. Snowdon towers sublime amidst his subject mountains, still capped with clouds ; while rocks and precipices, vast, shapeless, and impending over the road in the most frightful manner, fill the mind with awe and wonder.

Yet sterile as this district is, it is not wholly uninhabited. In sheltered recesses among the gigantic rocks, which line the road, and sometimes on their very tops, cottages are erected, and little spots reclaimed for potatoes, the only vegetable on which the Welsh peasantry seem to set any value. Certain it is, however, that the proprietors of the soil, or rather of the rocks, might not only embellish their estates, but enrich their posterity, by dropping acorns in suitable places ; as oaks grow spontaneously in many spots equally as unpromising as those under consideration, which still remain a blot on the face of nature, and apparently shut out from her care. Wherever fern and heath grow, there oaks might be expected to thrive. This hint is intended for the proprietors of land.

Enter a narrow rocky pass properly secured towards the declivity ; a circumstance which I mention with pleasure, and which we witnessed in many instances in this part of the country. Here oaks began to sprinkle and diversify the rocks ; a convincing proof, that they might be reared with advantage in other situations of a similar description.

Hitherto the roads had been tolerably good, and were conducted with much taste; but about three miles from Beddgelert they became so rough, narrow, and steep, that we were all obliged to alight and walk.

The Traeth Mawr appears now to be hemmed in on every side by grotesque and majestic rocks, amidst which we descend to the Pont Aberglasslyn, which unites Caernarvon to Merionethshire. It consists of a single arch, which springs on both sides from a projecting rock impending over the stream, which latter works its noisy way amidst huge stones and rocks, but without the magnificence of cascades to please the eye, or the uncertain profundity of the Monach to appal the heart. But, if the water here has a tamer character than at the Devil's bridge in Cardiganshire, and if the bridge itself is less sublime, what words can I find to describe the majesty of the accompaniments! Below the bridge is a celebrated salmon-leap, where we saw men standing with spears, to strike at such fishes as might come within their reach. Above it, we contemplate a pass so narrow and so grand, that the mind is awed as we enter it. Rugged perpendicular rocks, about seven or eight hundred feet in height, rise on both sides, without the smallest verdure to shade their asperities; while the bottom allows only a space for a brawling torrent, and a narrow road cut out of the cliff, and winding to the right of the stream. Along this singular road, and amidst objects the most striking I had ever seen, we drove towards the hotel at Beddgelert, pleasantly situated on the left of the road, where the pass has expanded to a little plain, round which several cottages and farms are scattered, encircled on all sides by rocks and mountains, except where a defile allows a passage towards Bettws and Caernarvon. So formidable indeed is the pass of Pont Aberglasslyn, and so easily could

a small number of men oppose an immense host once cooped into this defile, that we were no longer at a loss to account for the resistance the Welsh made in this part of the country to the invaders who at different periods assailed them.

At this season of the year it would have been a prudent precaution to have forwarded a messenger to secure lodgings at Beddgelert, which is twenty-eight miles from Dolgellau, as there is only one house of accommodation here, and no other nearer than Caernarvon, though this is the grand route of travellers. Once more, however, fortune befriended us, and we found excellent lodgings at the Goat, an elegant new-built house, with the appropriate motto under its sign, PATRIA MEA PETRA; *my country is a rock*.

From hence an excursion is often made to the summit of Snowdon, distant about seven miles, three of which may be taken on horseback. On enquiring, however, we found that the easiest and most adviseable point of ascent would be from the Saracen's Head, a small public-house, about five miles off, on the road to Caernarvon, where a guide resides, and the distance to the top of the mountain does not exceed four miles, three of which a horse can travel with safety. This determined our party to adopt that route in preference to the other; and though only one of us had the resolution to think of attempting to behold the sun rising from this prince of Welsh mountains, and who politely yielded to the general wish, all were anxious to devote the morning to the arduous task, and to prepare ourselves for it by rest and refreshments in the morning, before we left the hotel.

The gentlemen whom we had met more than once, were again arrived here before us, and occupied an adjoining parlour. While supper was getting ready, one of them, who was an excellent per-

former on the German flute, which formed part of his viaticum, went out into the area before the house, and produced some of the sweetest notes that were ever heard in the vale of Beddgelert. The evening was calm, and the surrounding echoes from the hills reverberated the notes so as to form a concert from a single instrument.

At supper we had the company of a gentleman just arrived from Ireland, who was proceeding to Tenby, the place of his residence, and who favoured us with comparative statements of the advantages which South Wales enjoyed over the northern division of the principality. He confirmed, from his own knowledge and observation, several extraordinary customs which exist among the Walians, recorded by tourists; and strengthened my conviction of the truth of the opinion I had already formed, that few persons reach longevity in this country; but on the contrary, that great numbers are carried off in early youth by pulmonary consumption.

The landlord here, who has the merit of paying every possible attention to his guests, informed us that Sir Robert Williams, M. P. for the county, a man respected and beloved by all who know him, and with whom I have had the happiness to spend some agreeable hours; as captain of a corps of volunteers, called "the Snowdon Rangers," lately had them reviewed on the top of that mountain, when, to the astonishment of strangers, they performed their manœuvres and evolutions with as much precision and indifference, as if they had been on level ground.

Hitherto we had been favoured with such fine weather, that in the course of twelve days, and travelling early and late, we had never once had occasion to unfurl our umbrellas on account of the rain, though we had sometimes done so to shield us from the sun; but next morning, when we got up at an early

hour, as had been agreed on, we had the mortification to find that a deep mist hung on the hills, and that there was every indication of a wet day. The night had been excessively hot and sultry; and whether from this cause, or the confined situation of this romantic place, all of us complained of languor and degression of spirits. Finding it impossible to ascend Snowdon with any chance of enjoying its landscapes, we resolved to wait here till we saw how the day would turn out; and while my friends revisited Pont Aberglasslyn, in order to fish for salmon, I walked round the narrow limits of the vale of Beddgelert, and picked up what incidental information my opportunities would allow.

In this little plain is an almost exhausted turbarry, but still some peat and turf are dug here. The best land lets at twenty shillings an acre; but the average of the neighbourhood is from half a crown to five shillings, with unlimited right of common on the mountains, which produce little to the nominal proprietor, except where mines have been discovered and worked to advantage. Several attempts have been made to procure copper near Pont Aberglasslyn, but the ore is not reckoned very rich. Similar trials have been made near the very summit of Snowdon, as well as among the other mountains, and not wholly without success; but Anglesea, for the richness and value of its copper, is still unrivalled. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that several valuable metals are concealed in the bowels of these steril regions. Nothing is made in vain: and where nature has been most unpropitious externally, she often contains hidden treasures, which compensate for her other defects.

Examined the neat little church of Beddgelert, with a single bell in its steeple, as is usual in Wales, except in towns. Tradition says, that it was erected

on the spot where Llewellyn raised a tomb to the memory of his favourite grey-hound, which still gives name to the village. The story of this dog savours of the marvellous, and I will not detain my readers to repeat it. Here once stood a monastery, one of the oldest religious houses in Wales; and at no great distance up the vale of Gwy-nant is a lofty rock, called Dinas Emrys, where Vortigern is supposed to have retreated and secured himself, after he found the impolicy of calling in the treacherous Saxons, who were first his auxiliaries, and then his masters.

In this perambulation, I had to regret that many of the rocks which surround Beddgelert, which had once been covered with oaks, from the effects of dissipation or a want of taste, are now consigned to the axe. One proprietor, however, is raising new plantations on his estate; and it is to be wished, that others may imitate such a laudable example. We have undoubted evidence, that Snowdonia was once a forest: at present, except in the vales, scarcely a tree is to be seen.

The goats, which are less numerous than we expected to find them, and which generally keep in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, are said to be very destructive to young trees, by barking them in winter, and browsing them in summer. They sometimes descend during the night into the vales, and commit their depredations; hence, though private property, they are proscribed in many places, and killed without mercy. I saw several men with each a goat on his back coming down from the mountains, but could not learn for what purpose they had been caught. Wherever they abound, they increase the beauty of the landscape; and I would restrain, but not extirpate them.

Purchased a few crystals, &c. which are found pretty plentifully in Snowdonia, of the widow of the

late guide from Beddgelert. She had a tolerable collection of crystals, spars, and minerals, picked up by her late husband in his various rambles among the mountains, but none of them arranged, or particularly curious. They serve, however, to amuse loiterers at this solitary place; and a few shillings are not ill expended in purchasing some of them as a memorial of the spot, and as an encouragement to civility and honest industry. A widow with a young family has always claims to attention: and it seems her husband in some measure fell a martyr to his too frequent journies up Snowdon, which threw him into a decline.

The young women in this part of the country have a peculiarity in wearing black stockings without feet, except a loop passing over the second toe, which keeps them in their place. We observed several females passing and re-passing, with baskets on their backs fastened by a strap over their shoulders, and carrying heavy loads of turf for their winter fuel. In fact, the women perform many of the most laborious offices; while the men, in places where there are neither mines nor manufactures, saunter away their time in idleness, or muddle their brains with ale, a heady pernicious liquor, which seldom agrees with strangers, and which kills many of the natives every year.

The state of the atmosphere still forbidding an attempt to ascend Snowdon, each of us amused ourselves according to our respective tastes; in hopes that when the sun reached the meridian, the day would take some determined character. It did so; for about noon, the rains began to fall in torrents; and we no longer entertained the thought or the wish of quitting our present comfortable quarters. A gentleman, however, who had come to Beddgelert with an intencion of ascending Snowdon from thence, was determined not to be disappointed by

the weather from his design, though he must have known to a certainty, that he could see nothing more from the summit of the mountain than if he remained quietly in his chamber. In spite, however, of every obstacle of this kind, he set out on foot with an umbrella over his head, accompanied by the reluctant guide ; while the rain descended in streams, and the mists floated down to the very foot of the hills. To use his own expression, " he was resolved to proceed, even if it should rain cats and dogs." How far he was gratified, I am unable to conjecture, except from circumstances ; but that he received a thorough drenching, and that he will probably in consequence have reason to remember Snowdon for some time, can be little doubted. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the vanity of having it to say, we have done something, when that something is neither necessary nor useful. To bid defiance to common sense and to the common maxims of the world, merely to excite the wonder of fools, and the laughter or the pity of the wise, is the most contemptible ambition that can actuate the human mind. It appears from incontestible evidence, that of numbers who at different times have toiled up Snowdon, not one in three have enjoyed a clear and uninterrupted view from its top ; and many have with difficulty been able to distinguish the guide, who was walking only a few paces before them.

The most remarkable incident that fell under our notice in the afternoon of this day, when we were in search of any kind of adventure that would bestow a temporary amusement, was, the arrival of a party, in a post-chaise, of two gentlemen and as many ladies, three of whom were lame : yet all were animated alike with the ambition of hopping up to the top of Snowdon ; and because they could not have that satisfaction on account of the rain, they spent their time in social drinking and singing, till

they had scarcely among the four a leg to stand on, or a tongue to articulate a word.

We made a sumptuous dinner here, chiefly on salmon, which is sometimes sold as low as three farthings a pound, though the average price is about 4d. Fish indeed is the greatest blessing that belongs to Wales; for meat is as dear as in England, and therefore seldom falls to the lot of the poor. Our charges at Beddgelert were very moderate; and though we regretted being confined where so little was to be seen, we were perfectly satisfied with our entertainment.

When we rose next morning the rain continued to descend in torrents; and the streams which we could have passed about four and twenty hours ago without wetting our feet, were now swelled to rivers, while cascades were formed in every ravine and precipice of the hills. Our prospect indeed was sufficiently gloomy, and our plan of operations was again disconcerted; but as what is violent seldom lasts long, we anticipated fairer weather before noon; and by the time we had breakfasted, we had the satisfaction to see the clouds breaking in all directions, and drawing round the tops of the highest mountains. In some places a fleecy mantle was thrown over the higher slopes, which waved with every breath of wind; and the sun occasionally shooting a gleam through the gloom, gave a new and brilliant contrast to objects.

Under such circumstances we resumed our journey to Caernarvon, keeping along the bases of Snowdon, which in this quarter are detached rocks and massy hills. Some oats and grass were growing near the road; but sterility, which no art of man can conquer, prevailed as far as the eye could reach.

Passed the small lake of Llyn-y-Cader on the left, environed by grotesque masses of rocks; and soon

after turning to the left, enter a narrow vale, and drive along the side of Llyn Cwellyn, a very pretty lake, nearly opposite to the centre of which stands the Saracen's Head, kept by the Snowden guide.

Here we were induced to stop, though appearances were still unfavourable, in hopes that the mists which still hung thick on Snowden might clear away as the sun reached the meridian, and allow us at last to ascend the glory of North Wales, with some chance of being gratified by the landscapes it affords. The guide has the command of three small ponies, which we bargained for at 5s. each, nearly their value; and we found that the customary compliment to himself was half-a-guinea more, besides the expence of hiring a servant to hold the horses, when the steepness of the ascent renders it impossible to ride any farther, which is only within half a mile of the mountain's top.

Filled up the interval of expectation in walking along the banks of the lake, which is about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. It is very deep in some parts, and produces trout and char. The latter we were informed are caught only in one spot, and for a very few days annually, about the end of December.

A projecting rock in one place backs Llyn Cwellin in a very grand style; but the general scenery is naked and uninteresting; at least it appeared so to us, enveloped as distant objects were in moving fogs.

From the Saracen's Head, the ascent to the summit of Snowden is only four miles; and a road from thence has lately been made to bring down the copper ore on sledges, which is found at a great height in the mountains. These sledges, drawn by two horses, will carry six hundred weight; and we saw an old man of seventy, who is daily employed, with a couple of poor an-

imals, in this toilsome occupation. The old man seemed asthmatic, and well he might; for had not his lungs been uncommonly strong, he could not have stood so much climbing for half the time that he appears to have done.

The guide, who was not quite disinterested in his opinion, after being repeatedly appealed to, declared, that he thought the summit of Snowdon, or Y Wyddfa (the conspicuous), would be free from clouds before we reached it; and accordingly, having laid in such a stock of refreshments as the little inn afforded, we set out in a grand cavalcade, full of the wonders we were to behold, though not without a mixture of fear of disappointment. We had scarcely however gained the first ascent, when Mrs. — began to grow faint and giddy; and as I was less enthusiastic than either of the other gentlemen, I requested they would proceed, and give me an accurate account of their expedition, while I engaged to take care of the lady till their return. In a short time, I had the satisfaction to see her perfectly recovered; and as we observed a number of persons pouring from the hills in every direction, and taking their course along the brow of the eminence on which we stood, by way of filling up our time, we resolved to join the train, in hopes that we might see a congregation of Jumpers. A civil old man from Caernarvon, whom we had seen playing the fiddle at the little inn, and who spoke English, now joined us, and informed us, that a meeting was to be held at a near house, which he pointed out, and that the persons assembling were of that fanatical class of Methodists, who occasionally betray the utmost extravagance during their devotions.

Just as we arrived at the place of assembly, which was wretched in the extreme, the preacher was beginning service, surrounded by as many hearers

as possibly could be crowded into the hovel, or get near enough to catch the sound of his voice. He delivered a prayer with great fervour and fluency in the Welsh language; then a hymn was sung; and after that another prayer and a hymn preceded the sermon.

Though I scarcely knew a word of what was said, I was pleased with the preacher's manner and the devout deportment of his hearers. He was a venerable looking man, with the general pale complexion of a shoe-maker or tailor; and certainly spoke with an impressiveness, that convinced us he was in earnest himself; while it was evident, by the deep and protracted groans of his audience, that he was capable of exciting a correspondent feeling in others. He held a small bible in his left hand, opened towards the congregation, as if displaying the authority on which he spoke, and their interest in its promises and threats: the right hand he gently waved; and, in short, his whole figure and action were well calculated to command attention. I no longer wondered at the influence these illiterate teachers acquire over hearers still more illiterate; and as I consider "*fas est ab hoste doceri*," I could wish that the clergy of the established church would imitate the warmth and energy which is so successful among the Methodists. What effects would not result from learning, talents, and animation! To persuade others, we must shew that we are persuaded ourselves. A dull monotony soon becomes tiresome; and if a congregation feel their pastor labouring at a task, his arguments will have little weight to confirm or to reclaim.

Among these people, prayers and psalm-singing appear to constitute the greatest part of the service. This arrangement too is extremely judicious, being well adapted to the class of persons who attend them; most of whom are much less likely to be

influenced by argument than by devotional exercises in which they can join.

I confess I should have been gratified to have had an ocular demonstration of the fanaticism of jumping, with which the service sometimes concludes : the place, however, was too crowded and too small to allow of such an exercise ; and for the sake of sound religion and sound sense, I am glad to hear that this practice begins to decline. The followers of Wesley, who are certainly the most rational body of Methodists, begin to have the ascendancy over the disciples of Whitfield ; and in time they will probably supersede them.

Finding that the service was protracted longer than we wished, we retired a few paces from the meeting, and, seated on a rock, I wrote the subsequent lines, which were inspired by my recent disappointment, and by the religious exercises I had been attending:

SNOWDON ! thy giddy heights in vain
With fluttering heart I sought to gain.
Too proud to sink, averse to soar,
I love the smooth and level shore;
Through life would keep the plainest road,
And only mount to meet my God.

These lines I read to my amiable friend, and she participated very sincerely in the sentiment they expressed.

On returning to the Saracen's Head, we found the old man whom I have mentioned before, playing again on his fiddle to a company of idlers. We could distinguish Rule Britannia and Crazy Jane ; but the tunes were principally Welsh. In England, it would be reckoned a profanation of the sabbath to play or to sing in public ; but among those mountaineers, music is never out of season.

In four hours and a half from their setting out,

our friends, who had ascended Y Wyddfa, returned, amply recompensed, as they thought, for the toil they had undergone. But as one of them favoured me with minutes of his expedition, which were afterwards enlarged by oral communication, I will allow him to speak for himself, sensible that the spectator alone can give a just and vivid description of what must have powerfully struck the fancy.

“ THE ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

“ For the first mile and a half after we began to ascend from the guide's house, we travelled over a boggy turf, extremely swampy, and to a stranger, unsafe. When we advanced so far, that part of the mountain which was then in sight, assumed the decided figure of a cone, and became much more difficult of ascent, so much so, that it could only be effected on horse-back, by proceeding in a zig-zag direction along a beaten track composed of slaty materials, on which we continued climbing for nearly half an hour.

“ By this time, we supposed that we had almost reached the apex of the mountain; but so various are the shapes which this immense object assumes from the different points of view, that the mind is often perplexed and dissatisfied with the deceptions which the eye has witnessed.

“ Though the mists had hitherto been floating round us, our guide prognosticated our final success, and that we should be rewarded for our perseverance, by soon having a clear view of objects. His prediction was right: the wind rose, and as we proceeded, lifted up the canopy of clouds by degrees, as if unwilling to disclose at once the wonders which were gradually unfolding themselves to our admiring and astonished organs of sight. In proportion as we advanced, the mists receded; and the point which we had before considered as the termination of our

journey, was only the first station that could be seen from below, and lay not very far beyond what our guide very jocularly called the Half-way House.

“The ground was now covered with a beautiful mossy turf; and for another mile the acclivity was more gentle, till at last we reached one of the most sublime scenes we had ever beheld. On looking towards the south and west, the bay of Caernarvon, the isle of Anglesea, and the Irish sea, bounded by the Wicklow mountains, presented an expansive and finely varied picture to the eye. The isle of Man was likewise dimly discerned in the blue expanse; and the beautiful bay of Cardigan with its indented shores, and all the intervening mountains, lakes, and rivers, were spread out like a map before our enraptured view. On the east and part of the north quarter, the mists still intercepted the sight of objects; and in a very few minutes, by the rolling of the clouds, all that we had seen before vanished like enchantment. During the short time, however, that we enjoyed the sun, the various effects of light, shadow, and colours produced by the clouds passing over different parts, were beyond all description fine, and gave us a very distinct idea of the figure of various objects.

“After contemplating the grandeur of the scenery as long as the clouds and mists allowed a distant prospect, the guide invited us to advance a few steps farther, to behold a precipice of nearly five hundred yards, so perpendicular that it could not be approached without terror, at the bottom of which lie the two lakes, known by the names of Llyn Glas and Llyn Llwydaw, the former remarkable for its deep green hue, derived from its being impregnated with copper, some mines of which line its borders. This scene inspired fear more than pleasure: it might be called the sublime of terror; and this sensation was not a little increased by the

guide's recital of an accident which happened near this spot, about two years and a half ago, which I shall relate nearly in his own words :

“ On one side of Snowdon is a place remarkable for the number of bee-hives kept there ; and a man of the name of Howell Williams (whom we afterwards saw) having been promised a jug of honey from one of the owners of these thrifty insects, was on his way to receive it, and about to descend this precipice by the dangerous winding track which the miners have cut, in order to enable them to bring the ore to the top, for its conveyance to the Caernarvon road. Alas ! he had not descended many steps, before the snow, which had lately fallen in great quantities, gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated to the bottom, a distance of not less than four hundred yards, and in several places absolutely perpendicular. Two of this man's associates happening to pass this way a few minutes after, and who knew his destination, on arriving at the spot, and beholding his traces in the snow, exclaimed ‘ Poor Williams ! he must be dashed to pieces.’

“ When the guide had reached so far in his narrative, which froze us with horror, and made us shrink back by an involuntary impulse, a dark cloud enveloped us in its mantle, while the howling of the wind and the hoarse note of the cob, a bird frequenting these alpine heights, all conspired to give an additional impression to the scene.

“ The guide continued his recital, and informed us, that the men descending with caution, in expectation of discovering the mangled remains of their comrade, to their great astonishment found him on his legs, and in no respect materially injured, except that he had torn his hands, though protected by worsted gloves, by catching at the points of the rocks which fell within his reach, and which assisted

to break his fall. So indifferent was he indeed to the singular horrors of his situation and his miraculous preservation, that he expressed more concern for the loss of his jug than for the accident that had happened to himself. In fact, nothing but the snow, which occasioned his slipping, could have saved him from destruction.

"We now learned that we had still half a mile to ascend on the margin of this frightful precipice, over loose stones, among which we were obliged to clamber, having previously left our horses in the care of an attendant. Another gleam of sunshine visited us, but it was speedily lost in the surrounding vapours; and when we arrived on the apex of the mountain, which is only a few yards across, our vision was limited to a short distance, nor was there any apparent probability that the clouds would disperse. Here we observed a small pile of stones recently thrown up by some artillery-men employed by government; and also examined a rude circular piece of masonry, about twelve feet in diameter, erected as a temporary shelter for those whom curiosity might lead to Y Wyddfa.

"The only inconvenience we experienced on this lofty region, was an affection of the muscles of the face from the cold, and this was speedily removed by rubbing them with brandy.

"In a short time we descended to the spot where we had left our Cambrian ponies; and remounting them, we soon reached the Saracen's Head, without any accident or memorable occurrence."

My friends knowing my attachment to botany, brought me some plants which have been frequently noticed as growing on the very summit of Snowdon; and if they were pleased with their expedition, I was not less so with the manner in which I had spent the interval. I should in this place observe, that the perpendicular height of Snowdon

above the level of the sea is computed at thirteen hundred yards.

It was nearly five in the afternoon before we left the house of the Snowdon guide on our way to Carnarvon, distant seven miles, where we were to dine; and feeling already the calls of hunger, we were little disposed to loiter by the way, particularly as our horses were fresh.

Near the outlet of Llyn Cwellyn, and fronted by a beetling and shaggy rock of a peculiar character, stands sweetly sheltered in a recess of the opposite hill, an elegant little fishing-box, belonging to Sir Robert Williams, Bart. The accompaniments of a mill and a cascade, the latter of which appears perfectly natural, though it has received some touches from art, are extremely happy, and render the spot peculiarly attractive.

Beyond this the vale expands, and the hills in the foreground and on the sides begin to sink, a circumstance which filled me with the most pleasing emotions; for I was heartily tired of mountain scenery, and its attendant sterility, which had prevailed for the last hundred miles. To be hemmed in by mountains, and to behold nothing but rocks, torrents, precipices, and cascades in endless succession, may for a short time give pleasure to the stranger, from the mere effect of novelty; but the eye delights to dwell on milder scenes, and to contemplate fertility and beauty.

Pass through the pleasant village of Bettws Garmon; and in this vicinity observe increasing cultivation and the labours of agriculture, which had in a manner been suspended by the frowns of nature, in a great part of our Cambrian tour. The country over which the road now lay, was a succession of eminences and dips, undulating in a very happy style; and the soil was rocky, but not unproductive. On the left rose a very picturesque moun-

tain at some distance, near the sea-coast; but in front, the country was champaign and open for many miles, a feature very rare in Welsh landscapes.

The high grounds in Anglesea, which are few in number, and therefore more easily distinguished, begin to appear as we advance; and from one of the eminences in the road, the whole island lay stretched out like a map before us; while the venerable and elegant towers of Caernarvon castle, according to the waving of the ground, sometimes emerged and sometimes retired from our sight.

Cross the little river Seiont, and enter Caernarvon, which stands sufficiently high above the shore, though apparently lower than the country behind. It is situated on the Menai; and independant of its castle, the most beautiful and magnificent ruin that can be imagined, is by far the handsomest town that we had seen in the principality. Nothing can be more lovely than its accompaniments; and were I inclined to retire from the busy world, here above all places in Wales would I fix my residence. The streets, though rather narrow, as is common in fortified towns, are well pitched, and kept tolerably clean: the houses are neat if not generally elegant, and there is an air of fashion and politeness among the inhabitants, whom we found in their Sunday apparel, that marks some little intercourse with the rest of mankind, and some knowledge of genteel life.

Drove to the hotel, an excellent house built by the earl of Uxbridge, just at the extremity of the town towards Bangor, and commanding, or rather did command some charming views of the sea and of the isle of Anglesea. A row of trees, however, on the opposite side of the road are rapidly rising to intercept this delightful prospect. They were planted, as we were informed from pretty good authority,

in party prejudice, and they thrive in spite of public malediction. Every person who stops at this house laments their existence, and would bless the blast that would level them with the ground.

Behind the hotel rises a rock of immense magnitude and height, which appears like a small island in the ocean, as it springs up at once from the plain. Near it stands another of inferior dimensions, but by no means inconsiderable. From the top of the former is a fine bird's eye view of the town, the castle, the Menai, the isle of Anglesea, and on a very clear day, the Wicklow mountains may be faintly discovered; while to the eastward the varied landscape, over the British Alps is no where to be seen to more advantage. Here I found some curious plants; but had not leisure at this time to pursue my enquiries, as the moment when dinner was to be ready was quickly approaching, and which did not come unwished for.

In the evening we made a perambulation of the town, and as the weather was fine, it was rather late before we returned to our inn. We walked round the castle, which has been so often described, that repetition becomes vapid; but certainly nothing can be finer than its hexagonal turrets springing from massy towers at the angles. A minute inspection of its beauties, however, was postponed till the morning, and we satisfied ourselves with a general survey.

On the adjoining quay, we found vast quantities of beautiful slates ready for exportation. Ships of three or four hundred tons burden can come up here with the tide; and there is a constant intercourse between this port and Ireland. The terrace walk under the castle walls, along the banks of the Menai, is one of the most beautiful promenades in the kingdom, and it was well filled this evening with genteel people as well as plebeians. Some of the

young ladies, for beauty and elegance, would have done no discredit to Hyde-park ; and as it may be fairly presumed they are more innocent than many who tread that fashionable round, I will hope too they are more happy.

Early next morning the sky was overcast and the air cool : but nevertheless I resolved to employ my time before breakfast, in examining the ruins of the ancient Segontium, which lie about half a mile south of the modern Caernarvon. This seems to have been a principal station of the Romans, and had roads connecting with other military posts. It has evidently been of an oblong form, and appears to have occupied about six acres of ground. The fort appertaining to it, and standing at no great distance, is of the same figure, and its area is about an acre. The remaining walls are of great thickness and about twelve feet high. Along them are three parallel rows of circular holes, concerning the use and design of which antiquaries are much divided. At each angle of the walls, a tower has formerly been erected. Except as a vestige of the conquerors of the world, Segontium, however, is little entitled to notice. Roman coins are occasionally found in the vicinity ; and according to Matthew of Westminster, Constantius, the father of Constantine the great, was buried here, and his body discovered in 1283, and honourably interred in the neighbouring church. Why a person who died at York, if we can give credit to the best writers, should be interred at Segontium, is difficult to determine, and I leave the story as I found it.

After breakfast, I set out with the intelligent master of the hotel to visit his farm, which lies two miles off on the Bangor road. This object was congenial to my disposition, and more in the line of my pursuits than tracing the remains of antiquity ; and I received much gratification from wit-

nessing the judicious system of agriculture which Mr. Wakeman pursues. The vast improvements he has made on his farm, by means of draining, irrigation, and marling, by blowing up rocks and levelling, shew what might be effected in this country, if ancient prejudices could be overcome, and a better system adopted. Many of his implements of husbandry are on a peculiar construction, and of his own invention. He shewed me a machine for hoeing turnips, which he had just completed; and it has every appearance of answering the purpose for which it is intended, and will do as much work in six hours with two horses, as six men could do in a long day. Of course, it is needless to observe that he uses the turnip husbandry, though in this, few of his neighbours imitate his example. He plants and digs potatoes by means of a plough, in a very expeditious manner, and raises much larger crops than are usually done by hand, though the expence is at least five-fold.

Land in the immediate vicinity of Caernarvon lets very high; some grass-fields for not less than five pounds an acre. The average of arable, however, does not exceed 12s. or 15s. and some land is as low as half a crown an acre. Tithes run very high, and are commonly let by auction. The consequence of this is obvious: there can neither be a good understanding between the clergyman and his parishioners, nor between each other. If all the tithes in the kingdom were valued, and a corn rent fixed in lieu of them, religion would gain much, and the clergy would lose nothing, except trouble. As for the influence arising from the established mode of payment by tithes, a good man would be ashamed to use it, and a bad man will only find it a source of vexation for himself and others. On the other hand, I cannot approve of making an allotment in land in lieu of tithes, as is frequently done

on enclosures. It throws too much of the soil into mortmain, and is inimical to improvements of every kind; unless certain leases were granted, to which I can see no objection, if the bishop, the patron, and the incumbent are all made parties.

On my return, found Lady Mount S—— had joined our party; and we all proceeded to a more particular examination of the castle, one of the noblest works of Edward I. whose statue, grasping a sword or a dagger, for the whole is rather mutilated, stands over the grand and massy entrance, once defended by four portcullises. Edward by his air seems to menace rather than to conciliate; and the following lines, translated from the Welsh, immediately occurred to my mind, as I contemplated the image of this politic but cruel prince:

Where! ye now astonish'd cry—
Where does mighty Edward lie;
He that gave these ramparts birth,
When prostrate Cambria lean'd on earth?
Here still his image rais'd on high
Attracts the thoughtful curious eye;
But he, long humb'l'd from a throne,
Far distant lies beneath a stone.

The figure of the building is an irregular oblong, and the inside is much more shattered than the outside would have led us to conclude. The towers, however, some of which are octagonal and others decagonal, still remain in a great degree of preservation. The Eagle tower is by far the largest and most elegant in this magnificent pile. We ascended it to see the apartment in which tradition says the first Prince of Wales, the unhappy Edward II. was born. If it was selected as one of the very worst which the castle probably furnished, there might be some truth in the legend; for instead of being a place fit for the *accouchement* of a great queen, it is at once dark, small, and inconvenient to the last degree. The Eagle tower, however, no doubt,

once boasted some splendid apartments, and surely the dutiful, the affectionate Eleanor deserved the very best! From the top of this tower, which has a winding stone staircase, there is a very extensive view over sea and land.

A gallery, which once went round the inside of the castle, at a great height from the ground, now only appears in broken parts on the side next the Seiont, and amidst its fragments we saw a she-goat skipping with her kids, in a manner that would have been frightful to almost any other animal. It put me in mind of a favourite passage in Ossian, and it formed an interesting subject for the pencil.

This vast pile, it is said, was built within a year, chiefly at the expence of the vanquished chieftains, and by the labour of the enslaved peasantry. Five hundred and twenty-two years are since elapsed; and probably another century or two will pass, before it becomes sufficiently picturesque for a ruin.

Having dispatched a messenger in the morning to invite one of the dignitaries of Bangor cathedral, a dear and valued mutual friend, to dine with us at Bangor Ferry, we left Caernarvon about five in the afternoon, and proceeded along one of the finest roads in the kingdom, amidst fields of wheat, barley, oats, and grass, in some places under good management, and which might generally be rendered very productive. The Menai and the level shore of Anglesea attended us on the left; on the right and in front we saw mountains in the distance, among which Carnedd Llewellyn and Penmaen Mawr towered in all their majesty. The former is only sixteen yards lower than the summit of Snowdon; and yet it is scarcely noticed by travellers. So much depends on established and familiar names: what is most popular is not always the most deserving of regard!

Several seats enliven the banks of the Menai on both sides. Among others, Plas Newdd, the elegant and well wooded residence of the Earl of Uxbridge, appears to great advantage on the Anglesea coast. Nearly opposite to this is Moel-y-Don Ferry. Here part of the army of Edward I. experienced a severe defeat in 1282, from the Welsh, who sallied upon them from the fastnesses of Snowdon; but had not long cause to exult in their success; and near the same spot, or at Llanedwen, it is supposed, that Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman general, first landed, when he terminated the rule and lives of the Druids. Tacitus gives a very interesting account of this invasion. On this occasion, the Romans forgot their usual liberal policy, of suffering the vanquished to retain their religious rites and ceremonies; for they cut down the consecrated groves, and overturned the altars which had been polluted with human blood. They indeed were probably influenced by the same motives of extermination which actuated Edward I. when he massacred the bards.

But to proceed: the road gradually diverging from the banks of the Menai, we come to an eminence, and look down on the city of Bangor, about a mile distant, situated under a rocky hill, and watered by a small stream. The tower of the cathedral, which is inferior to many parish churches in England, is the only object that makes any figure at a distance; and except the episcopal palace, which is pleasantly situated, there is very little to attract notice in the place. Yet Bangor was once dignified with the epithet of Great, and is esteemed the oldest episcopal see in Wales, being founded about 516. The town or city consists only of one principal street, and few houses in the place rise above mediocrity. Even the inn is said to furnish but ordinary accommodations, though it must to

many be more agreeable than the bustle at the ferry.

After calling at the post-office, while the carriage proceeded the nearest road to the ferry about a mile off, in passing down the street I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Canon R. who had accepted our invitation, and was on his way to meet us at dinner.

Finding excellent accommodations at Bangor Ferry, kept by Jackson, we spent the evening in the most sociable and agreeable manner; and much conversation passed on the situation of the people in this part of the principality, and on the state of agriculture in particular. Mr. R. who spoke from experience, gave a very unfavourable account of the farming system in the neighbourhood, and thought the manner of letting and occupation equally bad. He is friendly to large farms, at least larger than the generality here; and indeed when land is too much subdivided, the effects are equally injurious to the occupier, the proprietor, and to the public. A small farmer produces little or no public supply: he is satisfied if he can maintain his family and pay his rent; whereas a man who possesses some capital is both able and willing to engage in improvements, and in pursuing his private interest, he benefits the community by an increased produce. Of the industry of the labouring poor we heard no very partial praise. Where luxuries are unknown, indolence will necessarily prevail. Man seldom works, but to procure something which his real or artificial wants demand. The former are easily supplied: it is to the latter that great exertions are to be ascribed, in every walk of life.

Here we were entertained by a harper of distinguished talents, and whose superior execution on his native instrument made us despise all that we had hitherto heard. His name is Pritchard; and

he not only plays on the harp, but makes harps, and composes and sets music to them. In fact he was qualified to accompany the ancient bards; and as his fingers flew over the wires of melody, I was ready to exclaim with Kett,

Restrain thy tuneful hand, awake no more
The melting harmony of tuneful strings;
Thy softest note some lovely image brings
To life, that torpid lay in mem'ry's store.

That strain was like the nightingale's sad voice,
Mourning her nestlings she no more can see.
You strike the trembling cords of ecstasy,
And ring the knell of my departed joys.
Yet stay—such plaintive sweetness greets mine ear,
I listen, ev'n while starts the trembling tear.

When we set out on this tour, it was our intention to have proceeded as far as Holyhead, and to have visited the principal Druidical remains in Mona, as well as the Parys mountain, so celebrated for its copper mines. Several circumstances, however, conspired to alter our resolution: the time to which we had limited our journey was far spent; and more interesting scenery and objects still invited us than we could expect to find in Anglesea, which, however distinguished in the days of the Druids, has now few charms for strangers, except those parts which lie along the shores of the Menai, which are indeed beautiful and attractive. We therefore held a consultation at Bangor Ferry, and resolved to proceed no farther than Beaumaris and its vicinity, to which object we were to devote the forenoon; while, by an arrangement made with our friend, who lives about two or three miles beyond Bangor, on the road to Conway, we were to take a passing dinner with him, and get on to Conway to sleep.

The clouds hung very heavy, and there was every

indication of squally weather. The air was extremely cold for the season ; and while we were at breakfast, such a violent shower of rain fell that we began to be apprehensive our intended excursion must be abandoned; but the clouds parting, it was finally resolved on, though the Menai was rough and the tide unfavourable, to take a boat for Beaumaris. Mrs. — prudently declined being of the party, and wished to remain at the ferry, till our return from Anglesea.

Having engaged two boatmen, to whom we were to pay half-a guinea, we embarked on the Menai, and proceeded up the frith; Great Orme's Head, Penmaen Mawr, and other mountains of Caernarvonshire, successively opening to our view. We had not, however, proceeded above three miles, when one of the gentlemen, who had without concern or apprehension looked down from the precipices of Snowdon, began to grow giddy and sick, from the swell occasioned by the wind and tide being in opposition, and the currents meeting; and in consequence of this, we found it advisable to land, and proceed to Beaumaris on foot the remainder of the way, along a new and excellent road, cut at the sole expence of Lord Bulkeley, out of the cliffs that form the Anglesea shores of the Menai, and secured towards the sea by a strong stone wall, about five feet high. It is with pleasure I record this instance of public spirit ; as it shortens a very circuitous road from Bangor Ferry to Beaumaris, and at the same time renders the communication perfectly safe.

Beaumaris is a neat town, containing about 1600 inhabitants. It stands about six miles from Bangor Ferry, though on either looking up or down the strait, the distance does not appear so great. The church and the old castle are the principal ornaments of the place ; but on an eminence behind

and closely adjoining, stands Baron Hall, the elegant seat and grounds of Lord Bulkeley, from whence the prospects are very extensive and finely varied.

Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay,
The muse delighted, owns the grand display!
Here Flora smiles, and flow'rs of ev'ry hue
Their glowing petals spread, and drink the dew;
For art and nature here their beauties blend,
And taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend.

Beaumaris Bay : a Poem.

The ruins of the castle, the last of the three great fortresses erected by Edward I. to curb the Welsh, stands at the upper end of the town, and make a very picturesque appearance, though the situation is rather low. The style of building is very fine, and some of the beautiful specimens of the taste of the age in which it was reared still remain.

The bay before the town is very secure, and has seldom less than seven feet water at the ebb. The town is a corporation, and possesses several valuable privileges, the gift of Edward I. who first raised it into any consequence.

Here Judge Fox of Ireland resides, universally respected and beloved. While we were waiting at the inn, which bears the sign of the Bull's Head, two carriages arrived full of his Irish friends to visit him.

We were informed that it seldom thunders and lightens in this neighbourhood, except about September, and never with any violence. Two smart shocks of an earthquake, however, have been felt within the last twenty years.

Being already fatigued with walking, which was increased by the state of the weather, we engaged a carriage to convey us back to the landing place, opposite Bangor Ferry. Before we could reach

that spot, however, another violent storm came on, such as constantly attends thunder ; and in crossing the Menai we were completely drenched, and heartily sorry that we had undertaken this expedition, under such circumstances. The state of the atmosphere indeed, with previous fatigue, had at this period brought on such a prostration of strength, that I could scarcely walk, my appetite seemed gone, and I could neither sit still nor move without agitation.

Bangor Ferry is a constant passage to Holyhead, and indeed the only mail road. The Menai here is about half a mile wide, and boats are always in readiness to carry over and bring back whatever may be required. The speaking-trumpet is heard almost every half-hour in the day, and often in the night. The landing place on both sides is improving, and the communication is rendered as convenient as possible. On the Anglesea side are stables and other buildings for the convenience of persons arriving from Ireland, before they can be ferried over.

Jackson, the master of the George inn at Bangor Ferry, is a very civil man, but he appears to delegate too much of his power to others. Much company must necessarily resort to the house ; and it is amusing to contemplate the constantly moving scene—the arrival and departure of persons, as their route lies for England or Ireland. The grounds round the Ferry-house are laid out with some taste, and are sufficiently fertile ; but the opposite shore of Anglesea is rocky and steril. Jackson, however, who has a large farm on the island, raises wheat barley, oats, and artificial grasses. He has even sown saintfoin, the first ever seen in Anglesea ; and its blossoms were as much admired as if it had been the most curious exotic. The seed was sent from Oxfordshire ; and it appears likely to

thrive very well in this soil, which is not ill adapted for a plant that loves to strike its roots deep among the rocks.

Abundance of corn is raised in the level parts of Anglesea; and, compared with Caernarvonshire, the whole may be considered as a fertile and a campaign country. It seems probable that it was once joined to the continent, if it may be so called; and it has more than once been in contemplation to erect an iron bridge over the narrow channel at Bangor Ferry, an undertaking which I cannot think impracticable.

At Caernarvon and Bangor Ferry we found the charges as high as in the most frequented parts of England; but it must be allowed that the accommodations were correspondent.

As soon as the rain abated, we got ready, by settling our bill and paying the usual taxes on travellers. In this we found some difficulty. In Anglesea they have only Irish shillings, that is, pieces of white metal without any stamp, and they pass them off whenever they can find any opportunity; but on the Caernarvon side of the Menai, they are so fastidious as to refuse every piece of coin that has not a head and a tail, as they are called; and before we could satisfy the hostler, who was more nice than others, and we *suspected* his reason for changing so often, we were obliged to produce all the silver which we could collectively muster.

Driving through Bangor, we took the road to Conway. From the extensive bases of Snowdon to Penmaen Mawr, there runs a pretty rich and fertile track of corn and grass land, stretching along the trendings of the Menai; the mountains in the background irregularly retiring and advancing, but never so as to reduce the country to the character of a vale. The vicinity of Bangor in particular is well cultivated, and some elegant villas are scattered

round it. The very respectable and learned bishop of the diocese was there at his residence, and kept his first public day for the season, at which the harper, to whose notes we had listened with so much pleasure the preceding evening, was engaged to attend for the entertainment of the expected guests.

Passing through the agreeable village of Llandygai, we proceeded amidst Lord Penryhn's improvements, who, employing an ample fortune with taste and judgment, has given a new aspect to this neighbourhood; and while he has enriched himself, has promoted the interest of a numerous class of men, who receive his pay, or profit by his speculations. The professional skill of Mr. B. Wyatt, his lordship's agent, a brother of the celebrated architect, and who possesses no small share of kindred genius, has been called into action, to adorn not only a single spot, but a track of several miles round Castle Penrhyn. Mr. Wyatt's own house, called Lime Grove, is built with exquisite taste, and is a perfect model for those who wish to erect small villas. It unites every thing in its exterior that can please the eye; and we were assured that its interior distribution is equally adapted to comfort and convenience. It is sweetly sheltered among groves of trees, and stands on the left, near where Lord Penryhn's railway crosses the public road. Here we saw the wonderful effects of machinery. By means of an inclined plane, with a suitable apparatus on the top of an eminence, about twenty sledges are drawn up and let down at once, and when they reach the level, two horses are capable of drawing them with ease to the adjoining quay on the Menai, called Port Penrhyn. This rail-way and its accompaniments costs about 170,900*l.* and the neat profits of the slate quarries, whose exportation it facilitates, cannot on a moderate calculation amount to less than 15,000*l.* a year.

The castle is advantageously situated on a lawn amidst woods, and occupies the site of a palace belonging to Roderic Moelwynog, Prince of Wales, who commenced his reign about the year 720. It is a good specimen of modern Gothic, and has recently received some judicious alterations, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt. The views are richly varied. The fences round the park, are long pieces of fine blue slate nailed to posts and rails, which have a singular though not unpleasant appearance. The church of Llandygai is large, cruciform, and elegant, and appears to belong to the grounds. It contains the monument of the celebrated archbishop Williams, but we did not stop to visit it. Several beautiful buildings, adapted to various purposes, have been erected by Lord Penrhyn in the most chaste and elegant stile; but as it is intended to publish engravings of them, it is needless to particularize them in this place. But it is not only the arts that Lord Penrhyn patronizes: he is a friend to every kind of improvement, and sets an excellent example in the mode of agriculture pursued on his own farm. I never saw finer crops of every kind than on his own private domain.

Passing the bridge over the Ogwen, at Tal-y-Bont, we made a digression of about half a mile from the road, to dine with our friend the rector of Llanllechid, who resides at Maes-y-Groes, in this extensive parish, which extends in one direction nearly 15 miles. The worthy incumbent, besides faithfully discharging his multifarious clerical duties, amuses himself with farming; and the management of his lands shews that he is far before the generality of his neighbours, in good husbandry. In the vicinity indeed of Castle Penrhyn, as I have just observed, all the modern improvements are adopted; and wheat, barley, turnips, ruta бага, and other crops

and roots, under a good system, covered the ground; but except there, and round Maes-y-Groes, the best practice of husbandry is little known or attended to. It must be owned, however, that potatoes in several parts of Caernarvonshire are cultivated on a large scale, and very improved principle. They are raised on ridges by means of a two-furrow plough, horse-hoed to mould them up, and dug up by the application of another kind of plough, which passing under the roots, throws them on both sides with the same expedition as a horse can walk, while women and children pick up the produce, and put it into baskets.

Limited for time, and the weather still threatening, we stopt little more than two hours with our friend; when resuming our journey, and getting into the regular road, which appeared like a white straight line before us for some miles, we passed through the delightful and romantic village of Aber, near which the mountains began to advance towards the sea, and at last terminate in the abrupt and tremendous cliffs of Penmaen Mawr, which are computed to rise 1550 feet in perpendicular height, above the level of the sea. On a ledge of this cliff, by an excellent but frightful road, though defended by a stone wall about five feet high, we wind round the mountain; while the vast impending rocks above our heads, the roaring of the waves at a great distance below, the howling of the wind, and the beating of the rain, all united to fill the mind with solemnity and awe. In some places rocks of vast magnitude, which have probably fallen from the top, have lodged on some projecting ledge, and appear to be in the very act of taking another bound, to overwhelm whatever comes in their way. Several masses of this description are secured by masonry from proceeding any farther; yet scarcely a

season passes without some accident to the bounding wall, though Providence has so ordered that no lives have been lost of late years. A stone thrown over the precipice into the sea with all our might, seemed to drop at the very foot of the rocks. No stranger ever passed this way without fear, notwithstanding all the precautions that have been taken to render it secure; but as the great Irish road is now carried through Capel Cerrig, the pass of Penmaen Mawr will in future be visited by comparatively few. The present road was made in 1772, under the direction of a person of the name of Sylvester, and it is a monument of his talents and perseverance. It forms the most sublime terrace in the British isles.

On reaching the farther side of this awful promontory, we again came in sight of houses and cultivation; and gradually retiring from the sea, enter a defile, where the road is carried by a rapid ascent along the brow of a hill, with a deep and narrow glen below, and beyond it a mouldering perpendicular precipice, so near, that it seems to threaten a fall on its opposite neighbour.

Again we enjoy an open view of the surrounding country, which however is naked and steril; and by a pretty gradual descent enter Aber Conway, the venerable towers of whose majestic castle salute the eye at some distance. Passing under a gate-way, some of the arch stones of which seem ready to tumble on the heads of passengers, we drove to the Harp inn, where we intended to take up our quarters during our stay.

For the last eight miles, it had blown a perfect hurricane, with much rain; and when we arrived at our inn we were wet and uncomfortable to the last degree, as umbrellas were of no use, even could we have held them in such exposed situations. Though

in the middle of the dog-days, it was so cold that we immediately ordered fires both in the parlour and the bed-rooms; and as we were all fatigued and exhausted, after a slight supper *pro forma*, we retired to rest, and soon forgot the various toils of the day.

Though Conway furnishes little worth notice within its walls, except its castle, we determined to halt here for the day. Its walls, which are from twelve to fifteen feet in thickness, are furnished with turrets at regular distances, and still pretty entire: they enclose an area of about a mile and a half, and are founded on the solid rock. In ancient times, Conway must have been a very strong place; and its narrow streets prove that it was once crowded with houses and inhabitants; but though it has still an air of grandeur, the marks of desolation begin to prevail, and spots which were once covered with houses, are now converted into gardens. The whole population does not exceed nine hundred souls.

The morning was lowering and cold, and the weather, which had been so long propitious to our tour, seemed to be entirely changed. After breakfast, however, each of us was intent on his particular pursuit. The other two gentlemen were anxious to take drawings of the castle; while Mrs. — and myself amused ourselves in perambulating the town, and afterwards taking the external compass of its walls. Within the fortifications, Conway has a confined and a gloomy appearance; but without, there are fine views over the channel, particularly towards Gloddaeth and Diganwy. In fact, the whole environs are picturesque; and several fine seats, occupying the happiest situations, are scattered around. Wood, water, rocks, meadows, and fertile fields, all serve

to diversify the scene; nor is it possible to view this scene of bardic imprecation, without calling to mind the following animated lines :

Lo ! Conway still, in plaintive strain, renews
The woeful day that hapless Cambria rues :
When o'er the frowning brow that crowns the flood,
The hoary bard, with looks of horror stood—
Struck, deeply struck, the sorrows of his lyre,
And ills unborn pourtray'd with prophet's fire—
Fix'd on the flowing stream the frantic state,
And gave his tortur'd bosom to despair;
Then rush'd from life's accumulated woes,
And in the pitying waters found repose.

Beaumaris Bay : a Poem.

The quay, which is approached through one of the town gates, almost opposite to that by which we entered, is sufficiently commodious; but exhibits little of the bustle of business. A few small vessels were lying here taking in slates, and lead and copper ore from some neighbouring mines; but if Conway ever was distinguished for trade, it is now nearly lost.

It being ebb, walked round from the quay to the castle, which bounds the town towards the river, and has two of its sides washed by the tide. It is built on a solid rock, and its position does credit to the military genius of Edward I. by whom it was erected in 1284. It was originally defended by eight large round towers, flanking the sides and the ends, from each of which issued a turret, only half of which are now remaining. The walls are embattled, and are of immense thickness. The lower hemisphere of one of the central towers tumbled down about seventy years ago, from its being undermined; and the upper part still hangs in the most frightful manner, though it will probably remain in its present state for ages. The fragments on the beach are of massy thickness, and so strongly cemented, that it would be as easy to dig from the

solid rock as to separate their parts. Another tower, in excellent preservation, is covered with ivy from the bottom to the very top, and two low towers adjoining are actually crowned with this erratic plant, which produces a charming effect. Painters are therefore enamoured of Conway castle; but its towers and turrets being all circular, and the latter very few, do not please me half so much as the polygonal towers and numerous turrets of Caernarvon.

After inspecting the outside of this magnificent pile, the scene of many memorable exploits, though it does not fall within my design to record them, we proceeded through the town to visit the internal structure, which on this side we approached over a deep trench, where a draw-bridge was formerly placed. Not one of the apartments is entire; yet enough remains to shew what it must have been, when in its glory. The hall is an hundred and thirty feet long, thirty-two wide, and twenty-two high. Some of the Gothic arches which supported the roof still remain, and they appear so light and of such a span, that it is wonderful they have stood so long.

Near the castle, which consists of three courts, bearing different names, and is now the property of the marquis of Hertford, we saw some small but curious remains of what is called the college, with several sculptured arms and antique windows.

The church, once conventual, is large, but inelegant. None of the monuments are ancient, and the only modern ones worthy of notice belong to the family of Wynne, who seem to have been more remarkable for their fortune than their taste. On a flat stone in the nave of the church I read the subsequent inscription:

“Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, Gent. who was the forty-first child of his

father William Hookes, Esq. by Alice his wife, and father of twenty-seven children; who died the 20th day of March, 1637."

The font here has every appearance of being ancient: it is composed of black marble curiously carved, and supported on a kind of clustered pilasters, standing on a pedestal.

The town, which is a free borough, and possesses some extensive privileges, contains several antique buildings, mixed with modern architecture. The old mansion, named Plas Mawr, built in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the Wynnes, is reckoned among the curiosities of the place. In front is the date 1585, with the mottos, *Anxys Anxys, Sustine abstine*, and other fantastic ornaments. The arms or supporters of the earl of Leicester, that *worthy* favourite of the maiden queen, are introduced, no doubt out of compliment to such a distinguished character.

On the whole, a great degree of languor already appears to spread over the inhabitants, who received their principal support from the grand Irish road passing through the town. The travelling indeed through this place is so much diminished from the opening of the road by Capel Cerrig, that it is probable Conway will not long have occasion for more than one inn. Already the minstrel at our inn had lost some of the strings of his harp, which he seemed in no haste to replace; and we were disappointed in hearing the Prince of Wales's harper, who was then in Conway, for his health.

Having left our exact route to be determined by events, in order to give it the charm of novelty, and to keep up expectation, we had not yet settled whether we were to visit Denbigh or proceed direct to Llanrwst. On arguing this point, it was carried unanimously to adopt the latter plan: for though our pursuits were different, it was impos-

sible that any party could have better agreed in the general plan of proceedings. Where there is a mutual respect and wish to oblige, individual predilections will easily bend to the prevailing sentiment.

Leaving Conway at six o'clock in the morning, we agreed to reach Llanrwst, distant twelve miles, before breakfast. On passing the gate by which we had entered, we soon began to ascend amidst well cultivated fields, and views of the river Conway, on our left. Taking a retrospect, the town and the castle appeared to the greatest possible advantage; and indeed the situation of Aber Conway is most favourable for making an impression at a distance. On the sides of the hills, along which the road now lay, the soil is gravelly, with a slaty substratum; in the vale, a loamy clay, which tinctures the water of the river, and gives it a brownish hue.

Near the sixth mile-stone, catch the first view of Llanrwst, standing near the middle of a rich vale of the same name, watered by the Conway.

Cross several bridges thrown over mountain streams, which form pretty cascades, in different parts of this drive. On the farther side of the river see the Abbey, lord Newborough's, sweetly sheltered by trees at the bottom of the hill, but sufficiently high above the Conway. A little farther, on an elevated spot, stands Lady Cuffin's, a neat and picturesque villa.

Approach the Conway, which winds round to meet the road, and passing the pleasant village of Trefrew, where Llewelyn had a palace, and which is still remarkable for a mineral well containing common salt, we came in sight of the beetling cliffs of Gwydir, finely shaded by woods. In this track are some extensive thriving plantations of firs and arches, amidst the naked rocks that cover the ac-

clivity on our right; an additional confirmation of the opinion I had already hazarded, that many of the most forbidding and rugged mountains might be rendered productive, and the natural beauty of the scenery improved. Some lead mines are worked here, but they do not appear to be very rich.

By a bridge of three light arches, built by Inigo Jones, who was certainly of Welsh extraction, we enter Llanrwst, a poor and uninteresting town, and which participates in the decay of Aber Conway, from the diversion of the great road through Capel Cerrig. Here we breakfasted at the Eagle, an indifferent inn, and where the owners shewed all that independent inattention which we have in numerous instances experienced in Wales.

The harper, like Dicky Gossip, was "a man of many callings." He first cleaned our boots, then rubbed down and fed the horses, and afterwards amused us with his harp, which either was sadly out of tune, or did not own him for a master.

Walked round the church-yard, bounded on side by the Conway, and noticed several inscriptions recording persons who had lived to advanced ages—one to eighty-eight. This is rather unusual in such places as had hitherto fallen under our notice in Wales. The church is an inelegant pile; but adjoining is a chapel built from a design of Inigo Jones, in 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, against one end of which are five brasses, recording as many persons of that family, who were buried here. The stone coffin of Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, removed here from the abbey of Conway, is still shewn as a curiosity.

As we were sauntering about, one person came up to offer us the purchase of some pearls, which are commonly fished up from the Conway; and another wished to be our guide, and in particular to shew us how the bridge vibrated if a person

only stamped against its ballustrade. The pearls were too dear, and not remarkably fine; and we were not such novices as not to understand the principle on which the bridge vibrated; we therefore escaped taxation on this occasion. Heard some psalm-singing as we were walking along the street, and understood that Methodism is very prevalent in Llanrwst.

Mr. Jones, a gentleman of fortune in the place, seeing we were strangers, very civilly addressed us, and entering into conversation, I learned from him some local information. Meadow land, in the immediate vicinity of the town, lets as high as three or four guineas per acre; but farms at a little distance, average no more than seven shillings and sixpence. Lord Gwydir, who is one of the largest proprietors in the neighbourhood, is also reputed one of the most indulgent to his tenants.

Taking the road to the right of the river, had a pretty distinct view of Gwydir house, an old, extensive, but inelegant edifice, erected in 1558, near the spot where a memorable battle was fought between the sons of Howel Dda, and the two sons of Edwal Voel, who had usurped the rights of their elder brother; but the event of the conflict confirmed their government. Gwydir house stands at the foot of precipitous, though well wooded rocks, of a singular character. Amidst scenery of this kind we passed a considerable way, and at intervals were struck with naked rocks, which were finely contrasted by the verdant foliage that concealed others from our view. In a word, Gwydir has much reason to boast of its sylvan honours, and of the masses they cover: there is something unique in the features of this domain.

Several neat and pleasant seats are raised on the opposite side of the vale on the banks of the Conway, which receives many tributary streams in its

progress, that devolve with vast impetuosity from the mountains.

The road we took from Llanrwst is not the most direct, but it certainly is the most picturesque. A new road is making on the left of the river, and close to its course, which will be a mile or two nearer.

Pass Pont-y-Pair, near Betws-y-Coed, where the new road through Capel Cerrig branches off. Immediately above this bridge over the Llwgy, is a pretty little cataract among ledges of rocks, hollowed out into the most fantastic forms, by the incessant action of the water. The cascade of Rhaiadr-y-Wenol being only about two miles distant from this spot, two of my friends hired horses to visit it, while I proceeded in the carriage with Mrs. ——— towards Kernioge Mawr, still distant nine miles, though by the nearest way it is only ten in all from Llanrwst. An air of comfort is diffused over this vicinity, and its picturesque beauty is unquestionably of the first class.

Cross the Conway by a new and lofty bridge, amidst wild rock scenery shaded with trees; and ascend by a precipitous road, properly guarded on one side by a stone wall, and cut out of the rock on the other, where the vale contracts to a deep dell, through which the Conway thunders down with deafening noise, at a great distance below. The scene was so grand, that we halted to examine its component parts at leisure; but so well were the slopes of this pass wooded, that it was difficult to acquire an accurate idea of the whole. At intervals, however, we caught a glimpse of the Conway, roaring over the vast masses of rock which intersected its bed. It derives its principal source from Llyn Conway, a large pool beyond the village of Penmachno; and till its junction with the

Llwgwy, has every characteristic of a mountain torrent.

As we were ascending the hill, a farmer, who was looking after his sheep that were picking their scanty fare among the rocks, paid us the compliment of the time of day; and on entering into conversation with him, I was informed that land lets in this neighbourhood from one to five shillings an acre, according to its quality; and that the rent of farms on an average is about 30l. a year. He pointed out his house, which was pleasantly situated at the head of the glen, and overlooked some of the most picturesque scenery that can be well conceived.

On gaining the summit of the ascent, enter on a track of milder features, amidst woods and cultivation. Observe at a small distance from the road the new inn of Rhyddlan Fair, and Plas Niewedd, the seat of Mr. Humphries, on the right, amidst fine plantations of birch, larch, and oak.

Cross the rocky bed of a mountain torrent which falls into the Conway, and pass on the left Voelas Hall, the fanciful seat of the Honourable C. Finch; and soon after leave, in the same direction, Capel Voelas, which has little to recommend it to attention.

The land now assumes a sterile aspect, producing only oats and coarse grass. In many places the soil is boggy, and yields turf, of which we had an unpleasant evidence at the inn of Kernioge, where the smell of fuel of this description was ready to suffocate us. Before we reached this very ordinary inn, where there is little attention and less accommodation, we passed several miserable cottages, the children from which followed us, bawling out, in a whining tone, "a penny bless ou."

As this is the great Irish road, the constant sight of strangers passing and repassing gives the natives a considerable share of assurance, and a habit of mendicancy, which we had seldom witnessed in Wales. Among the rest of the road-beggars, was a poor girl, of a masculine size and the most rugged features I ever saw, who had some excuse for the vocation she was pursuing, as she had lost her sight by the small-pox. This wretched creature not being immediately apprised of our passing the hut where she resided, ran after the carriage some way, and never spoke a word till she seized it, as it was going slowly up hill. At first we supposed she must be insane; but on hearing her melancholy story, she had our pity as well as our alms, to both of which she was too justly entitled. If we understood her right, she had a brother likewise blind from the same cause. What cause is there for regret that vaccination is not recommended by every public and private authority, and that the children of the poor do not receive it gratuitously! One person properly qualified would be sufficient to attend a whole county; and if he had a moderate salary allowed him for vaccinating the poor, with what the rich would gladly pay, he might derive a comfortable subsistence from his labour. The resident surgeons and apothecaries are generally hostile to the practice, because it cuts off a beneficial branch of their trade.

From Kernioge to Bala, our next intended stage, the only safe road for a carriage is a distance of eighteen miles. By the suggestion, however, of some evil genius, we took the reputed nearest road through the wildest part of Merionethshire, and thus involved ourselves in difficulties which at one period we really thought insurmountable; and at the same time missed seeing the famous citadel of the Druids, whither Caractacus retired after his defeat at Caer

Caradoc, situated about half a mile on the left from Cerrig-y-Druiddion.

It was nearly four o'clock before the other gentlemen returned from Rhaiadr-y-Wenol; of which they spoke in high terms, as being grand and picturesque. At length having procured some refreshments at Kernioge, we retraced our steps about a mile, and then entered on one of the most execrable roads I had ever seen, though the hopes of its mending encouraged us to proceed. We mounted a very long and naked hill, from whence we had an extensive view of the Caernarvonshire mountains, and of a dreary and uninteresting country around. Noticed a small lake beyond Kernioge, in an elevated track; and passing a high single stone, whose destination we are unacquainted with, soon began to descend by a road so narrow, that there was barely room for the wheels, and in one place so zig-zag, that not one carriage in a hundred would have found room to turn. On reaching the bottom, through which ran a brook, we saw a few scattered farms, and finding a person who could speak English, and who from his appearance had seen fifty winters pass over his head, I asked him if ever carriages passed that way. "I remember," said he, "seeing one about twenty years ago." "Then," rejoined I, "I hope you will never see another."

After watering our horses in the brook, we came to a second ascent, so steep in some places, that we were ready to abandon ourselves to the despair of being able to surmount them. But by means of pushing and keeping the carriage from rolling back, we at last joyfully reached the apex of the hill. The scenery from this spot was wild and dreary to an uncommon degree; and only a few straggling cattle and sheep relieved the weary eye, or convinced us that we were near the abodes of men. Even vegetable nature seemed to shrink from such a

dreary situation ; for not a tree or even a shrub was to be seen within miles.

Fortunately, however, the road now took a determined descent, and about five miles from Bala, we began to enter on a track of gradually increasing fertility, which continued with an improving aspect till we came in sight of the river Troweryn, a pretty considerable stream, which falls into the Dee* near Bala. The mountains here assumed a less lofty character than those we had traced in the morning ; and the vale on our right became more and more beautiful and rich, the nearer we approached to the end of our stage.

The cottages, however, had a more wild and uncomfortable appearance than those in Caernarvonshire ; and instead of being covered with slates and furnished with chimneys, they are miserably thatched, and have the same curious apertures for the smoke to pass, as we had before noticed in Caermarthen and Cardiganshires.

From oats and coarse grass, which scantily covered the best spots we had hitherto seen in this stage, wheat, barley, and artificial grasses began to appear, particularly as we were winding round a hill which brought us in sight of Bala lake. At last we descended to the town of that name, situated in a beautiful level vale about a mile in breadth, and crossing a fine bridge over the Dee, enjoyed an agreeable view of Mr. Price's seat on the slope of the hill above, amidst delightful plantations of firs, larches, birch, and other trees.

Drove to the Lion, a large and comfortable house, kept by very civil and attentive people, congratulating ourselves that we had been able to travel a computed distance of twelve or thirteen miles in four

* The sources of the Dee are not well defined. Some derive them from the lofty Arran ; but the name of Dee is not given to this celebrated stream, till it issues out of Bala lake no Pimble-mere.

hours and half! Had we taken the more circuitous but regular road, we should have reached the place of our destination long before, and without encountering a single difficulty.

Having engaged the fisherman belonging to Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, who claims the sole property of the lake, to attend us on a fishing party next forenoon, and having obtained the requisite permission to use the boat and nets, a very particular favour, we indulged ourselves in bed till breakfast time, being all of us excessively fatigued, and glad to enjoy prolonged repose.

While at breakfast, we were amused by a Welsh crier proclaiming an auction. He stationed himself just opposite to the window where we sat, and turning himself in various directions, told his story with much vociferation and action. Soon after, a number of persons began to assemble, and the auctioneer mounting a table under a pent-house in the street, drew a motley group around him, consisting of all ages and of both sexes. He appeared to possess a considerable share of low humour, and certainly did not spare his lungs in the service of his employer. A barrel stood upright by his side, and when he knocked down a lot, he struck with his hammer on its top, which sounded to the circumference of his audience. He spoke chiefly in Welsh, but occasionally threw in a few words in English. On enquiry, I was informed that he did not repeat "once, twice,—once, twice," like the auctioneers in England, but merely named the price that had been offered, and expatiated on the value of the article, in order to get another bidding, as long as any chance remained of an advance being made. One of my friends took a drawing of this scene. The sale consisted of very ordinary furniture and farming implements.

Bala is a pretty large and clean town. The street is wide, but the houses in general are very low. The young women here commonly go bare-footed.

They are extremely well formed, and have none of the marked Welsh physiognomy. Without being beauties, at least such as fell under our notice, we saw more genteel looking girls here, than in almost any other part of Wales.

At noon the boatman waited on us at the inn, when Mr. and Mrs. — were rowed down the lake which lies close to the end of the town, and extends about four miles in length and one in breadth; while Mr. — and myself took the Dolgellau road by the side of the water, in order to meet them at Sir Watkin Williams Wynne's beautiful cottage, built on an eminence near the extremity of the lake. In this walk we observed the whole contour of this fine sheet of water and of its banks. The seat of Sir R. C. Hoare and Sir J. Lister, a joint establishment for the purpose of fishing, is advantageously situated on the left bank of the lake near the town, and is sheltered by a pretty high hill. Several farms appear on the same side at intervals; but there is a tameness and a want of variety in the scenery, originating chiefly from the woods that once adorned the banks, being so generally cut down, that scarcely a stick worth half a crown remains. The greatest part of the land in this vicinity is the property of Sir Watkin, as he is familiarly called in North Wales; but I was sorry to observe his domains so commonly stript of wood, which it ought to be the policy of the great Welsh land-owners to plant, instead of cutting down.

In this walk, we met two old women knitting, so loaded with wool under their long blue cloaks and their aprons, that their picturesque appearance induced my companion to request they would stop till he took a drawing of them. With this they civilly complied, and seemed pleased to see their likenesses, though no attempt was made to flatter their vanity, if they possessed any.

The lake of Bala produces fine trout, perch, the

gwyniad, an alpine fish, which runs from one to six pounds weight, and some other species of fish, in great abundance. We were all anxious to catch some gwyniads, the *salmo lavaretus* of Linnæus, which seldom can be done by angling; but the civility and attention of Mr. Richards, which reflected honour on his master, enabled us to obtain several at one sweep of the net, and we had them dressed for dinner. This fish is certainly very delicate; but in point of flavour it is inferior to some others of its genus, which the Welsh rivers and lakes produce. It dies the moment it is taken out of the water.

Poaching in the lake is prevented as much as possible, though gentlemen are liberally complimented with the privilege of angling, which brings a considerable resort to the place. Indeed, the lake is the principal attraction at Bala; but though the largest in the principality, it scarcely possesses one interesting feature, except towards the top, where the outline becomes broken and indented. The lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly in Scotland and Ireland, have each some grand discriminating feature; but in Wales they are generally not only of small dimensions, but very tame and insipid in their character.

Grass land near Bala lets as high as three or four guineas an acre: the average rent, however, of the arable does not exceed one guinea in the vales, and on the hills it runs from one shilling to five. Sheep commons are four pence a head. The prevailing soil is gravelly, and produces, with proper management, abundant crops: but agriculture is little studied here, beyond the common routine that has been followed for centuries; the practice of their forefathers is religiously observed by posterity. Exertions, however, are making to introduce a better system; and in spite of prejudices, they will not be wholly lost.

Sailed down Bala lake to the town. It is said that the water of the Dee never mixes with that of the lake. The fact is, the stream which empties itself into the lake, keeps its course down the middle, with a kind of current visible to the eye; but the water of the lake, of necessity, must mix with it as the former rises or falls.

After dinner proceeded to Corwen, distant by the road we took about fourteen miles. On leaving Bala, where we had been well entertained and accommodated by the landlady "of the fair skin," for she had the whitest skin we ever saw, and was farther remarkable for constantly wearing spectacles, we had a delightful retrospective view of the peaks of Cader Idris, rising behind a succession of mountains, each of no mean height. It is no less than eighteen miles off, yet its summit appeared as if we could reach it with ease in an hour.

Following the course of the Dee on our right, we travel through a charming vale, amidst hedges, corn, grass, still waiting for the scythe, and trees of luxuriant growth. The hills on both sides are finely varied, and cultivated a great way up their sides, Snug boxes, farms, and cottages enliven the scene; while the river, tossed alternately from one side of its barrier to another, and the vale, assuming a constantly changing outline, give a variety to the landscape, that keeps the attention ever awake. About the distance of three miles from Bala, we turned to the right, and crossing the Dee by a handsome stone bridge, continued our progress, with the river on our left, amidst the same kind of scenery as before, as far as Corwen. In this stage passed through the pleasing villages of Llanvair and Llandrillo, near which last stands Maesmor, the agreeable residence of Bell Lloyd, Esq. We noticed several other gentlemen's seats occupying the happiest situations; but as it began

to grow dusk, we had not always distinct views of such as lay remote from the road. Rug, however, the seat of Vaughan Salusbury, deserves to be particularized.

After passing through Llangar, seldom out of sight of the "wizzard Dee," we arrived at Corwen; and as it was between nine and ten at night, we had reason to be pleased, that we could all be accommodated with beds at Owen Glendower's Head, which being the only inn of any consequence, and this place being a regular stage, is frequently full. We had indeed been informed that there were two inns, though we did not recollect their names; and on asking the woman who opened the turnpike-gate, at a little distance from the town, which was the best house—she replied there were only two, the one an inn, and the other a shop. In fact, she spoke truth, though she misconceived the meaning of our question: for, except the inn and the shop, in which latter the post-office, the stamp-office, and probably all the business in the place is concentrated, we did not see another decent dwelling.

Having agreed before we retired to rest, though it was nearly the noon of night, that we were to breakfast at Llangollen, I was up soon after four in the morning, that I might take the perambulation of the town, before my friends were ready.

Corwen stands at the bottom of a vast rocky ridge of the Berwyn mountains, the most extensive range, though far from being the loftiest, in Wales. In the vale below, flows the Dee, already a considerable river, amidst fertile meads; while the opposite hills have a downy appearance, and present a various front from the difference of distance and elevation.

Here the Welsh, under that able and enterprising leader, Owen Glendower, fixed their rendezvous, when they stopped the invasion of Henry II.

in 1161. The place of his encampment may still be distinguished from the church-yard, in the direction of the village of Cwmwyd. On the south side of the church, a considerable edifice, is cut a very rude cross, which is indicated to strangers as the sword of Owen Glendower, whose memory is still dear to the natives, and his exploits mentioned with rapture. The cemetery is large, and contains some rude pillars of stone. The whole town is built upon a rock, and, during the season, it is much resorted to as a fishing station.

Starting about six o'clock, continued our route along the left bank of the Dee, the vale at first contracting, and the hills rising somewhat abruptly, with the river winding and touching their opposite bases.

On our left pass Llansaufraed, and soon after leave Glyndowery park on our right, the agreeable residence of Captain Salusbury. Near this may be seen the ruins of Owen Glendower's palace; but as they present nothing worth attention, and derive their consequence solely from the fame of that Cambrian hero, we did not stop to visit them. The country in this track is pleasantly diversified with woods and slopes, and several beautiful spots successively open on the banks of the Dec, on each of which the lover of nature would wish to build, and to fix his abode.

As we proceed, catch a distant view of Dinas Bran castle, perched on the summit of a high conical hill, almost opposite to Llangollen. At this point, the hills are sweetly tossed about, and present an interesting variety of features. One of them, rising to a considerable height from the middle of the vale, forces the Dee to the left, while the road takes a winding direction up an opening between its base and the ridge of hills which accompany us on the right. A little beyond, the hills

begin to wave in all directions, and several lateral vales open towards the Dee; in one of which, amidst the umbrage of trees, we had a favourable view of the beautiful ruins of Crucis abbey.

The Dee again seems to flow round to meet us, and its bank on the side of our road becomes lofty and precipitous; while the opposite boundary exhibits a variety of the most exquisite charms of nature, embellished by the works of art. Llandysilio hall, and its environs, possess almost unrivalled beauty of situation: wood, water, hills, vales, all contribute to render this situation one of the most delightful that can be conceived.

In fact within the space of three or four miles, the river serpentine round hills and knolls in a style at once novel and enchanting: its banks are every where fringed with woods; and sometimes it appears from the road in reaches, sometimes makes a sudden bend and partially disappears, but in every form and every turn it is calculated to please. Yet we observed with pain, that in many places the axe was laying waste the sylvan honours of the Dee, and that one of the most enchanting spots on its banks was disfigured by a feeder to the Ellesmere canal.

Descend towards Llangollen, concerning which so much has been said in prose, and sung in verse; and on entering the place, felt how dangerous it is to form lofty expectations, and to give credit to hyperbolical descriptions.

After breakfasting at the sign of the Hand, which, though the first inn, gave us no very favourable impression of the elegance and civility of the place, we dispatched a note to the inhabitants of the far-famed cottage at Llangollen, requesting permission to visit it at a given hour. This was almost immediately answered by a servant, who brought a verbal message of assent, which some of the party

construed into disrespect, particularly as the applicant was neither unknown, nor unconnected. Be this as it may, it was unanimously agreed on to pay the first visit to Valle Crucis, or Llan Egwest abbey, distant about two miles; and I am happy to be able to add one more attestation to the universal suffrage in favour of this venerable pile of ruins. Nothing can be more sweet than its sequestered situation, nothing more interesting than its remains, which principally consist of the east and west gable ends of the church, and some of the side walls on the south. This edifice appears to have been about one hundred and eighty feet long, and about thirty-one broad, exclusive of the transept. The windows at the east and west ends, display the finest gothic tracery, and prove what the abbey must have been before its dissolution. It is, indeed, in its present state, incontestably the most beautiful ruin in North Wales, and was founded by Madoc ap Griffith Maylor, prince of Powis, about the year 1200; who liberally endowed it, and peopled it with Cistercians. Some mutilated inscriptions are still to be seen on the west front, but it is impossible to decypher the names to which they apply. A great number of beautiful ash trees occupy the area of the church, and spread their lofty branches over the mouldering walls. From marks and numbers on many of them, they appear to be devoted to the axe, and though a few might be cut without the least injury to the effect of these venerable ruins, a general fall would strip them of no inconsiderable share of their charms.

The cloister on the south is now converted into a farm-house, which deforms the spot, and is in itself inconvenient. Some of the ancient windows remain, and the arches seem made for endless duration. The dormitory, supported by three rows of groined arches, on single round pillars, is now

converted into a hay-loft, and is approached by steps from without. The people who reside here were civil and obliging, but understood very little English.

In a summer-house in the garden, erected for the occasional use of the proprietor of this delightful spot, I sat down to indulge in contemplation, while my friends were engaged in taking drawings of the principal remains. For the happy, this situation presents a thousand charms: as for the miserable, instead of flying from the world, the source of their ills, they must learn to combat with its cares, and amidst its bustle, strive to forget their sufferings and their woes.

At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile higher up the vale, stands the pillar of Eliseg, a very ancient monument, erected to the memory of Eliseg, the father of Brochmail, prince of Powis, who was slain in the battle of Chester, 607. The ancient inscription is nearly obliterated, but it was copied by Llwyd before it became illegible, and records in Latin, that this stone was raised by Concenn, one of the descendants of Eliseg, in the third degree, who had a seat in this vicinity. This pillar, which is round, and inserted into a massy square pedestal, was originally twelve feet high; but being thrown down in the civil wars, it was broken and lay neglected, till the proprietor of the land restored what remains of it, and charged it with the subsequent inscription.

Quod hujus veteris monumenti

Superest

Diu ex oculis remotum
et neglectum

Tandem restituit

T^l Lloyd

de Trevor Hall.

A. D. 1779.

To this gentleman the site belongs, and we have reason to believe that he is duly sensible of the value of his possession.

The naked lime-stone rocks of Eglwyseg, in parallel stata, are seen from this spot as well as from Llangollen, and disfigure a landscape of extraordinary beauty. The summits of the ruins of Dinas Bran are likewise visible, peeping over an intervening hill. These fragments indeed attracted our notice in various directions; but as we were pressed for time, and the ascent to them is fatiguing, while nothing is left to recompense the adventurer for his pains, we were satisfied with distant views. The hill on which the castle stands is of great height, rising into a conical figure from the surrounding vales. Towards the summit, the acclivity on the only accessible side is intersected by trenches, cut out of the solid rock. This fortress must have been of great strength. It is ascribed to the Britons, and in more modern times became the residence of the lords of Gall. Notwithstanding its elevation, we were told, on indisputable authority, that there are two never failing wells within the area of the castle walls.

Drove to Llandysillio hall, the seat of Mr. Jones, an old fashioned and apparently neglected house, with gardens in a similar taste, with a rapid descent to the Dee; but so delightful is the situation, that the failure of art is overlooked in the beauties of nature. At a moderate expence, this might be rendered one of the most charming residences in Wales. We wished to have gone over the hanging gardens, but we could not see a single soul round the place to direct us, or attend us.

Round this seat are extensive woods of birch, the light elegance of whose foliage, and its white bark, harmonize with the surrounding scenery, and produce the happiest effect. At one point, the Dee

was so confined between rocks, that it was passed by a single plank laid across. Its depth, however, was visible from its boiling and turbulent motion through the chasm.

Return to Llangollen, and after taking some refreshment, proceed to visit the cottage, the residence of Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby, which will be remembered as long as the classical muse of Miss Seward, and the praise of romantic friendship remain. The ascent to it from the town is rather steep, but very practicable for carriages. It stands on a platform, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The cottage in reality deserves its name. Only two rooms are shewn,—the dining-room and the library. Both are adorned with exquisite drawings of scenes in Wales, and round the chimney-pieces are some family miniatures, which were recognised by one of the party, without applying to the old house-keeper who attended us, and who is herself an original at full length. The dining-room is plain and neat, and the side-board corresponded. The cloth was laid for dinner, and we observed that four persons were intended to partake of it. We saw the interesting owners of the place walking in the grounds, attended by a couple of gentlemen; but it was a transient glance, and we had no wish to intrude.

The library is a very elegant apartment, containing a considerable number of expensive modern books on history, travels, and the picturesque. The windows are of painted glass, in a bow form. From one of them, the tower of Llangollen church alone is visible: the other buildings of the town are wholly hid by plantations and the figure of the ground. Dinas Bran castle and surrounding hills make a conspicuous figure from the grounds. A gravel walk is drawn round the whole with much taste, which, by its varied direction, and the effect

of concealment arising from plantations, gives the idea of a much greater extent than the reality. Indeed, though nature has been very favourable, art has been judiciously called in to heighten her charms, and to veil her defects. By planting, every unpleasant object is excluded, and every beauty brought forward to the view.

It would be deemed the highest degree of scepticism to question whether this is the abode of content, tranquillity, and of sweetly harmonized passions and affections. I will not presume to controvert the prevailing opinion, which I hope may be real; but on several grounds I will observe, that seclusion is not happiness; and that the mind which is too much abstracted from external objects, only finds time and opportunity to prey on itself, to recal every unpleasant incident again and again, and to rivet prejudices which a collision with the world would have wholly effaced.

Llangollen being one of the regular stages on the great Irish road, the inn here seems to be in a continual bustle, at least it was so while we staid; to such a degree indeed, that we could scarcely find a room, or attention of any kind. It would be a profitable speculation for an individual, and a benefit to the public, to erect another inn. The Boniface of the present would likewise gain in manners what he might lose in money. Competition is the very soul of trade: I hate all monopolies, and to be driven to Hobson's choice—"that or none."

Llangollen has acquired a kind of celebrity, and those who have an interest in the place, should endeavour to keep up that prejudice in its favour, which has hitherto been gratuitously indulged. The streets are narrow and inconvenient, particularly in the vicinity of the Hand, and the houses in general have nothing to recommend them to no-

tice. The environs indeed are charming, but I cannot bestow a single compliment on the town itself. The bridge of four arches, built on ledges of rocks which cross the bed of the Dee, is by some deemed one of the wonders of Wales. Except when swelled by floods, the river runs wholly through the arch nearest the town.

A manufactory for weaving cotton, the first of the kind in this country and a patent invention, is established here. It is said to be likely to prove injurious to Manchester; but whatever tends to lessen expence, must ultimately be beneficial to the community at large, and therefore deserves encouragement.

Leaving Llangollen at five o'clock, we proceeded to Oswestry, a stage of twelve miles. As we began to ascend from this low-lying town, we had a delightful retrospect, the hills rising very picturesquely in the circumference, particularly Dinas Bran, and only the tops of the chimneys in Llangollen, and a few scattered villas in the environs, which give the place an air of external gentility, falling under our eye, and mixing in the scene. The whole vale of Llangollen, indeed, is thick-studded with villas and cottages, generally occupying the happiest situations. It commences at the town of the same name, and possesses a high degree of fertility and beauty.

The soil now begins to be calcareous; and limestone, instead of schistus, abounds. Much lime, indeed, is burnt along the line of the Ellesmere canal, and the white-washed houses again give a cheerful air and a neat appearance, to the face of the country.

Keep the Dee on our left as before, and about three miles from Llangollen, approach the aqueduct of Pontcysylte, over the river Dee, one of the most stupendous works of art that ever was accomplished by man. The Ellesmere canal, which had

run parallel with the farther bank of the river, is here carried over the vale by an aqueduct, supported on eighteen massy stone pillars, from an hundred and thirty to an hundred and sixty feet in height, and distant from each other at the top, about forty-five feet. These spring from the bed of the river and the rocks which line its banks, and extend in length, measuring by the iron work, upwards of one thousand feet. On the top of the pillars is a trough or water-way, wholly composed of plates of cast iron, about twelve feet in width and five and a half in depth. The inside, over which we walked, as the water was not yet admitted, is carefully pitched; and the manner in which the immense plates are connected and closed by ledges, bolts, and screws on the outside, fills the mind with wonder as it contemplates the ingenuity of man. Mr. Telford was the engineer; and if this were the only work he had produced, it would deservedly give immortality to his name. An embankment of earth extends about 1500 feet on the south side beyond the iron work, and from its height and solidity it would be a remarkable object in any other situation; but here it is little, compared with the grand part of the undertaking. As I looked over the ballustrades of the iron water-way into the bed of the Dee, I felt how little the individual man is, but how great in the aggregate. In ten years this noble work was completed, under the afore-named engineer, and under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Matthew Davidson.*

In the environs of Pontcysylte, the side of the hill opposite to us and the adjacent vale are so thickly planted with houses, continually increasing, that we should have imagined ourselves in the im-

* This magnificent aqueduct was opened Nov. 26, 1805, with great solemnity.

mediate neighbourhood of some very populous and extensive city.

A mile or two beyond this, we saw another aqueduct of the same canal, but of far inferior dimensions. Indeed, for some miles from Llangollen interesting objects are continually presenting themselves; among these, Trevor hall, Wynnstay, and Chirk castle, ought to be particularised; but the aqueduct of Pontcysylte excites undivided attention, and makes other works of art appear diminutive and common.

Quit the course of the Dee, which had accompanied us for so many miles, and enter a rich campaign, which, contrasted with the mountainous regions, amongst which we had so long been travelling, was equally delightful to the eye and to the heart, as it gave us certain presages that we were approaching England, which is the only desirable country to live in, and from its superior accommodations, the most agreeable to travel in likewise.

Chirk, the last village in Wales on this road, is extremely pleasant, and contains several houses of entertainment for travellers, apparently more comfortable than any in Llangollen. Immediately beyond this, we enter Shropshire, and passing over a continuation of fertile fields on a smooth and level road, drive through the little village of Gobowen, and soon arrive at Oswestry.

In the latter part of this stage, some hills rose in the distance on the right; but the prevailing features of the country were cultivation, riches, and beauty.

The women, though on the very verge of Wales, contrary to the prevailing costume of the principality, began to wear bonnets instead of black beaver hats; and we could perceive that their features were softer and less marked than those of the female mountaineers. The human face seems to par-

take of the nature of the country. Strong and harsh features mark the natives of elevated tracks ; mild and regular, the inhabitants of low and level countries. The former too are generally lean, the latter plump and smooth.

Oswestry is a pretty large and respectable town, containing about 2700 inhabitants. The houses are built in a good style, with brick, covered with blue slates. The general appearance of the place indicates trade and opulence. Considerable quantities of the Welsh woollens are sold here. The church is a fine edifice ; and the castle, of which only the remains of the keep are now to be seen, occupies a commanding situation over the town, of which there is a good bird's eye view from its summit.

There are several good inns in Oswestry. We dined and slept at the Cross Keys, and found it comfortable, and the charges moderate.

Anxious to reach Montgomery, after breakfast we were ready to start for Welshpool, distant fifteen miles ; but heavy showers of rain kept us reluctantly from proceeding, for upwards of two hours. At length the sky clearing a little, we mounted our vehicle, and travelled over a fertile but unpicturesque country, producing all kinds of grain in abundance. Noticed several fields of excellent turnips ; but except in this kind of crop, which has generally vanquished prejudice, we observed very few of the modern improvements in agriculture.

The soil here is a loamy gravel, with much limestone in the hills, of which we saw many quarries on the right of the road, with kilns, and rail-ways to carry the lime to the cut which forms a junction between the Montgomery and Ellesmere canals.

Pass through the village of Pwll-y-cwrw, and

between that place and Llanymynach, caught a view of the Wrekin, and called to recollection the popular toast in this country. The Wrekin indeed was the only boundary to our prospect over a flat, well-wooded, and fertile vale of many miles, through which the Severn winds its quiet course. In front, but at some miles distance, rose the Long or Breiddyn mountains, precipitous and rocky, which reminded us that we were re-entering Wales. On the top of the highest ridge we saw Rodney's Pillar, at this point a diminutive object, but which was long in view.

At Llanymynach there is an insulated part of Denbighshire; and near the same spot, Montgomeryshire and Salop also meet. A shower delayed us here, under the shelter of some trees, and during its continuance, we were amused with the curious inquisitiveness of a man who, having served as a soldier in Ireland, and imagining that we came from that country, had many questions to ask, and many observations to make. Here too we noticed "a man of many callings," who beat Dicky Gossip hollow, if we may believe his sign, which ran thus: BROUGHTON, MERCER, DRAPER, GROCER, AND IRONMONGER--FUNERALS FURNISHED---DEALER IN HATS, TEA, AND COFFEE, &c.---N. B. NEAT KITCHEN GRATES AND TRIN OIL.

This is no bad specimen of shop-keeping in Wales, where one person deals in all kinds of commodities, and seldom has more than a sample of each, and frequently the most common articles are not to be procured. Even in a large town, of some note as a bathing-place, and which is likely to take the lead in this respect on the Cambrian shores, a friend of mine assured me, that having had the misfortune to lose his spectacles, he was obliged to send to England for another pair.

Cross three branches of the Wyrnwy, within the

space of a few hundred yards, by unsafe and uncertain fords, particularly when the water is high. This river is famous for the variety and quantity of its fish: it falls into the Severn at no great distance. Bridges here appear absolutely necessary, but even direction-posts for fording are but thinly scattered. In this whole stage indeed, we had to complain of the execrable badness of the roads, which were scarcely passable in a carriage. Direction-posts, where roads intersect each other, or branch off laterally, are also much wanted, especially where no houses are near to obtain information.

At one place in this stage, being wholly uncertain which of two roads to take, we asked an old woman, which was the road to Pool? "They both lead to Pool." Which is the nearest? "There is little difference." Which do carriages generally take? "Either and both." Which would you recommend? "That which you please." These laconic and unsatisfactory answers she gave with an incivility of manner which we had never before witnessed in Wales; and we were then left to our choice, which accidentally proved right.

Pass through Llandisyllio, a small village, and cross the Montgomery canal at intervals, or drive by its side, the greatest part of this remaining stage.

From the New Quay on the Severn, where there appears much bustle of business, Rodney's Pillar on Moel-y-Golfa, a high peak of the Breiddyn mountains, is seen to great advantage. This was erected at the expence of the neighbouring gentlemen, to commemorate the victory of that gallant officer over Count de Grasse, in 1782. It stands upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the plain, and commands a landscape of great extent and variety. The Breiddyn hills consist principally of a coarse argillaceous schistus, mixed with calca-

reous spar, and in some places with small rhomboidal chrystals.

At the new quay, we saw several large barges filled with wood, &c. lying in the Severn, which flowed on our left. Higher up, it is not navigable for vessels of any burden; and at this point it may still be considered as a moderate stream, though much increased from what we found it in its infancy, at Llanidloes.

From this spot, about four miles to Welshpool, the country becomes more picturesque; and the hills, which are of a moderate elevation, are cultivated a great way up, and formed a kind of semi-circle round us, as we advanced to the end of our stage. Thunder showers had overtaken us more than once in this drive, and it was with more than common pleasure we reached the Royal Oak at Welshpool, a very respectable and well-conducted inn.

The town is large and populous, containing nearly 3000 inhabitants. It lies in a fertile vale, about a mile from the banks of the Severn, and though somewhat irregular in its plan, has many good brick houses, covered with slates. The church is a decent modern building, standing on the road-side as we enter from Oswestry; but being built on a declivity, part of the cemetery is nearly as high as the roof. The market-house is the only other public edifice that deserves notice. It is built near the centre of the town, which may be said to consist of four principal streets, though they do not exactly meet at right angles. Much trade is carried on here, particularly in flannels, and an air of opulence pervades the whole.

At the inn, we found a sumptuous dinner, provided by a major of volunteers, for the officers under his command. The preparations had been so

ample, that several excellent dishes were spared for our table, which was spread in an adjoining room. Hospitality is proverbial in Wales; and from the specimen before us, we were satisfied that they knew how to conduct public dinners with as much taste and elegance as in England. Not the least noise, however, was heard in the mess-room: all was order and quiet, for not less than four hours after the cloth was removed, though it is probable they were offering their libations to Bacchus, and in fancy hurling the arrows of Mars.

In various parts, indeed, of Wales, we had witnessed the martial spirit of the natives; and on any crisis of danger, I am confident they will not be found to have degenerated from the high character of their ancestors.

That the volunteering system, however, has been carried too far, both in England and Wales, few I believe will deny, who look beyond the surface of things. Volunteers ought to have been limited to such as equipped themselves, and gave their services gratuitously, instead of holding out premiums for idleness and insubordination. What a farce the generality of volunteer corps are, and how impossible it is to enforce discipline by captains, majors, and lieutenant-colonels taken from behind counters, and from low professions, must be evident to every unprejudiced person. I remember seeing a volunteer corps in England, at a place which shall be nameless, commanded by a snuffling, shuffling, poor trapstick-legged fellow of a captain, a hack clerk in an attorney's office, who, on finding fault with his men for not marching in due order, and telling them they should always have an *object* to look at, jeeringly bade him go before them, and then they would be sure of an *object to look at*. A loud laugh attested the wit and the pun of the remark;

and poor captain Spindleshanks could not again hold up his head for some time.

After dinner, took a drive to Powis Castle, distant about a mile. The park lies close to the town, and is excellently wooded. It contains many picturesque features and striking views. The road is tastefully conducted to the castle, which is seen and lost again in the approach. On reaching it, however, we were much disappointed with the exterior, and the internal parts did not answer our expectations. It is built of a reddish coloured stone, the mortar or cement still more red, and thus the whole edifice appears of brick at a very small distance. It wants both the majesty and magnitude of an ancient castle, and the elegance and comfort of a modern erection. On the ground-floor, the apartments are gloomy to an uncommon degree. The dining-room is so dark, that in dull weather candles appear necessary even in summer; and to heighten the sombre impression it gave us, the hatchments of departed possessors are suspended opposite to its windows. Never was a *memento mori* more conspicuously displayed.

The state bed-room reminded me of "the marble slumbers of the tomb." I should have considered it as a prison, instead of a place of repose. The saloon and the library, however, are really delightful rooms. The landscape from the former may class with the finest in Wales. It embraces an extensive view over the rich woody vale of the Severn, backed by the Breiddyn hills, which displayed their whole contour at once, under the influence of a declining sun. The terrace from below is a noble though an antiquated appendage, and is worthy of any seat.

Visited the gallery, a noble apartment, detached from the mausoleum, and containing sixty or seventy

pictures, some of them by the first masters, among whom we may enumerate Poussin, Claude, Bassano, Vleiger, Canaletti, Cuyp, Carlo Dolce, &c. The Virgin and Child by the last named artist have a great sweetness of composition. Several of the paintings, however, possess no superior merit, and they are not disposed with much taste. They are either too few in number, or the gallery is too large. Three owls by Rubens, the only picture by that great master in the collection, would probably, at a common sale, fetch less than as many Norfolk turkies.

An ancient painting in fresco, from the ruined city of Pompeii, is a great curiosity. In other respects, it is too much injured to allow us to judge of its merits.

In an adjoining closet is a model of an elephant, covered with a coat of mail, composed of small steel plates and chains, a work of great ingenuity and expence. Two Indians, in their proper costume, are seated on his back. This was brought from India by the late lord Clive, whose picture by Dance is seen in the gallery.

Returning to the inn, we prepared to proceed to Montgomery, about eight miles farther, before we took up our lodging for the night.

A little way from Welshpool; Powis Castle, on whose history and revolutions I shall refrain from entering, appears to great advantage, and had we not approached it nearer, we should from this point of view have been led to conclude that its dimensions were much superior to what they really are.

The present worthy and noble owner has not resided here for any length of time, since it came into his possession; and who that enjoys such a lovely situation as Walcot, would prefer Powis Castle, notwithstanding its celebrity and its landscapes?

Proceed over a fine level country, surrounded by an amphitheatre of distant hills. Cross the Severn by a commodious bridge, and gaining the summit of a long ascent, look back over the vale we were about to leave with wonder and delight. Sabrina at once adds to its fertility and its beauty.

Pass through the village of Forden, on the right of which caught a view of Nantcribba, the seat of Viscount Hereford; and crossing the Camlet river, by a sweetly undulating road, reach Montgomery, which shewed its ruined castle, and an ancient British fortification on a superior eminence in the same direction, at a considerable distance as we approached.

Much rain had fallen during the course of the day; and the roads in consequence became heavy and unpleasant, though evidently in much better condition, and kept in better repair, than what we had travelled over in the morning. Though Sunday, when it would be singular in England to see the labour of agriculture carrying on, we noticed in the course of this drive, a farmer very busily employed in carrying and ricking his hay. No doubt labourers are often worse employed on the day which ought to be devoted to divine service; but still there is an indecency in carrying on secular employments in such a public manner—at least we felt it such.

In proportion as we had been longer absent from our respective homes, our anxiety to receive letters increased; and immediately on our arrival at Montgomery, we sent to the post-office, and found the expected gratification awaiting us.

The Dragon, the only inn of the place, is ill suited for business, being huddled up in a corner, and difficult to approach; but it is conducted with care and civility, and more on the plan of an English than a Welsh house of entertainment. It has even

the appendage of a coffee-room, which appears to be pretty well attended by the inhabitants ; at once a proof of their taste and sociability. Several London papers are taken in here, and, by a liberal regulation, they may be read by strangers, when not immediately wanted by subscribers.

Weary of the showery and uncertain weather which for had some days attended our progress, and the morning after our arrival at Montgomery holding out no better promise, we did not leave the inn till after breakfast, when we visited the remains of the castle. The ascent from the town is easy, but on the opposite side, the rock on which it is built rises almost perpendicularly from the plain, and renders the approach inaccessible. Though it must have been an august pile, a few mouldering fragments of the keep, and some pieces of broken walls in the circumference, alone attest its former magnificence. The situation is highly commanding, and from this spot we looked over an expanse of rich and well cultivated land, equal to any in England. Scarcely an acre of waste is to be seen. All kinds of corn and pulse are produced here ; and the sheep, cattle, and horses, are of a much larger breed than we had lately observed.

Montgomery castle appears to have been built at an early, but indetermined period. It was besieged by the Welsh and completely ransacked in 1094, which is the first authentic account that has reached us of this fortress. After various fortunes, it was taken by the parliamentary forces in 1644, and afterwards dismantled. From its materials, many of the present houses in the town have been built.

On the hill which covers this on the south, are the remains of a stupendous British post, the approach to which is strongly guarded by fosses and

breast works. Concerning this, however, history is silent.

From visiting this spot, we proceeded to the church, a large cruciform structure, with a tower and a good ring of bells, seated on an eminence, almost opposite to the castle, and divided from it by a part of the town, and the turnpike-road by which we had entered the place. It contains nothing remarkable, except a monument to the memory of Richard, the son of the first lord Herbert of Cherbury, who died in 1577. It happened to be a visitation and confirmation of the bishop of Hereford, in whose diocese Montgomery lies; and we had thus an opportunity of seeing many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages assembled together, and anxiously pressing forward to receive their diocesan's blessing. There was something interesting in the scene, and it reached the heart. As long as impressions of religion are kept alive, some degree of happiness, under every external circumstance, and in every situation, will be felt and enjoyed; but remove the hopes of a better world and the consolations derived from futurity, and this life will immediately lose its value. The happy will have no security; the miserable will be bereft of support.

Little of the Welsh physiognomy was to be observed in this assemblage; but beauty of face and elegance of form were still less conspicuous than they would have been in an equal number of the natives of several of the English counties.

Montgomery is pleasantly situated in the hollow an eminence on the north side of a steep hill. It is clean, and round the market place not inelegant. It is chiefly built of brick, covered with slates; and many pretty cottages occupy the most agreeable spots in the environs, the residences of persons of

moderate fortune, who, allured by the former cheapness of living in Wales, have taken up their abodes here. In very few articles, however, does the advantage of residing in Wales preponderate over England, especially on the line of the great roads; and to give up society and an easy intercourse with the rest of the world, are sacrifices which, in my opinion, are too great to be made for trifling considerations. Economy may be practised any where; and without it, every situation will be nearly the same. In remote situations, indeed, luxuries, and even many comforts, are not to be purchased. This may be a saving to the improvident; but to be able to command, even if we do not wish to enjoy, is natural to man, and he gives up much when he voluntarily relinquishes the privilege.

About half a mile from the town, stands Lymore lodge, one of the seats of Earl Powis, whose arms appear on the market-house of Montgomery.

For the last three stages we had been attended by men-waiters, a proof that we were leaving the regions of nature and simplicity. The strings of the harp too had ceased to vibrate, which after hearing Pritchard at Bangor Ferry, were no longer inviting. There are indeed but few good harpers remaining in Wales, and it is probable that in another century this national music will nearly be lost.

Many horses are bred in Montgomeryshire, and sold to English drovers. It was an observation of the servant who attended us, that almost all the persons who were collected here from 17 parishes, were carried on mares, which not being so saleable, are retained for breeding and use. Great numbers of sheep are also kept in this country; the hills being downy and verdant, and extremely well adapted for the pasturage of these useful animals.

From their fleeces considerable quantities of flannels are manufactured, which are principally sent to Welshpool, and from thence to Shrewsbury.

Towards noon, the weather clearing up, we set out for Bishop's Castle, distant nine miles. In travelling over this space, we saw much hay lying on the ground, and some still uncut. The crops of corn and pulse looked very luxuriant in this track, and in a few places we noticed hemp and flax. It should not be concealed, however, that though the lands are naturally fertile, they are ill managed in general; and in one place we observed whole fields devoted to the rearing of thistles, which, if not eradicated, will in time overspread the farms of more careful and industrious managers. Wherever thistles are suffered to grow, it is a proof at once of bad husbandry and low rents. Yet I was told that land lets on an average at a guinea an acre; and in the neighbourhood of Bishop's Castle, whole farms, in some situations, are worth 30s. per acre. Pieces of grass-lands near that town fetch four or five guineas; but in giving such a rent, the occupier is guided rather by convenience than by the real value.

Taking a retrospective view of Montgomery, the shattered fragments of its castle in the back ground, and the tower of the church ranging in front amidst lofty trees which concealed the inferior buildings, formed a highly picturesque scene, which we regretted that we had not leisure to sketch. Some future tourist may perhaps avail himself of this hint.

Passing the Court-House, now converted into a farm, we took the new-made road; but instead of an improvement, we found it worse than the old one could possibly have been. A heavy toll, however, is exacted from travellers before we quit it,

about a mile from Bishop's Castle; though in its present state there ought to be a premium for passing this way.

The road during this stage generally runs along the plain, or on the right of the low hills which accompanied our progress. The character of the country was now wholly changed: the vales had become expanded champaigns, and the hills, though presenting an indented and undulating outline, were verdant and cultivated to their very summits.

Bishop's Castle is a borough town, governed by a bailiff and burgesses. It receives its name from its having been formerly a castle or residence of the bishops of Hereford; and an elegant octagonal bowling-green is formed on the site where the episcopal abode once stood. This is an appendage to the Castle inn, a very comfortable house, and well accustomed.

The town stands on the side of a hill, at the bottom of which rises the church, a stately pile. It was formerly of much greater extent; but being destroyed by a fire, it has never recovered its consequence or population. This accounts for the awkward position of the church, which no doubt was once in the centre of the buildings.

In the vicinity are the extensive plantations and house of Lord Clive, now Earl Powis. On the town-hall are the Herbert arms. This may be a proper compliment to the principal contributor to a public building, but it always strikes me as a mark of vassalage, which it might be politic to conceal.

At this place, I found a pleasing instance of recollection from a servant of the inn, who had many years ago been in my employment. It has always been a leading maxim with me, that as God only knows where or in what situations persons may meet, it is incumbent on them to be kind, and to

behave well to each other. Here I had an illustration of my principle, and a confirmation of its justice. At a distance from home, every attention is dear to the heart of sensibility.

In the evening walked up the bowling-green, which enjoys a delightful landscape, and found it occupied by a set of loungers, among whom was a gentleman, familiarly stiled *parson* by his associates. The parson seemed a good-natured droll character. He was an athletic, fat, and bulky Cambro-Briton, with much of his native accent; and when he had made a lucky hit, he leaped with the agility of a cow for joy; while "d——n ye, parson! that's well done!" was vociferated by his play-fellows, and seemed like music to his ears. Tired of exercise, the party at length retired from the scene of action, and enjoyed a refreshing draught of porter, which was ready waiting for them. In this refreshing liquor, it is probable that the losses and winnings of the evening were expended.

At one time we had entertained a design of taking a circuitous route from Bishop's Castle through Knighton and Prestein in Radnorshire, to Worcester; but on enquiry, we found the roads were unfavourable for a carriage, and, in addition to this inconvenience, we began to be pressed for time. It was therefore finally settled, that we were to proceed directly to Worcester through Ludlow, a town that promised some degree of gratification, from its ancient celebrity, as well as its present character for elegance and beauty.

The comforts of a carriage indeed are scarcely compensated for, when the restraints that attend its use are taken into the account. The most independant mode of travelling is certainly on foot; but as few have health or strength for an undertaking of this kind, carried to any length, the most

pleasant and satisfactory way of making a tour is undoubtedly on a safe and quiet horse, adapted to the country through which we are to pass. I would therefore advise persons who are traversing Wales, to purchase a sure-footed Welsh poney as soon as they enter the country, and to perform that part of their journey which lies through England in the regular stages. They may thus gain time for their researches in the principality, and be exempted from the delays and fatigues incident to any other plan of journeying.

About noon we set out for Ludlow, distant 17 miles by the regular road, but by the route we took through Walcot Park, not less than 19. For the first time during the last ten days, we had the pleasure of seeing a clear sky and a brilliant sun; and soon entering the delightful domain of Walcot, enjoyed all the beauties of the scenery. This was the residence of Lord Clive before he became heir to the Powis estates, and received the additional honour of that title; and it still is the place where he spends the greatest part of his time. It well deserves the preference he gives it. Extensive woods and plantations decorate the adjacent hills, which at no remote period must have been destitute of wood; and the park, which contains many hundred acres, is likewise replete with sylvan beauties, charmingly diversified by nature, and amply stocked with deer.

A fine sheet of water, resembling a river, is advantageously seen on the left as we approach the mansion, a square brick fabric, with stone corners, and a Doric portico in the front. It stands on a moderate elevation, amidst the most delightful park scenery and agreeably diversified views over a rich and fertile country.

Quitting the park, we regained the turnpike.

road ; and passing through Basford and Newton-Whittleston, at which last-named place is an excellent inn, erected by Earl Craven, we soon reached Stoke Castle, where we halted to examine its remains.

The castle, as it is called, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the road, and is approached on foot, by crossing the church-yard. I am unacquainted with its early history, nor could the intelligent and civil farmer who occupies the surrounding land, and has the use of the dilapidated apartments, furnish us with any satisfactory information on the subject. It is the property of Lord Craven, who has extensive estates in this vicinity, and who, with a commendable zeal, prevents this interesting ruin from farther spoliation. Judging from appearances, it probably was a family residence about a century or two back. It is moated round in the antique style ; and a very curious gate-house, constructed of wooden frame-work, with curious carvings, leads to the door of a large and lofty hall, the whole height of the building. This apartment is destitute of any signs of a fireplace or outlet for the smoke, which probably found its way through the centre of the roof, now closed. The window-frames are of stone, in the Gothic taste ; and at the upper end of this part of the edifice is an octagonal tower, with a winding stair-case to its top, and this alone bears any marks of the castle having been constructed for the purpose of defence or annoyance.

The Castle farm is of great extent ; and the occupier has judiciously adopted the modern improvements in agriculture and breeding. He has introduced the Leicestershire breed of sheep, and the Herefordshire black cattle, with great success. A threshing-machine worked by water, an appendage

to this farm, with the assistance of four men, will thresh and clean 100 bushels of wheat in eight hours. What a pity that human strength should so generally continue to be exhausted by labouring with a flail, an implement only fit for savages to use, when threshing-machines may now be had on every principle, and at a price suited to any moderate farm !

The soil here is undoubtedly good, and the land lets on an average at upwards of a guinea per acre. A reddish loam, which on fallows has at a distance the appearance of sainfoin, prevails for many miles ; and though the country is agreeably diversified with woods, arable hills, dales, and streams, it presents no bold features to arrest the eye or invite particular description.

Cross the small river Oney, the Corve, and the Teme, and approach Ludlow, whose noble castle, majestic even in ruins, and its venerable and stately church, attracted our notice at some distance, more particularly after passing the beautiful seat of dowager Lady Clive, at Oakly park, a sweet and cheerful residence.

The town of Ludlow stands on an eminence, rising towards its centre in every direction ; but is surrounded in the distance by still higher ground, with which it seems to connect. It is washed on two sides by the Teme, over which a handsome wooden bridge on brick arches is thrown. The situation is universally and deservedly admired ; and the interior gave us a very favourable opinion of the taste and opulence of the inhabitants, who amount to little less than 4000 persons. Indeed many respectable families reside here ; and it is impossible to find a more agreeable residence, within the distance of many miles. For centuries it has been a place of some consequence, and it is not unworthy of its former celebrity.

The castle, still an object of great interest, was long the residence of the Lords President of Wales. The Mask of Comus was composed by Milton for Lord President Bridgewater, and acted here, about the year 1634. Here too the facetious Butler wrote his Hudibras. The ruins of this magnificent pile cannot be contemplated even at this period without admiration; and I was happy to find, that Lord Powis, the lessee of the Prince of Wales, entertains a due sense of the value of his possession, by saving it from wanton dilapidation. Round the castle, the most charming walks are conducted on terraces one above another.

The church, dedicated to St. Laurence, is a grand and extensive cruciform pile, with the tower springing from the centre. Its chancel is adorned with windows of painted glass, and its cemetery is very large, but apparently crowded with the silent dead.

Ludlow contains four principal streets, which, without meeting at right angles, have all the advantages of that kind of distribution, divested of its formality. The houses are generally built of brick, and tiled, and the streets are clean and well paved. The want of slating, however, is a considerable drawback on the beauty of the place. Some of the old houses are of frame-work, painted black, with the interstices white, a stile of building still to be seen in many other places, but rapidly disappearing, as repairs and improvements become necessary. The shops make a handsome appearance; and the inns possess superior accommodations. The manufacture of gloves employs many hands; and much business is done in paper-making and tanning. It is not, however, a commercial town, as many of the inhabitants live on their fortunes.

Fatigued, but not satisfied, with viewing the beauties of this place, we sat down to dinner at

seven o'clock, and afterwards took a perambulation of a part of the town which we had not previously visited. Here we saw two lofty May-poles, hung from within twelve feet of the ground to the top with garlands of various coloured paper, very tastefully disposed; and on enquiring, we learnt that Whitsun sports are annually celebrated with much glee by the young people of both sexes. Whitsun ales are not unusual in some other parts of the kingdom; but I never before observed such gay poles, which must have required abundant labour and ingenuity to execute and adorn.

In Ludlow, as might reasonably be expected, there are a reading society, a coffee-room, and a respectable bookseller's shop and printing office, conducted by Mr. Procter, who appears to be a man of taste and information. These circumstances gave me a favourable opinion of the internal state of society, as the *toute ensemble* of the place had impressed me with a predilection for its localities. In the vicinity are various seats, which are said to be worth visiting, particularly Downton Castle, the residence of R. P. Knight, one of the representatives for the borough, a gentleman of taste and erudition, though his talents have not always been directed to objects worthy of them.

Having established it as a rule to plan our daily progress over night, and to adhere to it, as far as circumstances would permit, it was agreed on in our conclave, to reach Worcester to dinner, a journey of thirty-two miles, and to make Tenbury our first stage before breakfast, a distance of nine miles.

Being ready before my friends, and hearing the bells ringing for prayers at six o'clock, I went into the church, and inspected its curiosities. The painted glass is in the best style of colouring; but

the designs, which never could have possessed much merit, are farther deteriorated by broken panes, whose loss has been supplied by common glass.

The most ancient monument is that to the memory of Ambrosia Sidney, who died in Ludlow castle in 1574. Several others of more modern date are erected in different parts of this sacred edifice, but not one of them is distinguished for elegance or beauty.

The interior of the church is handsomely fitted up, and is extremely capacious. An elegant organ is erected over the entrance into the chancel. The pillars which support the central tower are of massy size, as such an enormous weight requires.

A few old men and women, perhaps not exceeding twelve in all, composed the congregation. I fear that too frequent service in the church tends to lessen the veneration of the people for this sacred duty. Where prayers are read thrice a day, it is too frequently considered as a routine business, both by the minister and his flock.

Starting from the inn before seven, and leaving the town with some degree of regret, passed on our right Ludford park, the seat of Colonel Charlton, a delightful residence, and, taken with its accompaniments, inferior to few in this vicinity. The whole country is finely wooded and agreeably diversified, but possesses no commanding features.

Near Ashford, for the first time in our tour, observed a hop ground, and soon after several others. The plants looked black and blighted; and it was justly apprehended the crops would be short and indifferent in quality.

Crossed the Teme again, and in one or two places saw the Stourport canal running nearly parallel to the road.

Little Hereford, a village in the county of that

name, about six miles from Ludlow, seems to have quarrelled with its church, which stands amidst fields of grass, without a single house near it, which could not have originally been the case. There is something singular in this disunion.

Passed through the village of Burford, in the neighbourhood of which are some handsome villas. The country here has a cultivated aspect.

Reach Tenbury to breakfast. The Swan Inn, where we stopt, stands on the road-side; but the little town lies beyond the bridge over the Teme; and the church, which has a tolerable tower, occupies a station to the westward.

From the windows of the room where we were sitting, observed several washerwomen employed in their vocation, by the side of the Teme, which spreads out here into a kind of ford, and has a gravelly bottom. They dipped the linen and tossed it about in the running water, and then laying it folded on an inclining block of wood, beat it with flat beetles, repeating this operation till it was cleansed to their satisfaction. A large tub, filled with lye and soap, stood by their side, and out of it they drew the clothes as they were wanted for washing. This operation was something similar to the Welsh washing, already noticed at Trecastle. In England the practice is not so general as it deserves to be; and I mention this for the comfort of those who can avail themselves of a running stream, and thus save their houses from the annoyance which the *ladies of the tub* never fail to occasion.

Proceeding on our journey, we had the river Teme on our right for some way; but crossing it at Newnham, soon after deserted its course.

Pass Lydridge, whose church, standing on a bold elevation, attracted our notice some time before we reached it, particularly its lofty spire, an

appendage that had rarely met our view in the preceding part of our tour. In Wales, the churches have seldom more than a steeple sufficient to hold one bell. The superior edifices of this kind are furnished with towers of different forms ; but after passing Crickhowell, we do not recollect seeing a single spire till we came to this place.

Near Stockton, the Malvern hills begin to shew their lofty ridge over the intervening eminences ; and as we gained the summit of Abberley hill, we were delighted to look down on the rich and extensive vale of Worcester, and marked the cathedral of that elegant city, proudly towering over the surrounding buildings.

The intense heat of the sun wholly overcame us. I never felt more inconvenience from this cause ; and when we reached the Hundred House, the party in general was ready to sink with lassitude and fatigue. Our horses too were quite worn out ; and instead of stopping to bait here, which was our original intention, we resolved to dine, and wait till the cool of the evening ; anxious as we were to get to Worcester, where we were given to understand young Roscius was to perform this very evening.

While deliberating what plan we had best pursue, the landlord of the Hundred house, a neat and comfortable inn, informed us as a matter of curiosity, that young Betty, with his father and mother, a little sister and her nurse, were at that very instant dining in the next room.

This intelligence gratified us extremely ; and it was not long before we saw the wonderful boy running about the inn-yard, with all the playful vivacity and indifference natural to his age. His looks spoke intelligence, and his whole appearance was prepossessing, but gave no indications of those extraordinary theatrical talents, which the public voice has long allowed him to possess.

The whole country for many miles round Worcester was in motion, though he had already played several nights there. Places had been engaged some days before each representation; and there was not the smallest probability that we, as strangers, and who must of necessity arrive after the curtain rose, could have any chance of gaining admission. In this dilemma, I resolved to make a push beyond what ordinary forms would sanction, by writing and sending in a note, stating our situation, and requesting the interest of Roscius, if possible, to get us accommodated with places. I was the rather encouraged to take this step, as I was sure my name could not be unknown to him; and because I felt that all persons who are candidates for public favour, though in different ways, ought to have a mutual alliance, and hence a mutual desire and interest in serving and obliging each other.

Mr. Betty, sen. as spokesman for his son, in the handsomest manner, promised to apply to the manager of the theatre in our behalf, immediately on his arrival; and as his chariot was ready to start, he was sure to be at Worcester full two hours before us.

We lost no time, however, in following him, that we might be able to avail ourselves of this introduction, so fortunate and yet so fortuitous.

The Hundred house stands on the Ludlow and Worcester road, where it is crossed by another leading to Kidderminster and Broomyard, in an excellent situation for business. The landlord possesses great urbanity of manners, and a studious desire to oblige. He informed me that the greatest part of the land in this neighbourhood was the property of lord Foley, and that it let on an average about a guinea per acre, which apparently is very reason-

able. Comparing, however, the richness of the soil, a reddish loam embedded in clay, with the thin staple in several counties through which we had passed, we were surprised to find more indifferent crops of wheat here than in any other track we had lately seen. Indeed, throughout the greatest part of the vale of Worcester, the soil is much better adapted to fruit, hops, beans, &c. than to autumnal wheat; but it seems probable that spring wheat would answer very well. We observed another peculiarity in the district through which we were now travelling. In Wales, and on its frontiers, oaks are the prevailing timber, with scarcely an elm to be seen; but here, elms of the largest size and beauty began to embellish the hedge-rows, and to line the road.

From the Hundred House to Worcester is a stage of eleven miles. The only seat we particularly noticed in this drive was Whitley Court, Lord Foley's, which was evidently undergoing great alterations and improvements. We were told that among other suitable additions, a noble library-room was fitting up; an appendage which no man of rank or fortune can now be without, if he possesses, or wishes to be thought to possess, taste or genius; and that the hall and dining-room were likewise completing in the first style of modern elegance.

Whitley is very delightfully situated amidst luxuriant woods and plantations, commanding an extensive landscape over the beautiful and fertile vale of Worcester. The church is a stately pile, but stands so close to the house, that from some points of view it seems to belong to it.

Various other agreeable seats at intervals caught our attention as we approached Worcester, which we entered by a noble bridge over the Severn, here a deep and wide river, compared with what we had seen it before.

On our arrival at the Hop-pole inn, we had the

satisfaction to find, that though more than one family had been refused admission for want of room, the landlord was ready to receive and lodge us, in the best manner that circumstances would allow. He did more: he ran to the theatre while we were dressing, and soon returned with the pleasing intelligence, that Mr. Betty had interested himself in our favour with the manager, and that places were reserved for us in one of the stage-boxes.

The play, which was *Tancred and Sigismunda*, had begun before we entered; but on being conducted to our box through the crowd, we not only found plenty of room, but at the same time instant had the pleasure of seeing the young *Roscus* on the stage in the character of *Tancred*, in a very interesting scene. It is impossible to do justice to his merit as an actor in every particular: suffice it to say, that his performance far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, highly as they had been raised; and that the contrast between the playful boy of thirteen whom we had so lately seen, and the noble and spirited *Tancred*, was the greatest that could possibly be conceived.

In the more impassioned parts, he rose to all the dignity of tragic art; and in the frantic scene especially, he was terribly great. I confess I did not dare to look at him towards its close; but I saw the impression he made; and I never witnessed a more feeling attention in any audience. Every breast was agitated; and pity, admiration, delight, and horror, seemed alternately portrayed in every face.

The most rapturous bursts of applause followed; and they were the spontaneous and unsophisticated tribute to unrivalled excellence.

I do not pretend to enter into a critical examination of the beauties and defects of Master Betty's performance; but I cannot refrain from remarking,

what in my opinion constitutes his principal merit. His action is wholly his own, neither borrowed, nor acquired by study; but the effect of natural taste, of great susceptibility of heart, and promptness of conception. In impassioned scenes his voice is sonorous and commanding, though somewhat hoarse; but his under tones are the sweetest and most distinct I ever heard. Not a word in his recitation is lost; not a lapse of memory ever occurs. He appears engaged in a real scene, and is utterly lost to the audience, and to every thing not immediately connected with his part.

Yet no sooner is he off the stage (and we had an opportunity of seeing him behind the scenes) than he resumes his boyish manner, and is just what he ought to be.

Candour obliges me to observe farther, that in some particular passages the young Roscius appears more tame than custom and the general practice of the best actors seem to warrant; but he never suffers attention to flag; and before we can justly say that he is negligent, he rises into all the sublimity of tragic pathos.

This transition, which is dictated by nature, is undoubtedly an eminent beauty in his performance. Uniform elevation and vociferation is not the language of passion. The storm for a moment is hushed, only to collect its force; and the mind, under the influence of strong emotions, in like manner ebbs and flows.

But it is not only on the stage that the young Roscius is entitled to applause. We heard some instances of generosity and feeling which he had shewn at Worcester, a place where his family is not unknown, that would have done credit to the best heart and the amplest fortune.

The house was crowded to an extreme degree;

and though the young actor was to receive 100*l.* a night for eight nights, there can be little doubt that the manager put as much more clear profit into his pocket from this engagement.

Fatigued with the various exertions of the preceding day, we indulged in sleep longer than usual, except Mr. —, one of our friends, who had bade us adieu, and proceeded to rejoin his family at Bath. This diminution of our party was sensibly felt, particularly as it was the prelude to a more general separation, which was speedily to take place.

Before breakfast, made a general perambulation of the always loyal and singularly beautiful city of Worcester. It is certainly one of the best built and most agreeably situated cities in the interior of England. The streets are generally spacious, well paved, and lighted; the shops are elegant, and the houses being built of brick, have an air of the metropolis, without its smoke and polluted atmosphere.

The cathedral is a stately pile, and contains some curious monuments. Perhaps one of the finest, and certainly one of the most expressive pieces of sepulchral sculpture in this kingdom, is that erected to the memory of the pious and mildly firm Bishop Hough, whom neither the blandishments nor the frowns of a bigotted king could deter from the path of rectitude and of duty. I never see his monument, and I have visited it frequently, without increased admiration: it does honour to the taste and talents of Roubilliac.

An altar-tomb is likewise erected here over the remains of the tyrannical but pusillanimous king John. A third monument may be particularized: it is that belonging to Arthur, prince of Wales, the eldest son of Henry VII. whose marriage with

Catharine of Arragon, afterwards the queen of his brother Henry VIII. was the accidental cause, and served as a pretext for the reformation began by the latter. In the language of poetry :

Fair freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd :
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

After breakfast, inspected the show-rooms of Messrs. Barr and Co. china-manufacturers, who, on accidentally learning my name, shewed the most flattering attention, and offered to conduct us over their manufactory. This proof of their civility I was obliged to decline for want of time; but was highly gratified with a sight of some beautiful and costly patterns of tea and table services of china, intended for his Majesty and the princess of Wales. They promised to be equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind ever produced in this country; and indeed when we witness the perfection that English porcelain has reached, and contemplate the incomparable elegance of the paintings with which it is adorned, it must excite surprise that the rude and grotesque figures on foreign china can any longer please, or find purchasers.

A new pattern of table plates, adorned with shells, beautifully painted in their centre from nature, may be considered as a school in this branch of natural history. It is, indeed, a great advantage to the public, and we hope to the liberal proprietors, that, at this manufactory, coats of arms with mottos, or any other devices or figures, may be had in the finest style of execution. From three to twenty guineas is the price of a common set of tea-equipage.

As we returned from surveying these delightful specimens of art, of which I made a few purchases,

we found numbers of people collected near the post-office, in expectation of hearing the rumours confirmed of a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, by the squadron under the command of rear-admiral Sir Robert Calder. It was not long before the mail arrived, and brought this agreeable intelligence; and if some disappointment was felt that the victory was not complete---for John Bull is never satisfied!---what had been achieved, under circumstances far from being propitious, was an earnest of more ample success in future on our native element.

We now proceeded on our journey towards Pershore, a stage of nine miles, over a continuation of the same rich and agreeable country which we had noticed the day before. The soil, however, which had been a reddish loamy clay for many miles, about the sixth mile-stone changed to gravel, and here the wheat evidently began to mend. There is every reason to believe, as I have observed before, that spring wheat would answer better than lammas, in many parts of this district. The latter runs the risk of being chilled during the winter. For beans, the stiff clayey soil is excellently adapted, as was evident from the luxuriant state of the crops. Hops and fruit trees are also the denizens of the soil.

About eight miles from Worcester, the Malvern hills formed a prominent feature in the landscape for some distance, whenever we took a retrospective view; and, indeed, it was long before their summits were wholly lost. They certainly have a nearer resemblance to the Welsh mountains than any in the midland counties of England; and though no mines have yet been discovered in them, that are thought worth working, I cannot help being impressed with a belief, that they contain in their

bowels ores of different kinds. They certainly have a very mineral aspect, and traces of this may be seen in various parts throughout their extent.

Fladbury and Bredon hills serve likewise to diversify the face of this part of the country; but champaign prevails in Worcestershire.

Reach Pershore to dinner. It is a long and not ill-built town, and was formerly famous for its abbey, appertaining to which a large and elegant church still remains, though of diminished size and splendour to what it was in its original state. Another smaller church, almost contiguous, belongs to the town, which appears populous and flourishing.

Resolving to sleep at Broadway, twelve miles distant, we soon resumed our journey, and crossing the Warwickshire Avon near Pershore, saw nothing particularly worthy of remark till we came in sight of Evesham. Just before we skirted that town, for the road does not run through its centre, the Avon again appeared on our left, meandering through one of the richest and best cultivated tracks in the kingdom--the vale of Evesham, which, under different names, extends many miles.

Passing through Bengworth, which may be considered as a suburb to the rich and populous borough town of Evesham, once famous for its abbey, the curtains of the day began to close; and the principal object that attracted our notice, was Broadway hill, a massy ridge, at the foot of which stands the town or village of the same name, containing several inns. It is a long, straggling place; but being situated in a good corn country, it is not wholly destitute of attractions.

Here we took up our lodgings for the night, and next day, which was to break up the party, was contemplated by us all with various emotions.

We were early seated in our carriage, and slowly

gaining the summit of Broadway hill, along the side of which the road winds to render the ascent more easy, were gratified with a view of Farnham abbey on our left, the occasional residence of Walsh Porter, Esq. which commands more extensive prospects than any habitable place we had seen even in the romantic regions of Wales. The exquisite taste of the possessor is visible in every accompaniment. Though standing a great way up the brow of the hill, it is sweetly sheltered by plantations, disposed in the happiest style. The form of the building is excellently adapted to the situation; and for a summer residence, no place in the kingdom can be more delightful.

On reaching the sign of the Fish, a tower-looking public-house on the top of Broadway hill, we looked back with rapture over the vale we were about to leave. As far as the eye could reach, and indeed, farther than it could distinguish objects, the prospect was gorgeous and unconfined; while distant hills, melting into the remote horizon, gave a back ground and a finish to the scene.

From this spot, drive over a hilly flat, and soon come in sight of Lord Coventry's plantations at Spring hill. Along the road, many trees are planted at intervals, which, considering the poverty of the soil, appear to be in a very thriving state, and will soon assist to clothe the nakedness of this sterile track. Nothing, indeed, can be more praiseworthy, or more profitable, than thus to render a spot productive, which yielded little to the proprietor, or to the public. The house itself is embosomed in woods; and though the situation cannot be compared to Crome Abbey, another seat of his lordship near Worcester, it has the effect of pleasing by contrast; and during the best season of the year, must be sufficiently agreeable.

Descend to the pleasant village of Bourton-on-the-Hill, which overlooks an extensive track of country towards Oxfordshire. Some handsome seats are erected here, among which is that in the occupation of Sir John Dashwood King, baronet, who seems to prefer this spot to his own family residence at West Wycombe, where art and nature have been exhausted to please.

Reach Morton-in-Marsh, a stage of eight miles, to breakfast. This is a small market-town in Gloucestershire; but contains little for description. It stands in a flat country, and probably in former times deserved its appellation; though at present we saw no vestiges of marshes in its vicinity. Here we were detained by the rain for some hours. For some days, thunder-storms had been collecting round us, though hitherto we had generally escaped their influence.

At length, the weather clearing up, we travelled on towards Chipping-Norton, passing the four shire-stone or pillar, about two miles and a quarter from Morton. This is an obelisk of no great height, erected on the spot where the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Warwick, and Oxford, meet in a single point. It does not stand very near to any house; yet circumstances and situations may be fancied, in which it would be an acquisition to have such a facility of escaping from one county to another at a single step.

The greatest part of the way from Worcester to Chipping-Norton, we found the roads excellent and kept in good repair; but by some unaccountable neglect, the miles stones are frequently laid flat on their sides, or where they stand upright, not one in ten is legible. This is a very unpleasant circumstance to the traveller, who loves to see distances, and who certainly pays liberally, by means of turnpikes, for every accommodation of this kind.

Again visit Chipping-Norton, and driving through Castone reach Kiddington House to dinner, after which I bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs.*****, in whose society I had spent about a month in the most agreeable manner, and for whom I can never cease to entertain the utmost respect, and to breathe for them and family the most affectionate good wishes.

ERRATA. Vol. V.

P. 25. l. 15. for *five* read *nine*.

P. 209. l. 11. for *boy* read *lay*.

P. 214. l. 37. for *sle* read *isle*.

